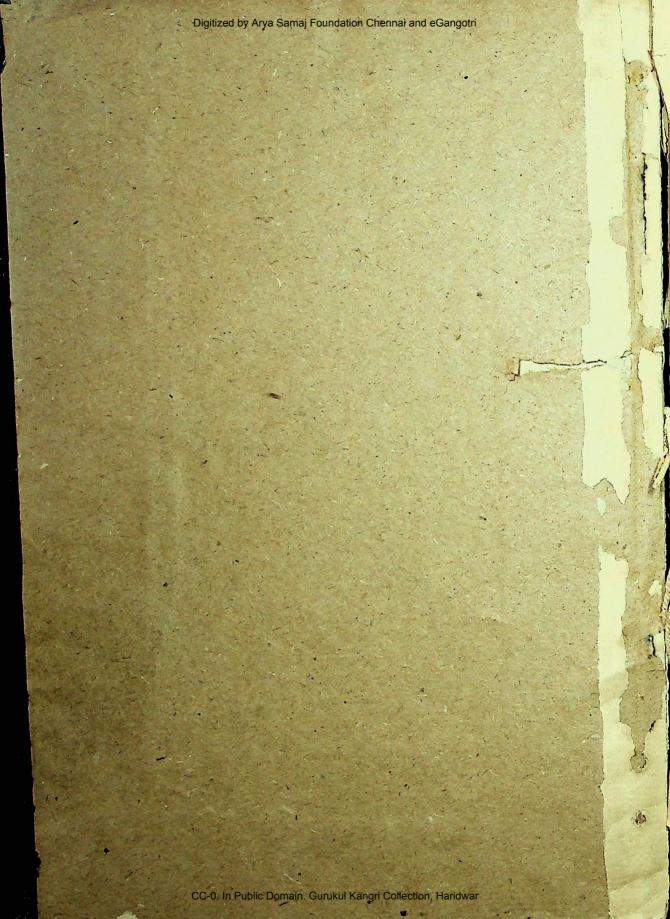
VOLUMEST VOLUMEST CONC.



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri 08 CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar



·ic f

d

S SS

er,

migh

his

EAST & WEST.

Vot. XIV.

TULY, 1915.

No. 165.

CONCERNING APPRECIATION.*

A singularly pathetic interest attaches to this article by the late Capt. aghby. We received the MS. through a brother-officer in India y in March last and about the middle of the month we learnt that re was dead: the gallant author was killed in action somewhere in Mesopotamia on 3rd March. In his footnote Capt. Willoughby explains univer what difficulties he wrote this article, writing and fighting at the same time. In his letter to us of Feb. 16, he offered to send us some impressions of Mesopotamia in war-time, adding-" Some War Impressions of a Man of Peace' might be a pertinent title, for the more I get shot at, the more I am convinced that I am by nature intended or a peaceable existence." Nature's intention was fulfilled sooner han he could have anticipated. Peace be to his soul!—Ed. E. & W.]

winnsical originator of the saying: "L'Art est difficile, la critique est aisée" was doubtless pleased with his fort when he made it, and not unreasonably, for there is a tirical flavour in the double meaning of the epithets giving a ig at the comparative conditions of critic and artist which is

* This monograph has been written from notes gathered before the outbreak of war, in an entrenched camp with the Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, on days unoccupied by the duty of patrolling the enemy's position.

I must therefore ask my readers to look indulgently on the blunders in accuracy which I am only too well aware exist in some of the references, as all

chance of verifying them is denied me. My notes were scribbled down hastily at odd moments where a chance phrase struck me as of interest. Sometimes I have quoted verbatim from a note which may have been a transcription from the article of some eminent contribu

Where I have been able to, I have acknowledged my indebtednes the language where I have not done so, I must vital imporide or an illustration, but if in any case I have not done so, I must vital imporide or an illustration, but if in any case I have not done so, I must vital imporiate or an illustration of the later of the la

real author, should these lines meet his eye, to believe that my disco real author, should these lines meet his eye, to believe that my disconly lue to ignorance of the source of the original.

Throughout the article I have rather clumsily used the words and "creation" as practically interchangeable terms, to denote the artist's inspiration.

and "creation" as practically as practically result in whatever medium of the artist's inspiration.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

not without its merit. But the author can scarcely have predicted a success for his little "mot" so consummately humorous as that a whole generation would take the phrase literally and base their attitude towards the Arts upon it. Yet the majority of "cultivated" people to-day seem to do so, and to consider themselves capable of a subtle æsthetic appreciation as a logical consequence of attaining the full development of their natural faculties without training, or study, or reference to character, as if we grew a critical faculty with as much ease as we do a beard.

The truth is, of course, that there is little fundamental difference between the true appreciation of a masterpiece and the creation of it. Both acts are a spontaneous emotional experience the full development of which is only to be obtained by tinuous, severe and single-minded application of the intelligence to what is valuable in art, and a simultaneous seeking after vital beauty in nature. In fact Kanduisky's definition of the "image" as "that which represents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time" may be applied with equal truth objectively to the beholder, or to put the matter into entirely simple terms, to appreciate, one must be as much an artist as to create. In both experiences the significant vitality of the object is felt with equal force, though the critic is denied the supreme power of reproducing materially the abstract sensations which the object causes him to feel.

Of course the appeal of all arts, whether painting or sculpture architecture, music or letters, is essentially the same, (though each may not easily be expressed in terms of another.)* but though the vibration of the emotional chords in human nature is the only test of truth, there can be no real appreciation of art unless the intelligence be brought to direct and control these vibrations. The easiest simile in explanation, though necessarily imperfect, is that of a man with a naturally delicate palate, who will yet be no judge of wine till his taste is educated up to the subtle changes our in different vintages by long custom and experience.

in however is, of course, quite possible. It is easy, for instance, to imagine one pictures expressed in terms of music, and allowing for differences in the work of Henri Matisse is often exactly parallel to the Japanese bem expressed in a single sentence as; allen blossom flies back to its branch, terfly."

In terms of music we may express the secret of æsthetic appreciation perhaps most clearly, if we say that the chords of emotion which are to respond to the sound vibrations of significant truth in art, must not be so out of control that they will jangle to an untrue resonance, but when the clear, pure tone of truth is struck, the answering chords, their delicate harmony set in perfect tune by the intellect, must sound in immediate response. Now, if this single note of significant truth only were struck by the creator, the answering sound wave of appreciation from the beholder, when once in perfect tune, would immediately vibrate back a response; but it happens that in actual fact not a single bell-like note is sounded but a whole harmony of chords in an anthem-masterpiece of genius, and that the essential ringing notes of significance must be separated from this mass of chordal music, the greater part of which is not less truly part of the concerto, but only less vitally significant than the essential notes of the harmony and so tending to obscure them.

This vital thing common to and recognisable in all great art, which is the essential abstract qualities forming the identity, the ego, of the object, sensed by the creator and translated into material form by him in the "image," we will call "the significant," and a creator or an appreciator is less or more of an artist in the degree in which he is capable of producing or realising this quality of significance in the image. But in order that the beholder may grasp and appreciate this vital quality in its material form, it is as necessary that he should comprehend the creator's art-language, as it would be for a literary critic to understand thoroughly the language of the book which he is reviewing. Hence, through imperfect comprehension of his artlanguage, it is conceivable that a critic, however subtle and intuitive, may fail to appreciate the significant in an artist's work, if the latter employ unusual terms in which to express himself.

Take the work of such an artist as Picasso, whose earlier, more realistic, phase might well be wholly appreciated by a competent critic out of touch with the Cubist movement, though the same critic might well fail to grasp the artist's intention in his second period of wholly cubic expression.

Thus we see that, provided it can be understood, the language or vehicle in which a work of art is presented is of no vital importance so long as "the significant," the spark of true genius, be existent in the creation.

It is of equally little importance whether this vehicle, this casket for the priceless gem, is elaborately designed or unadorned and transparent while the true gem exists within, but it is sometimes a difficult matter, when the casket is elaborate, to discern the presence of the jewel, and there are many splendid jewel-cases which prove on examination to be empty.

This vehicle or wrapping in which the significant and vital truth is presented, which is usually the technique of artist-creator, his style, or actual skill of hand, may be adequately termed "rhetoric," a word which Aristotle long ago translated very

exactly as "persuasion."

Now, although such "persuasion" is not to be condemned of itself, may even be an admirable quality whether in speech paint or plaster when it presents a truth, it becomes altogether damnable when it is used to deceive, used, that is, to persuade us of the existence of some vital statement which does not in reality exist.

That is why Cézanne stripped his art of it, deliberately eschewing a fluent style in his art-language, because he had grown sick of its abuse by his contemporaries, who, for all their graceful vapourings, had no message of truth to deliver. But we do not deem Velasquez a lesser artist because his hand was so skilled. If the jewel be there, the beauty of the casket does not lessen its worth. Yet it is difficult on this same count to place the courtier Rubens in his true position among famous masters, for so consummate a master of "rhetoric" was he, that one is inclined to be carried away with enthusiasm for the wonderful fluency of his brush.

The young Ruskin felt this very strongly as he afterwards confessed in the preface to *Modern Painters*: that wilful, be-wildering eulogy in appreciation of a single modern genius:—

"It was long," he says, "before I got quit of a boy's veneration for Rubens' physical art-power, which....the worst harm that came of that Rubens' influence, blinded me long to the deepest qualities of Venetian art."

Though every Florentine painter after Rafael had more hand-skill than Giotto, there is not one who could create the "beauty" of the old giant's laboured masterpieces. And here,

at once, I have created a confusion in terms which it will require a paragraph to adjust.

By "beauty" of course I here intend, not the superficial beauty which lies in the arrangement of lines, or choice of subject or design, but the vital beauty which is the spontaneous reflection of the artist-creator's genius.

Thus is Rembrandt's "Boeuf écorché" at the Louvre sublime. Though a trunk of meat frizzling upon a spit is neither beautiful in itself nor elevating as a subject, but given the vital quality of "significance" to set the emotion atremble with appreciation, your creation becomes a beautiful and noble thing.

A just arrangement of lines and proportion of design, which we call "composition," is however the unvarying accompaniment of great art, and is no more to be acquired by the study of written laws of symmetry and series alone than other subtle qualities of greatness. A true artist has the sense of right proportion and the using of form and colour to express himself as an instinct which he cannot explain or impart, though he may of course develop this instinct by experience and application. The basic laws of composition are as applicable to fine examples of Egyptian or Puranic art as they are to the most academic examples of Attic sculptors, and each will be found to fulfil the same broad principles of design. The idea that a subject, noble in itself, is necessary for the creation of a noble masterpiece, is one of the errors into which Ruskin fell, great and earnest genius as he was. As beauty is subjective, so nobility lies, not in the theme around which the masterpiece is wrought, but mirrored in the creation from the emotional forces of the creator, who will most surely be influenced in the choice of his subject by the opinions and opportunities of the age in which he exists.

As Rembrandt's rendering of the beef roasting and blistering before the fire becomes a noble picture, so the soul of an overworked, underfed drudge of a ballet-girl, posing shorn of her tinsel splendours in the garish light of the opera workroom, or the tawdry, vicious fatalism of a wanton from the Moulin Rouge, realised and pictured for us by a Degas or a Lautrec, is infinitely more valuable, infinitely nobler than a score of simpering Madonnas without significance.

Just as art and beauty as terms must be completely distinguished, so also art and morality have no quality in common.

Noble deeds or thoughts, may, it is true, move a poet or a painter to artistic expression, but the very word morality implies a certain circumscribed pettiness which true art will not brook. The argument that as morality is necessary for man's existence, so must it be necessary to art, which is created by man for mankind, is of course illogical and fatuous, since art is not man-created but spontaneous and inspired.

It emanates from genius, the spark of the Divine flame existing in humanity, which is subservient to no petty restrictions of human law—for the labelling of qualities as moral or otherwise

is after all comparative and self-interested.

The movements and rhythm of an octopus under water are essentially beautiful, yet the sight of the creature as a whole is so loathsomely cruel in appearance to the human eye, as to fill the mind with aversion and cause us to shudder with horror, to the exclusion of any lasting effect engendered by its beautiful movements. Yet an octopus strangling and crushing its prey is logically no more cruel a sight than a linnet seizing a butterfly for its young, an act which appears to us charming, since the linnet, being unable to do us the slightest possible injury, fills us with no terrors and is therefore not felt to be loathsome.

Nature is unmoral yet sublime, and similarly art cannot be examined from the standpoint of morality and made subject to human laws, since it is a god-like quality and superior to all such restrictions.

It was just this failure to comprehend the true relations of the image to its subject, and of morality to art, which made Ruskin fail to appreciate Whistler's genius, and resulted in the conflict between them which culminated in the old critic's downfall. At the time Ruskin was old and revered and his position secure. By steadfastly maintaining the attitude towards art which he was satisfied was the true one, in defiance of the careless and blind prejudices of an ignorant public; upheld in his crusade by something of a martyr's passionate faith, he had won through by force of character and become admitted as the greatest authority of his generation on the subject which he loved, by a public whom his continual scourging had lashed into an awed reverence for his earnest wisdom. Added to this, his mind, more atune to the stirrings of religion than the majority of the age in which he lived, had become steeped in the religious spirit of

the Gothic craftsmen in whose art he particularly delighted and with whom, through their creations, he held continual intercourse. So that when Whistler arose and seemed almost to mock him with an art unmoral, modern, delicate almost to flimsiness, caustic and illusive as its author's nature, and like him concealing the years of application which lay beneath its fluidity of expression, it was well-nigh humanly impossible for Ruskin to regard such art from an entirely broad and unbiased standpoint.

The wilful old critic could brook no half measures, and he strove to use all his influence to crush the art he detested, and failed to do so because his mental view, long focussed upon religious art, could not realise that from trivial subjects, sensed delicately and translated significantly, could spring an art as nuine in its degree as that which an age aflame with religious

enthusiasm could produce.

From the tragedy of the old critic's disillusionment we see that personal character must have an influence upon our powers of appreciation, and though personal preferences or dislikes, engendered by habit, which may often be increased by some superficial quality of sentiment or technique—as in the case of Rubens' influence over the young Ruskin alluded to above—may be so vigorously subdued that the æsthetic judgment of the observer may not be impaired by them, yet the very fact that an effort of will-power is necessary to resist certain instinctive sensations, implies that such cannot eventually be without influence on a result which depends almost entirely upon forces of instinct and emotion.

However, though a man naturally prefer an image which reflects vividly the emotions strong in him, this fact need not obscure his appreciation of the genius inherent in another reflecting contrary emotions to which he is unsympathetic. Such personal attractions should, indeed, have no appreciable effect upon a true æsthetic judgment whatever, though one's powers of criticism should periodically be subjected to some searching and uncompromising test to make certain that no external dross has filtered through to corrupt the pure gold of honest emotional perception. For instance, it is difficult to imagine a single individual who would feel equally attracted, as far as his personal preference was concerned, to the harsh colour-

ing and strange, nervous, flickering compositions of El Greco, and the sensuous, aristocratic, fluent art of Fragonard, though he may fully and completely comprehend both the genius which reflects the harsh fanaticism of mediæval Spain, and the studied, artificial atmosphere of the dissipated Court of Louis XVI. You cannot hang a Goya and a Giotto side by side, though you may appreciate the genius of both.

It will probably be correct to state that personal sympathies do not affect in any way purely æsthetic sensation, but that as our pleasure in art does actually include other elements besides a purely æsthetic delight, even though it theoretically should not, personality may be taken as affecting whatever slight

elements may exist other than æsthetic therein.

Somebody, I think it is Mr. Clive Bell, in his delicious little volume Art, has differentiated clearly between this actual esthetic delight in a picture, the spontaneous emotional complex which the "image" represents and produces, and the train of thought which the subject of the picture induces. It is very necessary to understand completely this difference, for true appreciation of a work of art is possible according to the degree that the delight felt by the beholder in it is esthetic. A purely esthetic emotion is probably not possible except to an individual who has been very highly educated in a particular form of image, whose nerve centres respond with great sensitiveness to the esthetic qualities capable of being aroused by a special medium.

Thus, Mr. Bell relates how he finds it impossible for himself to experience a purely æsthetic pleasure in music, by reason of his comparative want of education and experience in that form of artistic expression; his emotional pleasure in music being indirect and his emotions stimulated by the train of thought which the music induces—a sad air causing him to feel depression, and passionate music producing excitement. This we may call an "inductive" sensation and it is essentially different to the æsthetic, being a much more primitive and crude emotion and capable of being experienced by savages or even certain animals; yet leavened by a minute element of pure æstheticism, it is probably the nearest that the majority of people get to a true appreciation of the art about which they are willing to prate so glibly.

An intoxicating draught which is liable to obscure this æsthetic vision for us and corrupt our sense of proportion is that of possession, though probably, so miserably enslaved are we to the meanest emotions, that the true explanation of this baneful effect upon our judgment, which possession can exert, must be sought for in the distressingly important influence Vanity has on human life; for to admit our treasured possessions inferior to the best is to cast a doubt on our own powers of appreciation in having

acquired them.

On the other hand, it is undoubtedly quite impossible at times to comprehend an object thoroughly, to experience the emotional and intellectual sensations necessary to its esthetic appreciation, that is, without prolonged study of it. Our powers of appreciation may be temporarily distracted, our emotional instincts may fail to respond if our vitality is momentarily low, or we may doubt the genuineness of a decision made pliant under the too-skilled manipulation of a dealer or a connoisseur. It is depressingly difficult to keep one's æsthetic sensibilities uninfluenced by forces from outside us, though we may realise fully that the test of truth must come only from within. All of us in the initial stages, the stages of studentship, must have the way pointed out to us, and the pitfalls which beset us revealed whether by observation of the steps of other more experienced travellers than ourselves, or by digesting the wise instructions which famous men, who have passed before, have left to guide us. But how are we to tell when this age of studentship ends? It never ends. Aesthetic appreciation is far too subtle an experience, dependent on far too intricate a mass of nerve-centres for one to pronounce definitely when it has ceased to respond to outside influence. Moreover, such a condition would show that the power were dead within us, that all vitality had left it. At the risk of overmultiplying instances I must quote an example to illustrate the unaccountable manner in which even the instinctive perceptions of the most acute and experienced connoisseur may fail at times over a delicate decision.

Some years ago, two men whom I know intimately visited an important exhibition of the works of Renoir in Paris. Both had given their lives to the study of art, but the elder of them had developed a naturally acute instinct for æsthetic appreciation into a power of grasping the significant in art which is held to be extraordinary even amongst experts, and is the possessor of a collection which is unique in Europe. The other, though naturally adapted to appreciate the signs of genius, was much younger in years and experience than his companion, with whom his relations were still practically those of pupil and master. Yet the younger, at his first visit to this particular exhibition, during which I accompanied him, made a selection of a certain picture as the gem of the collection, with which the elder entirely differed during his early visits, but after his third inspection completely agreed, rejecting his own original decision as erroneous and eventually valuing the painting so highly that he purchased it for his private collection. Here we have a man, accustomed daily to rely on his own sure judgment as infallible, with an European reputation as a connoisseur, yielding to the decision of one who was practically his pupil, a decision made instantly moreover, while his own final opinion was only formed in agreement with it after mature consideration and sustained examination of the picture. I myself, a clumsy novice at the time, was able later on, seeing the pictures together, to appreciate the subtle truth of the spontaneous selection in the light of a fuller experience and widened emotional grasp.

True appreciation of the significant in Art, then, demands an understanding of sufficient breadth of view to sift and reject, if necessary, the verdict of ages, to stand firm in the face of severest opposition once one's emotional intelligence is convinced of the rightness of a decision, yet to be ready to bow to an opinion which one honestly recognises as more truly inspired than one's own; to test continually and with remorseless severity the genuineness of one's sensations, lest the canker of habit or environment creep in to weaken their pure æstheticism; and to realise that art is independent of local ideals and petty restrictions which bind humanity; that as in nature the curling grace of the young fern and the knobbed unsightliness of the Dory are each perfect in their own sphere, but only differ in the manifestation of that perfection. So it is as futile to attempt to apply Greek standards of bodily perfection to such an art as that of Puranic India, as to expect to find the dreamy grace of Watteau's lovers in the panel of a Flemish primative.

The total misinterpretation of the ancient Greek ideal and

the application of the false standard adopted to each succeeding movement by nineteenth century Europe, and especially England, is one of the monumentally egregious blunders in history. In England, Pater and Ruskin and a few choice intellects with them comprehended the true beauty of Greek sculpture and strove their utmost to disclose it, while the Pre-Rafaelites, revolting at the crass and fatuous servility of the masses to their selferected false gods, passionately raised over themselves the tyranny of a new academism in vehement but useless protest. But none of these efforts really touched the understanding of their own generation nor enabled them to see that the phantom-light of imitation, after which they had gone insensately chasing, was not the true flame of Art. For the matter of that. ancient contemporary historians, for the most part in spite of their rhapsodies on the subject, seem to have had as little true appreciation of the subtlety, the nobility, and the joy of their country's art as the average "cultured" European of 1850, unless they are willing to submit to the accusation of being unable to express their true feelings with any charity. We must except old Plato, who placed the artist and the philosopher in the highest grade of those who in a spiritual existence had some. if an imperfect, knowledge of the truth, but relegated the imitator to the sixth division below, distinguishing with merciless precision between the two.*

The Romans under the Empire, while appreciating the luxury of Greek culture, seem to have understood the true significance of Greek Art as little as our nineteenth century selves, and to have wasted their time in copying it just as methodically and fatuously.

Perhaps Winkelmann was the first modern to put the subtle wonder of it into words. It was he who first took definitely, not the art of Pheidias' age represented for us by the Elgin marbles, magnificently noble as that is, nor the more modern age of Greek mastery which bequeathed us such priceless gifts as the Melian Aphrodite or the Wingless Victory of the Louvre as the supreme period of Hellenic culture, but the intermediate phase of the sixth century B.C., when the Greek mind had

^{*} I am indebted for this reference, which I had forgotten, to a writer in last year's Nineteenth Century of whose name I am ignorant but to whom I tender my thanks.

advanced to a particular stage of self-reflection and self-manifestation, but was careful not to pass beyondit.

Pater in his essay on the German critic senses and describes the latter's appreciation of the true significance of this greatest

period of Greek art development very admirably :-

"The sculpture of the Attic period", he writes, "is a proof of the high artistic capacity of the Greeks that apprehended and remained true to these exquisite limitations, yet in spite of them gave to their creations a vital, mobile individuality. Heterkeit, blitheness or repose, and Allgemeinheit, generality or breadth, are the supreme characteristics of the Greek ideal. But that generality has nothing in common with the lax observation, the unlearned thought, the flaccid execution which have sometimes claimed supremacy on the plea of being broad and general. Hellenic breadth and generality come of a culture, minute, severe, constantly renewed, rectifying and concentrating its impressions into certain pregnant types."*

It is this blithe and broad nobility, constant and innate in the greatest Hellenic art, which our æsthetic senses must recognise if we are to appreciate Greek sculpture truly, and not allow ourselves to be led away by mere rhythm of bodily form. The most striking way to realise the noble forcefulness of these characteristic qualities, is to set a fine head of the Attic period beside a Roman copy. The contrast will be so tremendous

as to be instantly impressive.

But Pater is wrong when he declares that Greek art is not sensuous; it must be sensuous to be true.

The Greeks delighted intensely in the beauty of the human form, and delighting, comprehended it as no one will again, and in their art drew out the true significance of our bodily beauty. They had an infinitely less intricate life in ancient Greece than we moderns, with infinitely fewer distractions, and because they devoted the whole of their energies, their intellect, and their senses, truthfully, whole-heartedly and artistically to the enjoyment of the human form, they were able to divest themselves of any moral attitude towards it, to appreciate it æsthetically.

^{*} Although the ideals and types of the two phases of art expression are so entirely different, it may be remarked en passant that Pater's carefully chosen precise phrases apply with equal force to the finest eighth century Indian Art of our era as to sixth century Greek sculpture of the era before, so much are the basic laws consistent in all great Arts.

Thus the sensuousness of their art is a natural part of the whole sublime result, devoid of moral significance, in which respect it differs essentially from the sensuous qualities in eighteenth century French art, which, in so far as it is the reflection of an age of degenerate morals and studiedly artificial habit, may be termed deliberate sensuality, and so considered, open to condemnation—yet not to be condemned, because such deliberate sensuality is the inevitable result of the age which produced it and therefore true. No other period could have given us the art of Boucher and Fragonard, of Clodion and Pajou, of Riesener and Oeben, and even the scarcely veiled obscenities of Baudouin are valuable as true children of an age of wanton artificiality. †

But that a nation whose present generation can still confuse art with imitation, and find its greatest distraction inside an art gallery in hazarding the solution of a problem-picture, can vet produce men of artistic genius which we English have, and are producing, is a riddle more worthy to exercise the brains of psychologists than suited to such an article as this; but I feel that in the apparently extraordinary paradox lies the germ of the grievous misunderstanding of our national character on the part of the German people which has plunged Europe and half the world into the unimaginable horrors which it is now suffering. The Germans after all have a certain justice in their claim to a "kultur" superior to other European nations. For instance, any connoisseur or art-dealer of European reputation will tell you (or would have before the war) that the Germans are acquiring the majority of the first creations by modern artists, and that they are generally more appreciative of true artistic genius than any other public of the present day, even though they may possess the divine gift of creation in less degree than some. After all, the best, almost the only books on Cézanne and the early post-impressionists are in German, and the biographer of the Belgian Verhaeren is a German-a poet scarcely yet appreciated in France and almost unknown to us in England. I feel therefore that the Teuton must have argued that a nation whose educated classes as a whole still confuse art with imitation, whose soldiers' most inspiring battle-song is such

[†] Of course, excessive sensuality in any art is a weakness of being untrue because excessive, and obscuring the possibility of a purely æsthetic comprehension of the image.

an air as "Tipperary," cannot be capable of nobler thoughts or

deeds than these imply.

"We," the Germans have said of themselves, "are certainly the chosen race. We understand and appreciate the masters of modern art and philosophy, as we lead the world in science and mechanics; our thoughts are noble and our songs reflecting them are noble, and these together beget noble deeds, but what except vulgarity and pettiness of soul can spring from such opinions and songs as inspire these English." And the logic superficially seems unanswerable.

Only the Teuton lacks the penetration to see below the surface in this case. Blinded by qualities in his own national character which render ours unsympathetic to him, and his intelligence somewhat obtuse to other points of view, his judgment where it might have been sane and penetrating, intentionally warped by the manipulations of the War Party, his mental outlook bound down to one point of view by national militarist habit, he has perceived only our superficial hypocrisy, heard only the undignified bickerings of our politicians, judged us by the characterless inefficiency of our public buildings and the trivial sentimentality of our songs, the tiresome make-believe of our attitude to an art which does not really stir us. He has failed to appreciate the truly significant qualities which lie beneath our unswerving sense of justice and individual and national integrity, the strivings and sweatings of our sons in the colonies, with little hope of reward, to enlighten and improve the condition of the millions under our rule. Above all, he cannot comprehend that strange, almost sublime self-consciousness which the Briton feels at any attempt to lay bare his deeper feelings. the curious emotional humility which views with a desperate horror all efforts to describe his innate nobility in terms; which makes him cut the very phrases which may describe it from his colloquial vocabulary, and forbids the slightest allusion to his secret beliefs and aspirations except in terms of levity; and since such purposeless modesty is entirely incomprehensible to the Teuton, he judges us literally by our conversation and fails to find any reference to nobility therein, even supposes we do not recognize it. The indignant outcry in the German Press which followed our hailing the Emden's captain as a "sportsman" and the pained gravity with which at the beginning of the

campaign the inspired Berlin journalists deplored the usage of terms of sporting parlance by us to describe incidents in the war, is proof positive of their utter incapacity to understand our national character.

Once, very many years ago, I heard a worthy American lady tourist after a cursory inspection of the Wingless Victory in the Louvre, before which I stood in a rapture of boyish appreciation, describe the statute as "jest cunning," and from the analogy of my outraged feelings on that occasion, I can understand exactly the German horror at our detested sporting phrases being applied to their sacred effort to win themselves the world dominion they feel their due. As the Pioneer has phrased it, where you have a nation educated from youth to a certain belief in its own supremacy, a result other than successful, when such a belief is put to the test, is an appalling contingency for those responsible for such education—and the German is slowly realising how grievously mistaken was his estimation of us. English," writes a prisoner of war in grieved and pained astonishment at the extent of his own misguided simplicity, "are as brave as ourselves?"-a phrase implying no ungenerous meed

of appreciation.

The curious sentimental trumpery of the "Tipperary" melody is in some strange way as truly a part of our national character as the spirit of the troops who retired from Mons, but in its relation to German militarism far less essential, and our enemy, grasping the superficial, have failed in this instance to discern the significant, just as a critic steeped in the traditions of a realistic school might reject a painting by Cézanne not perceiving the depth of noble strength which lay beneath the flotsam of an apparently crude technique. But the failure to appreciate us lies with our enemy. Whatever there be of nobility in our characters as Englishmen remains there undisturbed, (nay, stimulated to far greater strength) by his miscalculations, which is exactly what the philosopher implies when he tells us that "Beauty is subjective" and the Indian poet, phrasing it more graciously, that "only to a chosen few do the gods reveal themselves in their images." Different nationalities, like different phases of art, do not vary in essentials, and when we civilized humans have ceased to tear each other in the welter of blood which our mistakes have caused to be spilled, is it too much to hope that a new era will dawn in

which the past struggle shall have engendered a breadth of international appreciation which will allow us to look with tolerance on each other's superficial failings and comprehend more surely the nobility which is the truly significant quality in the character of each of our great fellow-nations?

J. G. WILLOUGHBY.

Mezera Camp, Mesopotamia. 13th February, 1915.

NORTH WALES.

A seeming silence of vast spaces born

Among the giant hills, whose rugged trees Stand yet in Winter's nakedness, forlorn,

No bluebells cluster round the bole of these,

Now hidden in soft drifts of ghostly mist,

Then shaken by swift winds that sough and moan

Around a pallid beam, which warm'd and kiss'd

A twisted branch where trembling raindrops shone,

And brighten'd one small pool with golden light:

Beyond the stony dyke a peewit cries,

Wheeling and tumbling in its wanton flight,

From marsh to moor the whistling curlew flies

Or sails before the wind on moveless wing,

He, and the storm, an ecstasy of Spring.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

A CRITICAL EXPOSITION OF TURKEY AND HER POLICY.

(IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.)

T was in 1912, when the Turks had sustained a series of defeats at Viza, Kirk-Kelisse and Lule Burghas, at the hands of Bulgarians, and the forts of Adrianople and Yanina were still holding out against the united enemies, that I arrived in Constantinople.

The Bulgarians committed the fatal mistake of not pursuing up to Constantinople the defeated and broken army of Turks after the fateful battle of Lule Burghas as they were fast entrenching themselves before the hastily equipped forts of Chatalja, and having received a serious defeat there, were

preparing for a great attack.

The Turkish defeat at Lule Burghas was regarded as the greatest after the famous retreat of Napoleon from Warsaw. The whole Turkish army fled in extreme disorder and in a state of utter demoralisation. Cholera had its cruel grip over the beaten and starving forces who had not touched a crust of bread or a drop of water for a day and a half, and who had not a cartridge with which to shoot the enemy, who were pursuing them on foot and sending showers of shells and bullets; thousands of Turks died of cholera and were starved to death, and innumerable were drowned when attempting to cross rivers. Refugees were pouring in day and night into the seat of the Caliphate and presented a most distressing sight.

What a splendid army had been ruthlessly sacrificed at the altar of empty boast and carelessness of the late Commander-in-Chief Nazim Pasha! And what a name the Turks lost through the conduct of the "far-famed" gentleman who did not use telegraph, telephone or wireless apparatus in connecting

himself with his Generals, and who had no knowledge that the complete commissariat was lying some fifteen miles off the battle-field, and who starved his own men for 36 hours! And again what a day was lost to the Turks for want of enough and competent officers and for the shocking revelation that chests after chests contained dummy shells and cartridges instead of live ones! With these impressions I passed the first stage of my stay in Constantinople and was soon convinced of the total lack of competency on the part of the then Turkish Government.

Owing to my early relations with the Turkish Press, through which I had addressed guite a number of articles to the Turks, and the letters of introduction and the timely presence of some of my old friends there, people of all shades of opinion and in different walks of life were easily accessible to me. I met all who I thought would help me to probe through the darkness that generally envelops a stranger and besets his labours in gathering the necessary information. The Turk is very shy of strangers and clever in concealing his deepest and most sacred emotions; this natural reticence is often mistaken for subtlety and lays him open to suspicion. I was much struck with his home-life, for he is fond of music and possesses tidy and charming houses full of beautiful and comfortable furniture. Affectionate fathers, dutiful sons and loving husbands make households perfect institutions of harmony and peace. I well remember those touching incidents when aged parents walked miles after miles to give a hearty send-off to their sons, or when small children clinging to the skirts of their mothers came running along the streets to snatch a parting kiss from their father who was going to the front. How affectionate they all looked and how beautifully they played their parts!

I must confess I at once fell in love with Constantinople for its beautiful sights, and its historical and classical buildings. Nature seems to have adorned it with her own hands. In many places it reminded me of Kashmere and Switzerland—nay, in many more it excelled them both. I suggested the idea to several dignitaries of turning Constantinople into a summer resort for Europe. Some of them shared my views, but all were of one opinion that

that idea could never be realised through the Turks!

Within a week I heard the booming of heavy guns the shock of which was felt even in my hotel. Although political circles were alarmed at the prospect of wholesale massacre of

Christian civilians by Turks if the Bulgarians succeeded in breaking through the lines of the last Turkish defences, yet nothing showed that there was really anything wrong in the Capital. The Italians had returned to adjust their abruptly broken business, as peace was concluded between Turkey and Italy, and the market was as usual in the hands of the "foreigner."

The Turks fought well to save Constantinople and succeeded in giving a series of defeats to the Bulgarians. An armistice was soon concluded between the combatants. Kiamil's ministry was all too anxious to have peace and order restored in Turkey. After the failure of the memorable Conferences at St. James's Palace, London, active and earnest preparations were being made by his ministry to have the re-adjustment of the Ottoman policy on a firmer basis and to allow a natural growth of the country. He was prepared to buy peace at any price as the country was quite exhausted. But the under-currents foreshadowed calamities. Here and there was a buzz in a solitary café; a little animated discussion in audible whispers, or the howling of an Arab recently imported and quite at home with any form of government and politics, vehemently denouncing the Turkish Party system. Enver Pasha's sudden appearance in Constantinople had caused the greatest apprehensions to the ministry. His very presence there had given a new impetus to the Young Turkish Party. Enver, "the darling of Turkey" and Ghazanfer-i-Tarablas, i.e., "the lion of Tripoli", held a unique position there. He stood above party politics and its quarrels, and although he was the heart and soul of the Young Turks Movement, he was the idol of both parties. His courage and devotion to the country had won him respect at all hands, and the ministry dared not harm him. It was a most difficult problem to keep him quiet. After a great deal of worry on the part of the ministry, he was, however, persuaded to take command at Gallipoli; but serious plans had already been made by his party. The inevitable could not be avoided, and Thursday, January 23rd, 1913, the Sublime Porte was besieged by the armed Young Turkish Party headed by Enver Bev. He had secretly come from Gallipoli to join the demonstration. The treaty parchment which was partially signed, was wrested away from the ministers. The great Nazim was lying dead in a pool of blood from the bullet wounds under his chest! Mon. Nordongion, the Foreign Minister, was severely handled, and the "Grand Old Man of Turkey" was spared his life on unconditional resignation! A great tragedy had come and passed awav!

The late Mahmud Shaukat Pasha was announced Grand Vizier, and within a few hours he was seen on the steps of the Sublime Porte making an animated speech, which he finished with these words: "Fallen though we are, we shall not cease fighting." The place was packed to the fullest and the adjoining roads were impenetrable. The very atmosphere was ringing with loud and wild cheers! Thus in the space of half a day the tide of Turkey's fate had taken a different course and instead of remaining under Old Turks she had passed into the hands of the Young Party. The work of the late Mahmud Shaukat Pasha's ministry is too fresh to be repeated, but Turkey was once more fighting against the Balkan States-and no doubt she gained more than was ever expected. The work of the late Shaukat was carried out thoroughly by his successor, the present Grand Vizier, whom I shall refer to later.

It is difficult to attach great credit to the late Kiamil Pasha's last ministry. He was a great statesman no doubt, and he at heart meant to do good to his country and the people. He had done exceedingly well during the reign of Abdul Hameed and had the reputation of being non-partisan; but he could not keep the confidence of the people towards the end of his last ministry. The Young Turk's and his fault was, to a great extent, the same. Neither he nor they tried to act up to the expectations of the public. The former realising the fallen condition of the country threw off the Hamidian yoke in the earnest desire of building a "grander" Turkey. They started well but were severely handicapped in the middle of their task. They were in too great a hurry to transform her into one of the biggest powers of Europe to consider carefully the practicability of their methods and designs. Constitution to them was a sort of Aladin's Lamp: by merely rubbing it one could do anything one liked!

He (i.e., Kiamil), on the other hand, failed to realise the power of the Young Turks and tried to carry out his plans even in direct opposition to them. Later, his cause was much weakened. through Nazim's blunders, and owing to Turkish defeats he had

but a loose grip over his own party.

His friendship with England, and Turkey's humiliation before the Powers and the sharp rebukes and sarcasms of the European Press on her defeat, made the Young Turks almost wild with rage. In Kiamil's weakness lay their chance; still there was some hope for him and his party, but the re-capturing of Adrianople by the Young Turks and making the best out of the trouble between Bulgaria and Greece, finally crushed all his hopes and ambitions, and the Young Turks were once more perfectly free to carry out their own plans, whether or not they suited the conditions of the people and the country.

Abdul Hameed, with all his faults, had a definite policy which had its own merits, but since his dethronement the history of Turkey has been that of successive policies, and here I am tempted to quote with apology from my own address which I had prepared in England at the request of a society, and which gives, in a short space, the complete account of Turkey after peace

was concluded between her and the Balkan States.

I said: "The present position of Turkey is by no means satisfactory and from whichever side you may examine her she looks hopeless. The present state of chaos is due both to external and internal troubles. Since the Constitution, Turkish politics has had no practical and sound foreign policy, and it has ever been the most difficult and delicate problem to each successive ministry to adjust her foreign relations, and in this struggle together with that for existence each ministry has made hideous blunders.

"Turkey was not yet prepared for Constitution when it was thrust upon her by the self-sacrificing spirit of a few advanced Turks, and consequently instead of doing good, it has done her great harm. People did not, or rather could not, understand that party politics meant a kind of honourable rivalry in giving the best to the country, and, as in the case of Persia, party politics amounted to personal animosities. The Turks began fighting for their parties and wasted their valuable time in trying to ruin the cause of their opponents. Naturally there is no spirit in the Governmental departments, and instead of having perfect and adept institutions there is general chaos from the Sublime Porte to the meanest custom-house. To-day party politics in Turkey means no more than absolute oligarchy. The Constitution has ruined the country, relaxed the spirit of the people and spoilt the institutions. Unless radical changes are affected throughout

the country and some power is implanted there to keep balance between both the parties, one cannot predict a bright future for her.

"She is essentially a fighting country. Financially and commercially she has always been poorly. Constant and heavy demands of money from every department of the Government, and enormous military expenditure, have severely paralysed the Ottoman finances. Being insignificant in commerce and most backward in developing her industries and natural productions which are considerable, but have hitherto been hidden treasures to her, she stands on the verge of bankruptcy! Now that peace has been concluded between her and the Allies, she is more than anything in need of financial support. It will take her years and years to re-adjust her internal affairs, and considerable time will be required to pay off the debts she owes to her sister European Powers. She is at the mercy of her rich Western creditors who alone can help her out of the difficult position in which she is placed. England has always come forward as a friend in need to her. She must seek England's help again....."

I made these remarks in 1913 and little thought that so soon England and Turkey would be facing each other as enemies instead of remaining good and trusted friends. No doubt, I had my fears that the Young Turks would never pull on with any European Power. I found in them great contempt for Europeans, and heard in many responsible circles people saying: "We must pay back

these Europeans in their own coin."

With Kiamil, English prestige had gone out of Turkey, and with the Young Turkish Party the Germans were gaining ground in Constantinople—I do not believe that this was due to any love or respect for them on the part of the Turks. On the contrary, it was a matter of mere utility that the Turks joined hands with them. Talàt Bey, a present minister in the Turkish Cabinet, once outlining the policy of his Government, said: "We shall fight—yes—we shall fight to the finish. If we can't live victors, we shall die fighting."

Here lies the key to the policy of the Young Turks.

Enver, too, on another occasion, expressed the same sentiments:—" In fighting alone, our true glory lies! We shall live victorious. Slavery is unknown to the Turkish spirit."

Being the greatest optimists on the face of the earth and having more than reasonable confidence in their strength, the Turks made friends with the Germans, not in order to strengthen their defensive work, but to get an opportunity to make fresh conquests.

Kiamil's friendship with England was sharply criticised by the Tanin—the organ of the Young Party. Letters of its correspondents from Germany and Austria and the efforts of Turkish ministers had poisoned the mind of the public against the English; besides. France had refused to grant further loans to Turkey. She was nonplussed at this, and wanted to find out some means to escape from the payment of the previous debts which amounted to several million pounds. To meet this end and to conceal her great disappointment, she immediately turned to Germany and Austria who readily helped her. The whole business was not quite gratifying to her at first, but later on, it was destined to play a very important part in her history. Perhaps the best use of this alliance was made by the Young Turks through the untiring activities of the present Grand Vizier, whom I had the honour of first meeting at my hotel long before he was given a position in the Turkish Cabinet. He is a short, dark man of middle age and looks extremely alert. He and Jaixed, the Finance Expert, found a ready mouthpiece for their policy in the present cabinet which has great personal influence over the Press. The Grand Vizier, once he got into the confidence of Germany, was determined to keep it. He was sorely tired of British rule in Egypt and happened to be a very intimate friend and relation of Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, a great soldier who distinguished himself during the Turco-Balkan War for his bravery and who is a favourite disciple of Field-Marshal Von der Goldz. Mahmud Mukhtar's presence in Germany was instrumental in bringing about this unfortunate alliance.

The alliance between England, France and Russia had caused great misunderstanding and fears in Turkey. A great Turkish statesman once said: "We like the French, we are grateful to England, but we regard Russia as our greatest enemy. No power seeking alliance with Russia can possibly be friendly with us. We are sorry we cannot remain friendly with France and England any more."

But all these grievances were not enough to justify a war. Nor could they force Turkey to take up arms against England. The Turks had too much confidence in themselves, for they thought that Jehad and Pan-Islamic movements were the two greatest weapons in their hands; and they were much encouraged in this idea, as the Mohammadans of India, Egypt and Morocco and other places extended to them their help and sympathy during the Turco-Balkan and Turco-Italian Wars. And the contributions from India and Egypt to the Pan-Islamic literature had ensured them of their intelligent co-operation in all Turkish undertakings under the name of Islam, for—"Are not the Turks protectors of Muslim shrines, and do they not keep lit the lamp of Islamic rule and civilization?"

Another point in this connection worth noting is that reports of anarchism and sedition in India, Egypt and Poland and Morocco had given Turkey occasion to build castles in the air! Of late she has become the "den" of professors of these crimes from all parts of the world. Especially Algerian, Tunesian, Egyptian, Moroccan and Polish extremists have made her the centre of their activities. They systematically worked up the Young Party, and through their unmerited flatteries swelled its

head.

They, *i.e.*, the Turks, were really carried away into dreamlands where they could actually see all Mohammadans respectfully but impatiently awaiting their "order to strike."

They have, however, had a most rude and shocking awakening! For the Musalmans, outside their pale, flatly refused to acknowledge the present war as Jehad. They stuck to their respective countries and proved loyal more to their sense of duty

than to this strange Jehad proclamation.

Pan-Islamism, which looked promising in the reign of Abdul Hameed and which had found in Sheikh Mohammad Abdoh, the famous Egyptian scholar and disciple of the great Afghan, Jalaluddin, an ardent champion, exists but in name. Least of it is heard in India, as Mohammadans are rapidly drifting, instead of pure sectarianism, towards the more healthy and fruitful policy of "One Nation and One Cause.

Our loyalty is not skin-deep. Our co-operation in this war is a proof that we and our rulers have identical interests.

Only incidentally it is that we have achieved the greatest glory that we could get during this age.

India stands more united to-day than ever! We are fighting

to defend the honour of three great European Powers. We are participating in the uplifting of fallen Belgium. We are thus supporting the greatest principles of morality and manliness by siding with the 'right' party and helping the weak.

We have proved, beyond the faintest shadow of doubt, that we are brave soldiers, true to the traditions of our fathers, and that we can fight with advantage against the best trained

European soldiers!

Instead of there being revolutions and cold-blooded murders in India, as the Kaiser and his friends had thought, how sincerely we are playing our parts as loyal Indians and are coming nearer and nearer to our rulers, uplifting the curtains of ignorance, misunderstanding and prejudice which often hang between two utterly different races, especially when their relative positions are those of the conqueror and the conquered!

What is the position of Turkey to-day? Since her wire-pullers—the Germans—cannot effectively help her, she cannot be expected to do much! What will be her fate then? She is enveloped in a sad and gloomy atmosphere. She has dug her own grave, and is preparing herself for it by eating away her own

heart!

HASAN ABID JAFRY.

Agra

EDWARD CARPENTER.

FDWARD CARPENTER is the author of a number of works which at first sight appear to be on very diverse topics, but in which, on closer examination, we find an underlying unity. He is often quoted as an apostle of the simplification of life, and so he is, but he advocates simplification only as a means to an end. Civilised life is so complicated, exacting and absorbing, that until we have to some extent delivered ourselves from its trammels, we can hardly begin to live a free and natural life at all. We boast of the great command which we modern men have gained over mechanical and other natural forces, and of the immense development of our civilisation on the material side; but these very forces which we utilise for aids to life and for the acquisition of wealth, have partly enthralled ourselves, and we are caught in the meshes of our gigantic modern machinery. Machinery indeed bids fair to kill everything else that is valuable. The lives of our people tend to run in one pattern as though machine-made, and popular literature is turned out in regular weekly or monthly deliveries, like so many bales of cotton or boxes of matches. The millions in Britain, who owe their very existence to machinery, demand for their intellectual nutriment machine-made art and mechanical amusements.

The outline of Edward Carpenter's life may be thus briefly sketched. He was born at Brighton in the year 1844, and after schooling partly in Brighton and partly in France, passed on to Cambridge University. He became a Fellow of his college in 1868, took orders a year later, and was for some time a curate under Frederick Dennison Maurice, the celebrated Broad-Churchman, whose work is generally associated with that of Charles Kingsley. Towards the close of the year 1873, however, both the atmosphere of Cambridge and his clerical

career became intolerable to Carpenter. He revolted from the complacency, the artificial learning, the unimportant disputes, and the aemosphere of material comfort and smugness in which he found himself. Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass fell into his hands at Cambridge and brought him a whiff of fresh air and a glimpse of free and open life in a world remote from university routine. He had never been a strong believer in the Church doctrines and had had indeed some difficulty in getting ordained. He now abandoned the Church as well as his fellowship, and for the next seven years devoted himself to the University Extension Movement, lecturing on science, music, &c. Music has always been one of Carpenter's favourite pursuits.

He finally gave up lecturing in order to settle down to write a book which he had long had in mind, Towards Democracy. For many years now he has lived a quiet country life in a beautiful part of Derbyshire, about seven miles from Sheffield. He is evidently quite without ambition, and would no doubt find an active political life extremely distasteful to him. In many respects he seems to me to resemble a philosopher of the ancient world. He has the wisdom and the strength of mind to adopt that mode of life which seems to him to be the best—the best,

that is, for his own peculiar temperament.

The joys of freedom and friendship, love for children, sympathy with the down-trodden and suffering, delight in nature and in wild plants and animals—all these are notes we find struck in *Towards Democracy*. His topics are often the same as Whitman's, but the boisterous virility and self-assurance of the American are wanting; on the contrary, we find a softer and almost feminine touch, something of the femininity which we are assured always goes with genius. In fact, a critic of my acquaintance not inaptly nicknamed Carpenter, Mrs. Whitman. In his poem, *Baby Song*, for instance, there is a tenderness which most women would hardly think credible in a most inveterate bachelor:

"Baby, baby, come to Mammy,
Stifle sobs upon her breast—
Little blunt gums on the nipple,
That's the feel we both love best;
Sleep will soon come after titty,
Sobs will cease and baby rest."

In another short poem we find a beautiful bit of satire open the common assumption that this planet and all that it contains must necessarily have been made for the use of man. The poem is called Squinancy Wort, and the plant speaks as follows, after describing its happy life before the coming of man:—

"What have I done? Man came, Evolutional upstart one With the gift of giving a name To everything under the sun. What have I done? Man came (They say nothing sticks like dirt) Looked at me with eyes of blame, And called me "Squinancy Wort." What have I done? I linger (I cannot say that I live) In the happy land of my birth. Passers-by point with the finger; For me the light of the sun Is darkened. Oh, what would I give To creep away and hide my shame in the earth. What have I done? Yet there is hope. I have seen Many changes since I began. The web-footed beasts have been (Dear beasts!) and gone, being part of some wider plan. Perhaps in His infinite mercy God will remove this Man!"

Carpenter continually enjoins on us to be ourselves, to be natural, and not to do or say things that we dislike, merely because other people think we ought to do or say them. Certainly this may be carried to excess; and it has been remarked with truth that when you tell vulgar people to make themselves at home, they do but show themselves even more vulgar than before. Even such, however, seem to be more congenial to Carpenter than the society of ordinary ladies and gentlemen, who bore him intolerably. He writes: "In the drawing-rooms I saw scarce one that seemed at ease. They were half averted, sad, anxious faces—impossible, pompous faces—drawling, miowling faces—peaked faces well provided with blinkers—and their owners kept standing first on one leg and then on the other." In an

EDWARD CARPENTER

essay on Manners as a Fine Art, he describes a clerical gathering at a private house, at which "vicars, curates, deans and canons swarmed," and in which the only living creature which knew how to behave naturally was a large St. Bernard mastiff!

One of Carpenter's most fundamental doctrines is what we may call the relativity of all things, even including morals. He is opposed to absolutism of all kinds, and in a critical essay on Modern Science, in which he takes for his motto, παντί λόγφ λόγος ἴσος ἀντικεῖται, ("To every argument an equal argument is opposed"), he shows that what we think are the most firmly established conclusions of modern science, are only true within well-defined limits. He argues that science has not solved any fundamental problems, and quotes with approval Stanley Jevons, who records his "strong conviction that, before a rigorous logical scrutiny, the reign of law will prove to be an unverified hypothesis, the uniformity of nature an ambiguous expression, the certainty of our scientific inferences to a great extent an illusion."

This doctrine of relativity, when introduced into morals, has doubtless some danger in it, as suggesting that one man is or may be as good as another, and that morals are simply a matter of taste. Carpenter seems to assign no limits to his sympathy with his fellowmen, and one feels that his society would be invaluable to a despairing murderer or outcast criminal. He writes: "If I am not level with the lowest I am nothing, if I did not know for a certainty that the craziest sot in the village is my equal, and were not proud to have him walk with me as a friend, I would not write another word-for in this is my strength." In his essay on Defence of Criminals, he shows that the ideas which men hold of right and wrong depend on the constitution of the society of which they form a part. Society, taken as a whole, aims at a certain ideal, and those whose ideas as to what is right differ from those of society, are accounted criminals. As an instance of his meaning, our author quotes the case of the landlord and the poacher. "If you go into the company of the county squirearchy and listen to the after-dinner talk, you will soon think the poacher a combination of all human and diabolic vices: yet I have known a good many poachers, and either have been very lucky in my specimens or singularly prejudiced in their favour. for I have generally found them very good fellows-but with just this one blemish that they invariably regard a landlord as an emissary of the evil one. The poacher is as much in the right, probably, as the landlord, but he is not right for the time. He is asserting a right (and an instinct) belonging to a past time —when for hunting purposes all land was held in common—or to a time in the future when such or similar rights shall be restored."

The doctrine of relativity and universal toleration may undoubtedly be pushed too far. We get a useful antidote to such views in Nietzsche, who believes in upholding a lofty, truly aristocratic standard. He deplores the excessive development of the historic sense as developing a sort of sympathy with all kinds of civilisations, but an enthusiasm for no special type. We cease to be Germans or Englishmen, and become—nothing. A knowledge of cultures, as he says, is not culture; and our aim should rather be to conceive and uphold a certain standard of life and culture. For this reason he revolted from Spencer's philosophy, the chief lesson from which seemed to be that we must become adapted to our environment. Surely, we should inquire first if our environment is worth becoming adapted to, before we fashion ourselves to it. With Tennyson he would say: "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Although Carpenter is popularly regarded as a Socialist, I should say that the general trend of his writings is more towards philosophic anarchism than towards State socialism. He would certainly hold that the State is for individuals and not individuals for the State; nor would he be disposed, I fancy, to sacrifice ever so small a minority for the sake of ever so large a majority. No doubt, however, individualistic views, even of the most extreme type can be reconciled with socialism. In every social system some kind of compromise has to be arranged between the claims of the individual for freedom of action and the counter-demands of other individuals and of society as a whole that they be not injured by excesses or peculiar forms of individual activity. Some sort of rough compromise between these opposing principles obtains in the State at the present day, and it is to be hoped that under a socialist règime, if we ever get one, it will be possible to accord not less, but more, liberty to the individual. The common conception that under socialism all men would have to be trimmed, drilled and marshalled does not, I think, form any essential part of its theory. If it did, I am sure Carpenter would have nothing to do with it. He thoroughly detests coercion of every kind. In

different ways, everything that he has written has been in the direction of breaking down barriers and restrictions. Like Emerson and Whitman, the only law he recognises is the law of a being's own nature. Such is the only law to which we can offer a free obedience. All other laws and commandments are imposed from the outside and rest either directly or indirectly on force.

Carpenter is of a religious cast of mind, although far from being a Christian. His ideas were largely derived from a study of oriental religions and philosophies, especially the Upanishads, which he finds a constant source of inspiration. Although a believer in evolution, he dislikes the materialism associated with the theory as developed by Darwin, and prefers an earlier form of the development theory, which was originally promulgated by Lamarck. Lamarck transformed the motive-force of evolution out of the material world back into the mind of the animal, saying that "animals vary from low and primitive types chiefly by dint of wishing." According to the French naturalist, the mind or soul which sleeps in the plant, starts fitfully in the beast, and fully awakens in man, has played a far more important part in the course of Evolution than those material or physical forces which are made to fill the whole field in Darwin's theory.

Carpenter has developed his religious, or perhaps we should rather say, his philosophical views, in a volume entitled The Art of Creation. He, like so many poets, is pantheistic, regarding the universe as the expression of the thought of an eternal Being or Spirit. Matter is merely the medium which God uses to communicate with us. Just as the essential thing in a picture is the thought of feeling which the painter seeks to express, and not the mere paint and canvas he uses for the purpose; so, in our author's view, the most essential things in the universe are the ideas which the material world suggests to us and not the matter of which it is composed. Matter is but the means of communication between mind and mind, that is, between the general or universal mind and our own individual human minds. To the ordinary man nothing may seem more certain than the material world in which he lives and moves, or of more solid and independent existence than the physical objects which he sees and handles; but after all, while all material things suffer some sort of decay, whether by moth or rust, or weather or sea, or mere wear and tear by lapse

of time, it is only things of the mind and heart that are eternal. Ancient Rome, for instance, has passed away, but the poems of Horace and Virgil live for ever. As Horace himself boasted:

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, he has built himself a monument more lasting than brass. The same idea is developed in a beautiful poem entitled A Recollection, by George Ives, a friend of Carpenter's, one verse of which we may quoote:

"The mind hath no account of age,
Though youth and beauty must decay,
And each year like a fluttered page
Of life's great book is put away."

Carpenter developed the mystical side of his teaching still further in a volume published in 1912, entitled The Drama of Love and Death, which is a curious work, woven of platonism, spiritualism and the latest developments of modern science. He adduces several different lines of argument as evidence of a future state of existence. At one time there was a fashion of regarding the world as built up of an infinite number of atoms, which were represented as inconceivably minute, indestructible particles of matter, apparently of no complexity of structure. These atoms with their various motions and transformations were supposed to account for all the phenomena of the universe. But now all this is changed. These wonderful atoms of which the universe is made up are not to be compared with the dry hard bricks of which we make a building. They are really minute worlds, teaming with enormous forces. Each atom, though so inconceivably small that millions would lie on a pinpoint, contains millions of electrons, and these electrons are points of electric force, which revolve with the rapidity of lightning round a centre in the atom. It may be asked how all this is known, but for the evidence the reader must be referred to the works of Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientists. Such things, of course, cannot be directly known; they can only be inferred from observed electrical and other physical phenomena. A great deal of light has been thrown on these matters by the discovery of radium, the behaviour of which seems to upset all previous ideas as to the conservation of energy. The atom can no longer be regarded as indestructible, so that its name becomes a misnomer. Of all atoms, that of

radium is the shortest-lived, but even this lasts two thousand years. In breaking up it discharges an infinite number of electrons.

Thus matter itself, if pressed to the ultimate, seems to be transformed into something else, into points of electric force or into modes of ethereal vibrations. Hence it may be suspected that matter is but the expression of some psychic or spiritual force.

Influenced by these and other considerations, Carpenter accepts the theosophical notion of an ethereal or so-called "astral" body, in which the whole structure of the physical body is repeated in its minutest details. This may survive after death, and there may even be within it finer and more spiritual forms which may also survive on higher planes.

Carpenter, of course, can find plenty of alleged evidence for survival after death in the works of Myers, Crookes, Wallace, Lodge, Lombroso, and other physical investigators. He thinks the evidence too abundant and too well attested to be set aside; especially as the characters and reputations of the investigators are such as to forbid us to regard them as either incompetent or fraudulent.

Given survival after death, the question remains—what part of us does survive, what, strictly speaking, is our ego or essential self? Our everyday personality, with all its little peculiarities, probably does not survive, but we have another self, sometimes called the sub-conscious or subliminal self, which goes deep down into our being. This it is which probably survives, and may even be re-incarnated again and again, the object of all these successive incarnations being to gain fresh experiences.

Our author looks forward not to the loss of our narrow personalities, but to the gain, after death, of larger life, of union with the race-soul of humanity, or even with the general soul of the universe. He sympathises with the aspiration of Mrs. Stetson to get rid of one's separate personality:

"What an exceeding rest 'twill be When I can leave off being Me! Done with the varying distress Of retroactive consciousness! Why should I long to have John Smith Eternally to struggle with?"

640

To be confined for ever within the limits of one's petty personality would indeed be a terrible fate. Probably, annihilation would be preferable.

This work of Carpenter's is full of interesting and highly poetical speculations, but the generality of readers will find their faith severely taxed to follow him in all his conclusions. The general tendency of the book as an anti-materialist treatise is no doubt wholesome, but the author certainly endeavours to carry us considerably in advance of what can be regarded as definitely established. He is right, no doubt, in his contention that we can arrive at no satisfactory view of the world without transcending the methods of science; and that all purely intellectual attempts to explain the universe must necessarily fail.

A word may be said as to Carpenter's views on friendship, comradeship, &c., in which he is completely in accord with Walt Whitman. He looks forward to the time when

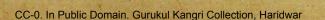
"Man to man, the world o'er

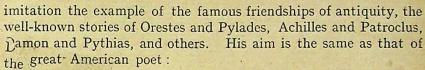
Shall brithers be for a' that."

But in addition to this aspiration for friendship between nations and for the cultivation of benevolent feelings towards those of foreign race, Carpenter has a great deal to say about friendship between individuals. He would wish to revive something of the warmth of the famous friendships of past ages. In our modern life that sentiment of friendship, which held so high a place in the estimation of the great men of antiquity, and wears such romantic colours both in classical and oriental poetry, has sunk into a subordinate position. In the nineteenth century, indeed, we saw at least one notable friendship, equalling perhaps in warmth of feeling the famous friendships of ancient Greece, namely, that of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. With what impassioned language the great poet addresses his dead friend:

"My Arthur, whom I shall not see Till all my widow'd race be run: Dear as the mother to the son, More than my brothers are to me."

Carpenter's Iolaus-An Anthology of Friendship consists almost entirely of short stories of friendships, drawn from the history or literature of ancient Greece and Rome, mediæval Europe, the East, and the modern world. He holds up for our





"To establish without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,

The r institution of the dear love of comrades."

This note of friendship he touches again in a more recent poem, entitled After Fifty Years, which concludes as follows:—

"Methinks that when the world fades, my little heart shall grow,

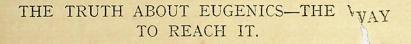
And grow and grow into another world, And be my paradise where I shall find My lovers, and they me, for evermore."

I conclude on this chord of friendship, because in it we find, i imagine, the underlying unity in the life and work of Edward Carpenter. In it lie his deepest emotions and from it spring his most impassioned utterances. A lifelong bachelor, friendship seems to have taken the place in his heart, which in most men is filled by the love of wife and children. Doubtless he could sincerely apply to himself the words he quotes in *Iolaus* from Sir Thomas Browne: "I never yet cast a true affection on a woman; but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God."

WALTER J. BAYLIS.

England.





[At the time of writing, a war, perhaps the greatest in history, has begun. Questions of eugenics and "race improvement" and "scientific breeding of the human species" are for the time being swept away, war bringing, as it always does, a certain peace in its train, making all lesser contentions cease. Nevertheless, even the cult of eugenics has a thread of interest at this time of upheaval, and there is a lesson to be learnt, though not that which its exponents would teach.]

GREAT deal has been written about eugenics, and many theories put forward in various magazines entirely devoted to the subject and in the others that deal with it occasionally. Always the article opens the same way; there are a few general axioms, too easily taken for granted, and on them are based theories of what must undoubtedly happen, though no one has perhaps actually perceived it. Always, too, there is a flavour of satire, and an attempt to influence the simpleminded by taking something for granted on a false analogy. Such, for instance, is the statement that a drunkard's children will be drunkards, and an epileptic's children epileptics in the sense that a negro couple's offspring will be negroes or an English couple's English. After theories and axioms usually come statistics badly put together and, almost of a certainty quite incomplete, the article usually concluding with another exhortation against letting things remain as they are, and a renewing of the claim for laws against the marriage of the unfit, already carried in at least one of the American States, and so on.

There are, however, saner voices in the wilderness, and one or two are making their counsel clear. Many researches will have to be made, say they, before a Parliament should even consider the question of forbidding marriages on eugenic grounds. Now, it has occurred to the writer that there is one way of beginning the compilation of the mass of information required. It is not by reading books on "The

Relation between Insanity and Genius" or in the gathering of national statistics. My plan is for every person to give to the world just what his or her own experience of family-life has been. If strict truth were adhered to, if all bias were eliminated, a real work of genuine importance would be gained. The records would, of course, be of varying length, but not, perhaps, of varying importance. The meagre statement of Miss Smith, who has lived all her life in one simple village, would have its weight as well as that of the traveller of analytical brain who has been everywhere. In fact, the simpler the person, the more one might rely on the intrinsic truth of his or her slighter communication. What we want to guard against is the conscious or subconscious deceit natural to those who have a bias. Again, in order that each contributor to the truth should give truth only, it is advisable that each should write anonymously. Thus he, or she, may speak frankly of family affairs without giving way to any tendency to soften details or to romanticize.

Here, then, let me begin, handing in the first of the many documents that may henceforth be written, all personal, all truthful, from which scientists may get hints. I have twenty years of adult life behind me. My father and mother were old, each according to their age, when I was born, my mother being thirty-seven, my father nearly sixty; he was married at thirty-eight. Not only this, but the parents of each were also old when my parents were born; and in the generation before that there are again at least four progenitors not young. Now strictly speaking, I should state facts and leave my readers to fill in the explanation. Yet I cannot help mentioning what, if there be any science in eugenics, is probably the gist of the whole matter, that the mere age of the parents, apart from everything else, is highly important. Possibly Edmund Gosse's queer absence of child joviality in youth was due as much to the fact that his mother was forty-three when he was born, as to the stiff household in which he was brought up. Not only this; it stands to reason that it might be better to be born of parents themselves quite old if quite vouthful progenitors were behind than to look back on parents, grandparents, etc., none of whom brought youth to the generating of their offspring. The term "old family" has a social significance which eugenists will discard for another meaning. Should eugenism ever really become a national system, it is certain that the children of these "old" families, as they will be called, will receive very special attention. They will not be allowed to mate with other "old" children, that is very certain. This will be considered far more important than the forbidding to marry of consumptives and epileptics.

It is not that the "old" child, as we shall call him, is altogether a bad type. On the contrary he has many good points. He gives us our philosophers, our students, our authors, and most of our business men. He may be healthy and moderately game-loving, but in him the love of physical stillness triumphs, and an indoor or at least a city occupation is his certain choice. Were "old" children then to preponderate in a nation, it would have a certain effect on its destiny, and that effect, in time of war, a disastrous one.

At the time of writing, the European war is just a fortright old. All our values are changed. Mr. Asquith, the middle-class business-like statesman, is in the background; the poorest Chelsea Hospital soldier, who has seen one campaign, is of more importance than he. It is our soldiers and sailors, our out-of-door type (I am convinced) of young progenitors that we now want. Strange paradox, but it is the men who are nearest the savage (I speak in the best sense) who will prevent our Empire from sinking back into savagery. A month ago we might have smiled at this idea, even though we believed it. We might have said:—The nation wants Bernard Shaws rather than Kitcheners. Now, we by no means are so sure.

But how to prove my contention that a system of early marriages is the one eugenic reform that will be of value. Naturally I cannot prove it. I can only state that where I can trace the ancestry of any "old"-natured persons, I have always found young progenitors infrequent. Also I can adduce the case of my own family which is very extensive, and the particulars of which, up to more than a hundred years ago, are well known to me. In all that great array of male relatives occupying or having occupied varying social positions, there is not one who has been in any war or who has desired to go to any war, though some have been in the colonies where enlisting as a private soldier has no social disadvantages. They are strong and healthy, but the fighting spirit is simply not in them. Their occupations are all in-door, comprising teaching and business, with, in several instances, journalism and the law. The several families who went out to the colonies resisted instinctively the lure of the "open country" and settled down in town occupations just as they might have done in the Homeland. The "old" temperament is by no means always in an undersized or effeminate body, as satire would picture him. On the contrary, as already indicated, he is often singularly and mysteriously healthy. (For instance, the rheumatic constitution seems unknown in my family.) Yet the fact remains, that something that makes for enterprise and "go" is quite lacking; and certain am I that an increase in these defects in the next generation would mean so complete a breeding-out of the martial.

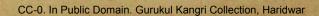


spirit, national honour, and so forth, that war would not be even understood!

This would be very well if the other nations would follow suit, but as it is, we cannot afford to go on as we have been doing, considering that this war, however it ends, will certainly prove that we cannot for a hundred years to come be certain of the reign of peace we were all looking forward to. We cannot, in fact, afford to breed an overplus of unmartial men, letting the soldiering spirit disappear. We heard a good deal lately of two-power standards, but what a nation may consider in the future will possibly be a six million "young" people standard, "young," meaning those of young family in the new eugenic sense of the word.

Now, as regards my own family or clan, to use the wider and better term. Writing under the cloak of anonymity I mention other defects in this heredity, defects which appear in relatives widely separated, who have no means of copying them from one another. First of all, there is great morbidness and an intense egotism—obsessions which those who have thrown them off, have done so only by means of religion or some other ideal. Curiously enough, it is the youngest members of those old families—youngest and therefore with most of the "old" heredity in them—who have succeeded in throwing off this monstrous defect, even turning it to some literary or artistic advantage. It is as if the very greatness of the danger made them more alive to the need for combating it. Now, were I to give instances of this morbidness and egotism, they would sound so absurd as not to be believed.

Of course, this does not describe every relative, it simply describes the average type of this particular family. In the worst cases the man or woman accumulates a mass of resentment round some petty injury, till after a score of years it comes to swelling proportions, a family vendetta going on all the time. In the average case there is a complete absence of the humanity sense, children when they ask for individual rights are discarded, not because the rights asked for are unusual, but because the father or mother has no pleasure in an affection which does not minister to their egotism. Now, in considering such characters you would picture the men as undersized and scrofulous, and the women as showing strongly the special troubles of their race. On the contrary, there is in this clan, as already mentioned, a general tone of health far above the average. The men are stalwart and strong, the women free from ailments, especially is this noticeable where the unreason and morbidness are strongest. All my life, in fact. I have seen the healthy body harbouring the unhealthy, mind and vice versa. Indeed, were I to judge by my own experience I should say that



health had very little to do with mental equipoise, and what we need is not freedom from pain but more of it!

There is another beautiful illusion that experience has killed. Some twenty years ago when eugenism was more sentimental and less scientific than now, the great outcry was for the love-match as in itself an automatic creator of good children. The children of those who do not love in marriage seem to have an hereditary coldness, says Thackeray through one of his characters. It was a beautiful idea in the minds of romantic girls in the nineties when elaborated by more modern writers. The really "well born" child is the offspring of love, they were all assured! Nature paid respectful obedience to the higher law and dowered those who followed it with children from whom all hereditary defect has been courteously omitted! This queer superstition still lingers. How does the idea work? In my own experience the theory has fallen through. For instance, certain families of this clan, as already mentioned, went to the dependencies, became colonials in fact. Now, these families curiously enough, were hereditarily more "aged" than their cousins who remained in England, that is to say, they had more of the "old" heredity in their composition. Consequently their offspring would have no natural advantages to cancel the disadvantages of possibly loveless marriages, if such marriages have disadvantages. Now, as it happened, the colonial section of the clan did tend to make loveless marriages, that is to say, they were thrown among a rougher set from whom their mates had to be chosen. There was no real love, only the need of mating those alliances. The conventional results were certainly bad: social unhappiness, incompatability of temper, etc. In each case, however, the children were splendid, the morbid taint simply bred out, intelligence pronounced, and animal strength likewise good.

Now for the contrast. The families that remained in England married happily with their own kind, educated and a trifle neurasthenic. In certain cases the offspring have shown obvious nerve failure, the degeneration coming out in physical form at last. So much for your love match! As a matter of fact, the marriage for love is really only a marriage of tastes; two myopic persons, for instance, will likely prefer walking rather than risking their pince-nez by playing hockey! and they will find themselves affinities. Our children pay for our love matches; they pay in puny limbs, consumptive lungs, or sometimes, when two bucolics unite, in an increased brutality and lack of brain power.

There are certain isolated experiences that flash back to meand then my document is complete. For instance, I recall myself in a







boarding-house for which I left my simple home-those "simple" homes! It is in them and not in laboratories and colleges that our pseudo-scientific ideas are born. A breath of the real world and they are scattered. This boarding-house, a world in little, told me something. Of the boarders I will rule the women out; their eugenic failings are less easily to be observed. Of the men, however, it soon struck me that the only really possible husband was one who took occasionally an epileptic fit! The others comprised an artist of singularly self-indulgent habits, a businessman of inferior type, a sure and certain Kaiser of the house; another of the artist type. kindly and clever but hopelessly impractical, and a fourth who was good and hard-working and even educated, but with various little unpleasant ways-biting the nails was one of them, for instance. Now when you read these characteristics in cold print, as you, reader, are perusing them now, you naturally rule the epileptic out of the running and keep the other four as possible mates for the one or two young girls who also lived there and quite certainly were looking out for mates. I, too, had I read of such cases, would have ruled the epileptic out and kept the others in. Meeting the five in real life I found myself doing the reverse, and not noticing for a time that I was going back on my own theories. As a matter of fact, the reason is very plain. We talk of epileptics and consumptives, but in a certain epigrammatic sense there is no such thing as an epileptic. There are men afflicted with epileptic fits-a very different thing. That is to say, the scientific, or rather-for the true scientific mind is humanethe pseudo-scientific mind that rules to-day always sees in an ill man only the illness: consumption, epilepsy, asthma all embodied in human forms, as pride, lust and arrogance were in the old miracle plays. They have no conception of the man apart from his illness till they meet him. To their mental eyes the consumptive is always expectorating, the epileptic is merely a producer of fits, nothing more. They shake with horror at the idea of a girl marrying a consumptive; but no girl has ever really married a consumptive, she marries a man who happens to have consumption, a very different thing! And the greater part of him that is not consumption or epilepsy may atone for the rest, not only to herself but to the offspring she will bring into the world.

This is the revelation that came to me in that boarding-house, when I realized that I hoped the young girl of the house would marry the epileptic—his name was James, and boarding-house wit of course christened him FitzJames—and not the eugenically safe persons that surrounded her. It was a colony where men are plentiful; yet an "epileptic," as you would call him, was her best choice

in marriage. This is a true story, but I cannot say whether or no she married FitzJames who was a kindly pleasant fellow with a small income. The fits came every second week or so. I cannot therefore point to a family later of perfectly healthy children, though I believe such to be possible. I can only say that a family normal or almost normal would be likely from such a union. And after all, why strive so for absolute normality? A little weakness coupled with pleasant family conditions and certain social advantages—is it really so bad a lot to give a child? Perfect brute health, were you even sure of giving it, does it really in this complicated world compensate for other disadvantages? Below a certain social level must not every man face the fact that, eugenics or no eugenics, his daughter may become a white slave and his son end as a park dosser, while above that social level these things are highly improbable?

Other vignettes are before me. It was told me that a certain old couple were first cousins. Their children, now, middle-aged, when I knew them were pleasant and intelligent, slightly weak in the chest. Cousinship? Or the fact that the mother was thus touched? It is not a marrying family; but one daughter has married, choosing also a first cousin. There is one daughter a first-rate hockey player and

a prize winner at the local High School.

That is the only story of first cousins marrying. When I tell it the listener can always bring in some contrasting story, usually ending in "idiots" That is their story, however; my contribution to the argument—should cousins marry?—is this that I see a grandchild superior in type to its first-cousin parents and first-cousin grandparents. I leave the matter at that.

Now as to alcoholic craving. I have lived in some different social circumstances and have known only two genuine cases of this disease. In both cases the children (so far) have grown up total abstainers and without noticeable defect. Regarding drug-takers, I have never, so far as I know, come into contact with them at all.

The lesson I seem to have been learning, taught over and over again, is this: that the great tragedies of life are not such as the eugenists can cure or even discover. The queer family tyrannies, the oddities and cruelties that make the terror of life for most of us—or half our life—the ugly horrors of poverty and unemployment, that often take up their checks with we when the first are finished up

that often take up their abode with us when the first are finished up, are the real gigantic troubles for millions of commonplace people who cannot tell how they feel. And these evils cannot be stopped by the

wisest eugenist council that will ever be created.

A. B.

New Zealand.

THE CORONATION OF THE PRINCESS.

H, what can I do to repay your great kindness to me, Noyon mine? How can I ever thank you enough?"

His right arm was still in a sling. His left was round the waist of a slim girl, nestling close into his coat, as he tried to look over her head of raven hair into a pair of wistful, jet black eyes.

"Now don't talk like that," was the pouting reply of the girl, as she slowly came out of his embrace. "Isn't your love enough for me?"

" Just guess, beloved, whom I have heard from this morning?" she asked, smiling again.

"From the Dean of your hospital?" he hazarded.

"Oh, no," she said. "From your banker?"

"No, you're wrong. Try again."

"From your dress-makers?"

"Not a bit," said she, shaking her head from side to side.

"Then from home, from your solicitors?"

"Right and wrong," said she with laughing eyes.

"Well, I think, I'll give it up," said he, scratching his head.

"I had a letter from mashi (auntie) this morning," said she

triumphantly, and handed him a letter.

"Your mashi is a kind soul," said he after he had read it through. "She has consented and says we must get married in India, in the orthodox Hindu way-but I say, didn't we begin in a horribly unorthodox fashion?"

She laughed a little rippling laugh of intense happiness, and then

the man drew her to his breast and kissed her again.

Purnendra Singh was an Indian barrister. He had finished his study of law in England, and would have left London a month ago, but for an accident. He was knocked down, while crossing Baker Street, by a motor bus. He escaped being run over by a miracle, but was taken completely off his feet and landed head foremost on the hard pavement.

Before the policeman could put his unconscious form into a cab and take him to a hospital, a girl, evidently a foreigner, had rushed out of a house opposite into the road.

"Bring him in here, constable, please bring him in," said she, pointing to a door near by, in a quiet tone of authority that suited her very well. "I'm a medical student and know exactly what to do."

She sent for the nearest doctor, and when the unconscious form of Purnendra Singh had been safely placed on a little white cot in one of the best rooms of Mrs. Gresham's boarding-house, Noyontara had done her best to give first aid with practised hands. But she couldn't bring him out of his faint.

"So, is it death, then, for her unknown countryman?" she anxiously asked herself. Oh, was she wrong in preventing him being taken to hospital, where perhaps they could have brought him back to consciousness, to life?

The doctor had come at last and found a severe concussion of the brain and fracture of the right collar-bone.

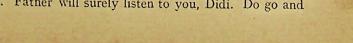
There was no immediate danger, he said. He must be where he was for at least a week. With careful nursing he ought to be on his feet again within a fortnight. He must have a trained nurse. Couldn't she nurse him? Yes, since she was a medical student, that would be the best. She was Indian, and would understand her countryman better than an Englishwoman. Yes, she might certainly nurse him. "He must have absolute rest," were the doctor's final words.

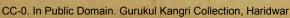
Two days went by and Singh had recovered from the dull stupor into which he had fallen. But soon after fever set in and then came brain-fever.

Singh had been in England these three years, and during those years he had left his native tongue and Indian ways behind him, and the strong bond of the English language and his English friends made him as one of their own. But in those wild moments of delirium, the veneer of English life had dropped off like a cloak, and he was an Indian again and spoke, in Bengali, of his old life in far-off Calcutta among his own people and friends. Nothing that the doctor or Noyontara or the kindly Mrs. Gresham did, could relieve him from the bitter tears, insane laughter and incoherent words of those moments.

One scene that the patient acted and acted over again—in which he spoke to one who must have been his sister—sank into the mind of the watching and anxious girl at his bedside.

He had once caught Noyontara's hands and buried his face in them. "Didi, Didi, O Bor'di," he would say, sobbing hot tears, "you alone can save me now—I can't marry this girl of ten you all want me to, oh, I can't. Father will surely listen to you, Didi. Do go and





tell him not to stop my going to England, tell him not to ruin my career. Yes, yes, I promise I won't bring down an English wife. He may get me married when I have passed my examinations and returned a barrister. No, no, I'll come back heart-whole, never fear—O Bor'di, do go and speak to father."

And then Noyontara did what perhaps an English nurse would not have thought of doing. She dressed herself in a sari, that pretty and picturesque national costume of the women of her land, and sat and waited by the raving patient. Somehow this had a soothing effect upon Singh. He stared at the girl before him for a couple of minutes, then his eyes closed and he fell into a deep sleep.

Next morning his wandering mind had come back to him and he was sane once more. From then his progress towards recovery was not

difficult, although it was slow.

And soon after happened what happens when a man is nursed in a foreign land through a period of long illness by a pretty girl, specially if she be his country-woman. Neither of them could perhaps definitely say when exactly it happened. But one twilight evening, after Mrs. Gresham had taken away the tea things, Noyontara sat down near the window and read to him from Sakuntala that story dear to every Indian heart. She had lifted her head from the book to look at him and found him looking at her in a way in which a man, who feels the invasion of love for the first time, only can look.

She stopped reading, her eyes fell, the book slipped down from her lap to the floor, and then she awoke to the great knowledge that the strange, but strong and sweet thing that had often stirred her heart of late was love. The freedom of her English manners was gone for the moment before its advent, and the inherent modesty of the Indian woman in her came out and claimed her its own. Silence, that silence of eloquence, which those that have loved only could have known and felt, reigned in the room, while the variegated pageant of London life passed by with its characteristic noise underneath the windows. And there in the gathering gloom of the coming night, under the earnest gaze of love-lit eyes, Noyontara quietly sat, a statuesque figure of Indian shyness,—and each knew what was in the other's heart.

II.

Purnendra Singh sat thinking in his chambers, to which he had returned about a fortnight back. Life had been very sweet to him of late, but now—?

He took up the copies of the Morning Post and read through, once again, Reuter's telegram from India and that article, which had, a when he had read it a week back and realised the news for the first

time, stopped the beatings of his heart for a moment and then made it

go bounding with the fear of an expected calamity.

"The Maharaja of Santoshpur, in Upper West Bengal, died this morning," was the cable. "He was operated upon for peritonitis, but succumbed to his disease. The Throne is vacant, as he has left no heirs behind."

And this was the article on the subject in a subsequent issue of the same paper:—

"On receipt of Reuter's message of the death of the Maharajah of Santoshpur, our representative called at the India Office and interviewed Sir John Huxley. The information supplied to him in cours

of the interview go to form quite a romantic story.

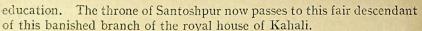
"It transpires that Maharajah Romeshwar Kahali of Santoshpur, who was then an independent ally of England in India, had, in the year 1835, banished from his kingdom his younger brother, Sudhindranath Kahali. It seemed both the royal brothers loved the same girl, but the younger brother being the favoured one, incurred Romeshwar Kahali's displeasure and was banished. Sudhindranath and his wife, whom he had secretly married, left Santoshpur and took refuge in the British capital, where they lived a happy, though humble life. From then he and his descendants had completely cut off all connection with home, and consequently in course of time they were completely forgotten at Santoshpur. His Highness Sir Satyacharan Kahali, K.C.I.E., the prince, who died last week was third in descent from Romeshwar and was his great-grandson.

"As he has left no heirs behind him, and, by a strange freak of fortune, no other prince is living, the throne falls vacant. It seems that Lord Stratford, the Viceroy, has dug into the archives of the State-paper offices in Calcutta and Santoshpur and made the interesting discovery of banished Sudhindranath and his fugitive wife's migra-

tion to the capital of British India.

"Enquiries at Calcutta have resulted in the tracing of the family of the banished brother. Most of his descendants held offices under the British Government, but none of them are living now. One of them is said to have been a Subadar in the Native Army. He loyally served us during the mutiny and was killed in the grand assault on Delhi.

"Kailashchandra Roy, the great-grandson of the banished prince—who, it would seem had changed his surname for that of Roy—was a Deputy Magistrate. He died young, leaving behind a two-year-old daughter. The mother of the girl soon followed her husband, and little Noyontara was left motherless. She was then brought up by a widowed aunt, who being an educated woman herself, gave her niece an excellent



"Her Highness Maharani Noyontara Roy—rather Kahali, as she would be called now—of Santoshpur, matriculated at the Calcutta University the year before last, and succeeded in persuading her aunt to send her to England to study for a medical degree. She is at present attending St. Bartholomew Hospital, in London, where she is considered a particularly clever and diligent student. We have reasons to believe that she never knew of her royal descent and high destiny till only yesterday!

"It is surmised that by special command Her Highness will soon be presented, by the Secretary of State for India, to Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, to whom the princess will now owe allegiance as a

Feudatory Chief of Her Majesty's Indian Empire.

"What am I to do now?" Singh asked himself, as he laid down the paper with a sigh.

Noyontara had taken up a luxurious flat in a fashionable hotel in West End, more to please the India Office than to please herself. For she was quite content to live under the kindly care of Mrs. Gresham in her old rooms. But a Maharani, the India Office had hinted, must live in London as befitted a Native Chief from India.

This elevation of Noyontara to royalty by a mere freak of fortune had cast a cloud on Singh His amour propre had been offended. His manly pride and his love of Noyontara raged an incessant battle in his troubled heart. Noyontara was a princess now, he began to think in spite of himself. She was the absolute ruler of ten million people. She must go and follow her destiny. What was he? Though a gentleman by birth, yet a poor man, who had his fortune to make, which, with barristers, was, at best, problematic. What had he then to do with love, and the love of Noyontara, a ruling princess? Oh, no, he must not think of her. But it was a strong passion that held him in a mighty grip. Well,

must he then go to Santoshpur, a beggar in comparison, marry its rich ruler and live a parasite there, at whom people would look askance and whisper with contempt: "What a lucky man to have married the Maharani!"

An Oriental is intensely proud by nature in these matters, and when he receives a liberal education, although it softens him in other respects and makes him adopt a broader point of view, in such matters, however, it does not lessen his pride, but rather makes him more sensitive than ever. For where he loves he loves strongly. And he loves with a sense of proprietorship that would seem strange, if not absurd, to European eyes. Human nature may be the same all the world over, but between an Indian and an Englishman, points of view must, in some cases, differ.

Singh had gone and congratulated Noyontara with a solemn face

and in a cold, formal, tone.

"Aren't you glad, my beloved?" she asked with a look of alarm in her eyes, as she came up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Yes," he replied in a hollow voice, at which, like the Indian girl she was, she burst into tears, and Singh had to take her sobbing form into his arms and kiss her quiet.

From then Singh acted his part of lover pretty fairly, but there was that invisible barrier between heart and heart, which he could not

help putting up and which Noyontara felt and mourned.

"O my beloved, my ridoyeshwar" (sweetheart), said she once, with trembling lips "don't let this thing come between you and me. If you like it better, dear, I'll give up the throne and go and live with you at Calcutta."

This was four days back, and now things were really getting a bit too involved for him. He was eating his heart out to be on the same sweet terms with Noyontara as of old, but his pride, that mastering pride of the oriental heart, was always in the way. He felt that it was time something were done or he could not bear the mental strain any longer.

".............I have thought over our conversation of last night," he wrote to her at last, "and I have come to the decision that we cannot go on like this. It isn't fair to you. You know my reasons. They may be insignificant to you, but to me they are important. I cannot think of making you give up your throne and hand over your subjects to foreign rule for my sake.

"I think—pardon me, Noyon, for saying so,—we have come to the parting of the ways. Do not think my love for you has lessened and hence all this trouble. No, Noyon dearest, now as I write I feel something pulling at my heart-strings. God knows I love you, how much I cannot tell. But Fate has intervened, and I must give up any claim which I may have had on you, and I must beg of you, ever so earnestly, to do the same towards me. I know I am behaving like a coward, but oh, forgive me. It is for the best. And please remember, as long as I live, your memory will ever be as sacred to me as it is dear, dear to me, O Noyontara, as the pupil of my eye.

"I leave England to-night. I ask you not to search for me, for you will not succeed. Our kisses, last evening, were the last, and with the memory of the last two months and your great kindness to me, I bid

you farewell with tears.

"God bless you and keep you." she kept on as king in great agony.
When Noyontara received the letter, she fell into a dead faint
fufter a paroxysm of uncontrolled grief.

"What am I to do now?"

III

"No, Dewan Bahadur, you must allay these absurd rumours."

"Your Highness, that is an impossible task you set me," said the Dewan, placing his hand on his heart and bowing down to the ground before Noyontara, "unless, of course, you permit me to publish to the public by royal parwana (command), that Your Highness does not intend marrying Prince Ranjit Rao of Raopur. But then, Your Highness, your humble slave cannot be held responsible for what may

happen."

"Oh, nothing will happen I am sure," she said. "I have mixed among my people these four months, and I know them, as I hope by this time they know me. They like me well enough. This particular custom you have been referring to, Dewan Bahadur, used to be observed in the pre-British days. That custom is now surely forgotten, for there was no occasion for its use since Queen Victoria took over the overlordship from the East India Company."

"But these rumours, Your Highness, have gained strong ground

in Santoshpur," he persisted.

"I would very much like to know who started them," said she with a pretty frown, "I think my officials, if anybody, are responsible

for this state of things."

"You wrong me, Huzoor (Presence)," protested the Dewan, bowing again. "May I remind Your Highness of the visit of the Crown-Prince of Raopur last month? The proximity of his father's State to yours, and the long stay he made here must have led the people to talk and consequently rumours have spread."

"Well, well," said she in a tone of finality, "I don't care what these silly folk think or talk. I'll consider that matter closed. Only,

I must command you to do all, please note, all, in your power to stop the officers of my State from taking such a liberty with my name."

The Dewan bowed and was silent.

"Have you heard from the Viceroy?" she asked, turning to her private secretary, a grey-haired and grey-bearded man, who was standing with folded hands at a respectful distance.

"Yes, Your Highness," he replied. "His Excellency has written to say that he will visit Santoshpur on the morning of the

19th. He will install Your Highness on the gadi on the 20th."

"Dewan Bahadur, you will please personally supervise the arrangements of the Kotwal (the Commissioner of Police)," said Noyontara, turning to the Dewan again. "I have already sent for the Commander-in-Chief. I shall hold you and him responsible for the safety of the Viceroy during his visit. I would suggest a conference on the subject by yourself, the Commander-in-Chief, the Kotwal and some officer of the British Residency. You may ask the Resident to depute an officer for the purpose. Please report to me to-morrow morning at eight. Thank you gentlemen, that will do."

The two officials made low salaams and stepped back from the

Presence, and Noyontara was alone again.

"No, my Dewan, I don't think you can trick me into marriage with this Prince as easily as that," said she, thinking aloud. "I appreciate your motive of seeing the two States united under one rule, but—". She sighed and laid her head on the mahogany table in front of her with an air of such utter weariness and pain, as though she was tired to death of all this pomp and circumstance of her life at Santoshpur.

"Ranima (Queen and Mother), you needn't worry yourself all for

nothing," said a hoarse old voice behind her.

She was startled, and jumping out of her chair, faced the intruder.

"Oh, is it you, Ramchand!" said she to the private secretary, for it was he. "How you frightened me!"

"O Ranima, listen to me!" said this individual. "I am old enough to be your grandfather, and I tell you, don't worry yourself. I served your uncle Maharajah Sir Satyacharan, as also his father, when he reigned. I am the oldest among your servants. When the gadi fell vacant, there was a wild talk of the British Government annexing Santoshpur, due to the lapse of heirs. It was I, Ranima, who wrote to the private secretary to the Viceroy. He looks upon me as a friend, for I saved his life once, when he was a young lieutenant and was attached to the Residency here. Well, I wrote to Colonel Ramsworth, for he is a Colonel now, about Prince Sudhindranath and his banishment, and



657

THE CORONATION OF THE PRINCESS

I alone knew where the records of that affair could be found. And when the noble-hearted Viceroy ordered a search for Prince Sudhindra's descendants, it was I who led the Commissioner of Police at Calcutta to your mashima."

"I have observed," continued the old man, "that you don't like Prince Ranjit Rao of Raopur, and I too don't like him. He has adopted Sahebi ways, he drinks and swears like an ingrez captan (English Captain), he has a vile temper. No, he doesn't deserve to marry my sonaar (golden) Ranima. As for the Dewan Bahadur, he means well, although I don't like his underhand ways. As to the attitude of your subjects, you may have no concern. They have learnt to love you and would not think of opposing your will in a matter that concerns your happiness. And I know the Resident; he doesn't care for that ancient custom."

"Have patience, Ranima, and God will ease your heart. For if

He pleases, He will yet send to you what you want."

All of which went to show that stern old Ramchand had keener eyes and a kinder heart than he seemed to possess.

IV.

Singh had cleverly eluded all pursuit by a number of detectives that were sent on his track by private agencies in London. He became a Cook's tourist under a changed name, and travelled over the Continent and all over India, trying to forget, and at last came and settled down in Calcutta. Tourists generally do not have the chance of learning what happens in Native States of India, and Singh honestly tried not to learn anything that might concern Santoshpur or its ruler. All that he knew was that Noyontara had come back to India and had

probably gone to her capital.

But the movements of the Viceroy are widely known in Calcutta, if anything is, and the forthcoming event of the installation by His Excellency, to the throne of her ancestors, of Her Highness the Maharani of Santoshpur, was forced upon his notice. And rumour, that winged thing, which in India travels almost as quickly as the telegraph, told him of the possible wedding of the Maharani to the Crown-Prince of Raopur, both the events taking place on the same day. And then awoke and revolted in his heart that strong yearning, which he had foolishly tried to force into the submission of sleep, if not of death. Possibly it was jealousy, although he would not have admitted as much to himself. But it gave rise to a desire to start at once for Santoshpur. To see her once again, though only from a distance, very soon became an obsession with him.

But if the rumour of the wedding were true, what would he do then? Why, nothing. Had he not purposely given up Noyontara?

Then why go and open that grave of dead hopes and buried desires? He wouldn't answer that question. All that he knew and felt was that he must see her once more.

And such was the mental excitement of anticipation that, as he sat and smoked in a first-class compartment of the slow Indian train creeping towards Santoshpur, he would never have noticed what he fortunately did, but for the fact that the conversation was, as it seemed to his ears, in an utterly foreign tongue.

He was sure it was not an Indian language, for he could recognise almost all the different languages spoken in India, and yet the voices were evidently Indian. No Englishman, he knew, would speak in that excited tone. He tried and listened again to the conversation that was being wafted from the next compartment on the other side of the corridor, but he could not understand what its occupants were saying. And then all of a sudden it dawned upon him that it was the *ulti* they were speaking.

The system of *ulti* could be applied to any language and made absolutely unintelligible to those who didn't know the trick. And yet it was a very simple one. It consisted in pronouncing a word by beginning with its last syllable and ending with the first, and a single syllabled word, by beginning with its last letter and ending with the first. A new language would be the result. Thus *borolat* (Viceroy) would be *latrobo* in the *ulti*.

"But I don't like to throw a bomb at a woman," Singh heard a voice say.

"Can't help it," said another voice, "we'll have to take the chance."

"But couldn't we wait till we find the latrobo alone?"

"And perhaps never get the chance and miss the whole thing? No, no, we must follow the instructions of the Committee to the letter."

Something laid cold icy fingers on his heart as the full purport of the words sank into his mind. So these were anarchists told off to blow up the Viceroy, and in the attempt they might also kill the woman he loved. The very enormity of the idea stunned him for the moment, and then a new excitement filled his mind. How was he to prevent the contemplated outrage? That became the supreme thought of the moment as it went hammering through his brain.

Within half an hour the train arrived at Santoshpur. It was 8-30 then and the coronation would take place at 10. There was a tired-looking station-master and a couple of eager coolies were the only other men on the platform. The rest had evidently gone to witness the coronation procession. It seemed that all those who intended visiting had already arrived, and the morning train was considered an unimpor

tant one by the Santoshpur authorities. He and the two anarchists were the only people that landed at Santoshpur, and then the train steamed out of the station.

As the porters shouldered the luggage to a waiting cab, Singh involuntarily thought that one of those boxes must contain the fatal bomb. Should he give the alarm at once? But, thought he, that would serve no purpose, for these men must be surely armed, and what could they do against two armed men with a bomb in their possession? They would surely escape.

Before he could come to a decision, they had stepped into the carriage and were being whirled away at a great pace. There was only one other cab at the stand and without waiting any longer, he jumped

into it.

"Follow that cab and keep it in sight, coachman," said he to the cabby, giving him two rupees and promising him another two.

V.

A babel of voices rose to the cloudless sky from a seething mass of resplendent colours that flashed on both sides of the route of the coronation procession. All Santoshpur and even its *purdahnashin* wife had turned out in their best holiday attire and lined the broad, dusty roads that sunny morning. Tall bearded sepoys—not that motley crowd that is seen in some Native States, but smart, well-drilled, well-dressed men—lined the street with fixed bayonets and waited, as also waited that happy and expectant crowd for the *Borolat Saheb* and their youthful, beautiful Maharani to pass by to her coronation. And many a head was often raised to observe the minute-hand of the clock on the clock-tower of the distant marble-built, lake-encircled Dilkusha Palace, that shone like a living thing of silver against its background of noble palms and leafy trees and a long stretch of light blue sky.

And yet this picturesque scene was lost on three men among that crowd. There was a look of suppressed excitement on the face of each of them. On a fithem carried in his hand a very small travelling handbag. He and the other anarchist stood shoulder to shoulder in the very front rank behind a sepoy, and behind them stood the tall form of Purnendra Singh, with keen, anxious eyes. He had discarded his English straw hat for a huge pugree, from behind the flap of which he watched the two emissaries of the Revolutionary Committee of India. He had changed his coat for another one. These were all the disguise

A booming of guns from the fort, a blare of conches, and a ringing of bells—and the procession which had formed at Dilkusha Palace

he was able to command.

moved out of its gigantic gates. And at once, like magic, the noisy crowd relapsed into a palpable silence. Every head was turned towards the advancing procession. First came an officer on horseback, leading three pieces of bullock-drawn cannon, then a battalion of State cavalry with band and colours, and then that splendid body of men, the Imperial Service Lancers of Santoshpur. A company of Chopdars, carrying tall silver maces and a band of saffron-robed priests, blowing conches and ringing disc-shaped bells, followed the soldiers. And then was seen a pair of magnificently caparisoned elephants.

The first elephant bore the Viceroy and the British Resident. On the other, in a silver howdah, decorated with palm leaves, rode Lady Stratford, the wife of the Viceroy, and Noyontara, bedecked in her coronation robes of gold and ermine and all her glittering jewellery. She sat, with her brocade veil thrown back, looking pale and sad—the cynosure of all eyes. Behind her were more elephants, State carriages, more soldiers: artillery, cavalry and infantry.

Ringing volleys of cheers broke out as the procession advanced. "Jai Maharanir jai! Jai Sommraggi Victoriar jai! Jai Borolat

Bahadurer Jai!" were the cries that were on every lip.

The slowly moving elephants were yet far off, when Singh realised that something must very soon be done or else it might be too late. And then, before he knew what he was doing, he had lifted the short thick stick, with which he had armed himself, and brought it heavily down, with all his might, on the head of the man that carried the bag. Without a word he dropped where he stood. But before the bag could fall, Singh had secured it with a leap, and tried to rush out of the crowd. But the other man had whipped out a revolver and fired point-blank at him. Singh had seen the man lift the weapon, and at the same moment that he fired the shot, he turned round and drove his clenched fist into his face. The blow caught him on the jaw and knocked him out. The bullet had passed through Singh's pugree, burning his hair and bruising the skin on the skull. Otherwise he was unhurt. He ran with the bag clutched in his hand, but he hadn't gone more than ten yards when the soldiers arrested him at the point of the bayonet. The whole thing was over in less than a minute.

"Don't let them touch it," he shouted to an officer above the din and confusion of the stampede that followed in the crowd near him. "It has a bomb inside. I can't run away. I am safe in the hands of your men. Don't waste your time here, but go and arrest those two men had.

those two men before they run away."

Within a minute all three of them were placed in a cab and taken away to the Kotwali under a strong escort.

Soon after an officer rode up to the first two elephants.

"Huzoor!" said he, addressing Noyontara, "there were three anarchists waiting with a bomb. One of them attacked the two others with a stick and knocked them senseless, but he himself was shot at by the other. But the shot didn't touch him. They have been taken away to the Kotwali."

"Let the procession move on," ordered the Resident from his elephant.

The soldiers that were thrown out of order quickly reformed and the procession started again.

VI.

It was a moon-lit night. The bustle and the excitement of the coronation day, a week ago, were over, and the city of Santoshpur had settled down to its old peaceful tenor. Under the magic smile of the full moon, the historic city, with its domes and turrets and minarets of old buildings and temples, dating back to the days of the Moguls, gleamed with a beauty which the glory of an Indian moon alone could have lent it. And among them all, Dilkusha Palace, with its belt of sparkling water, on which the silvery moonbeams danced and played, looked like a picture out of a dream.

In a sumptuosly furnished drawing-room of the palace sat, talking,

Noyontara, Singh and Lady Stratford.

"I think I shall bid you two young people good-night, now," said Lady Stratford, rising and laughing, "and if I were you, Noyontara, I wouldn't let Mr. Singh out of my sight again. He ought to be made a regular prisoner somewhere in this beautiful palace, unless he gave his parole not to leave you again."

"Thank you, Your Excellency, for your kind suggestion," said Singh, bowing. "But really I don't think I deserve such a hard fate."

And then old Lady Stratford, with a sweet motherly impulse, went up to him, took his turbaned head between her hands, drew it down and kissed him on the forehead.

"God bless you, my boy, for your brave heart," said she in a trembling voice, and walked out of the room.

"Let's open the packet she left for us," said Noyontara, turning round. "I wonder why she wouldn't let us open it in her presence."

She took the small pen-knife attached to her key-ring and cut the cords. The outer covers of paper were taken off, and a heavy square piece of silk stuff with gold fringes rolled itself out.

On the top of it was impressed in gold the Coat of Arms of the Government of India. Then followed this interesting announcement:—

hereas on the 20th September, 1899, Purnendra Singh, Esq., a loyal subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress, by his gallant act of disarming two armed anarchists saved the life of

Lord Stratford, Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council, as well as that of Her Highness the Maharani of Santoshpur and possibly also other valuable lives,

"And whereas the determined purpose of the said anarchists was to murder the said persons with a bomb or otherwise kill them, and the said Purnendra Singh Esq., prevented what otherwise might have been

a terrible crime and a calamity,

And whereas this act of public service on the part of the said Purnendra Singh, Esq., had indirectly contributed to extensive arrests

of dangerous criminals in different parts of India,

"Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India and the British Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, in virtue of the power vested in her by Almighty God, as the Paramount Ruler of India, does hereby solemnly confer upon the said Purnendra Singh, Esq., the rank and title of Maharajah, to be inherited by the eldest living issue, male or female, of the said

Purnendra Singh, Esq., from generation to generation.

"As also Her Most Gracious Majesty does hereby solemnly award the said Purnendra Singh, Esq., twenty thousand bighas of land, situated to the west of the Native State of Santoshpur and bound by the curve of the river Ganges on the other three sides to form a Native State, to be called Singhaloy, and to be held by the said Purnendra Singh, Esq., and his successors on the gadi, on the condition of an annual tribute of Rs. 12,000 to be paid to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Council or his representative, and to be ruled and governed justly and fairly by the said Purnendra Singh, Esq., and, after his demise, by his eldest issue, male or female, and so on from generation to generation.

"As also Her Most Gracious Majesty does hereby solemnly assign to the rulers of Singhaloy a salute of nine guns within the boundary of the said territory, and a salute of seven guns in British India.

"The ceremonies attendant upon the carrying out of these, Her Most Gracious Majesty's commands, will be performed within a month from this date by His Excellency the Viceroy."

STRATFORD OF KELLINGSWORTH.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA. Dated, September 28th, 1899.

"Oh, how happy I feel to-night!" said Noyontara, after they had finished reading this surprising document. "Truly, Bhidata (God) has smiled upon us."

"Yes, Noyon," replied Singh in a husky voice, "and He has given me a real kingdom in you, my love, only I was foolish enough to shut my eyes to that great fact before. Truly, I do not care for all this honour, these rewards, for they are as nothing compared to the great reward of your love. Sweet soul, can you ever forgive me the pain I caused you all these months?"

"Yes," said she, as she smiled through her tears of joy. "Yes, since to-day my coronation is complete, for the love of her lover is the

true crown of a woman's life."

And there they stood in their love's embrace, and the translucent rays of the peeping moon came and touched their heads as though in

blessing.

And quietly, very quietly, two eavesdropping figures glided away from behind a door. One was the bowed form of an old woman, with tearful eyes; this was the aunt of Noyontara. The other was old Ramchand, on whose face there was a smile and in whose eyes there was a look of triumph.

A. F. M. MOHSIN ALI.

Calcutta.

TO THE KOKIL.

Fair warbler, cease your plaintive strain, Nor with thy sweet melodious art Echo the earth and skies in vain, For Kokil, thou shalt break my heart!

Thy pangs of pain and wails of woe, Alas, remind me of my own! Sweet bird, thy warbling notes forego, Or thou shalt make me feel love-lorn!

Renew forgotten ancient woes, That tore my tender heart in twain, That left me like the faded rose: No more, alas, to bloom again!

Ay, never more to bloom again,
What though besprinkled with May-dew.....
But ah! enough of mournful strain,
Hush, Kokil, now thy sweet Ku-oo!

DEVA DATTA.

Lahore.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN AT HOME.*

of the world, looking over and finding that he was just above the place where the old moons are thrown! General analogy was in his favours. Even the smallest establishment demands something in the nature of a dust-bin, and that the economy of the universe should be lacking in a domestic appendage of such obvious convenience, was unthinkable. Anybody could see that the old moons were disposed of somehow or they would be hanging darkening the sky to the obscuration of other heavenly bodies engaged in their legitimate business. It was all clear now!

If our inventive mariner had lived a couple of thousand years later, he might have referred for illustrative confirmation to the manner in which the Government of India disposes of the crowd of satellites which are constantly riding on the official horizon, waxing, shining, and disappearing, in obedience to a law very similar to that with which he credited our lunar system. Death acts in much the same way but with a difference. The future of the person dismissed by death presents no difficulties. He is put underground and there is an end of him. But before this compulsory retirement is effected, his case is the subject of special enquiry. He does not die till he is no longer individually fit to live. To keep such an investigation constantly going on for every employee would be impossible. Official death standardised by the institution of a fixed period to which exceptions are rarely made; that reached, the Government servant is "scrapped," without reference to his capability for further service. This period is supposed to represent roughly the time at which faculties begin generally to fail. It differs so largely with individuals that in many cases useful men go and useless men stay, years before or after they ought. Government, is of course, a loser in one and in the other case. But the principle prevents the accumulation of inefficiency.

^{*} This article has been received in response to the invitation we sent out while publishing Mr. Cox's article on "Home at Last" in our last January issue. (Ed. E. & W.)

In the days of good old John Company, an East Indiaman, on the completion of her voyage out and home, threw overboard her whole outfit of crockery. For a new voyage everything must be new—down to a cheese-plate. Of course a great deal of sound and solid ware was thereby sacrificed. But to overhaul and pass judgment upon every separate article would have led inevitably to a general lowering of the standard which the dignity and efficiency of the service demanded. Slight chips would have been overlooked: unnoticeable cracks would have had time to spread. By and bye the captain would have sat down in front of a soup-tureen with an alien cover, and lady passengers would have had their tea in cups without handles. Laxity in pantries would have extended to provinces, and India would have been lost to England.

Fancy pictures the bed of the Thames paved with dinner-sets! But the throwing overboard was rather ritual than actual. Providence interposed in the shape of bum-boat women who took possession of the outcasts and introduced them individually to humbler homes. Instead of belonging to a stately service, each piece now only commanded the price paid for odds and ends of stoneware. It was a fall, not an end. I wish Hans Christian Anderson had taken their fortunes in hand. There is a drama in each pudding-plate.

As soon as the crockery went over the side, the interest the ship had in it naturally ceased. It is otherwise with the Government of India and its time-expired employees. They are reminded every payday that, though no service is required of them, they are still dependent upon their old employer. The provision in the way of pension made for retired officials is magnificent. That it should be so is probably necessary, but we deal here with facts rather than their explanations. The Government of India has in its pay, spread all over England, an army of men almost capable of the highest duties that can be laid upon the most trusted servants.

We have said that the period of compulsory retirement is fixed at a time when faculties are generally only beginning to fail and that in many cases they are in their full vigour when thus lost to Government. This is so much the case, that the average fitness for usefulness existing in the army of retired employees that annually leave India, is fairly equal to that of a similar number of professional men in England at the same age. Whatever it is, it is constant; kept up to a certain point of efficiency by continuous discharge from the services in India, just as the services in India are kept up by the continuous admission of young blood from England. It is useless because it is undirected.

A stream of water flowing along a channel is a power. Remove the restraint of the banks and it is a puddle. England is flooded with retired Indian officers, civil and military, who contribute nothing to the energetic advance of the country they live in along any of the roads by which national progress is made. They form part of the background in front of which the drama of life is enacted. In the most comprehensive sense of the word, they are "supernumeraries" upon the great stage of English associated life.

It is, I think, by a defect in our system that this mass of useful servants is turned totally adrift while yet capable of "afternoon service." Medical men, lawyers, the clergy, farmers all continue in their avocations until actual infirmity necessitates their retirement. It is right that the active service of the State should be content with nothing short of the very flower of the life of the men it employs. But for the State to make no attempt whatever to turn to the general advantage the capabilities of those discarded by the operation of a rule intended to prevent the possibility of inefficiency rather than to stigmatize as inefficient those who come under it—this is casting away of the influence which a generous employer may fairly claim to exercise over old servants who have been liberally treated during their service and liberally provided for after their discharge.

The habit of regarding retired officials as men in the enjoyment of independent incomes guaranteed by England, except in the case of very gross misconduct, and under no obligation of duty whatever, has taken such complete hold of the official mind that the very idea of state interference in the absolute individual freedom of each and all would certainly excite indignant protest. This protest would, I think. be loudest among those the most recently set free from official restraint. To the average Indian officer, England appears somewhat in the light of a large station full of the sort of people to whom his coming in from the districts will be as welcome as their society will be to him. The social instinct grows strong by enforced abstention. The old Persian expression "companions in a cave," which describes the natural drawing together of prisoners to whom no society but each others is possible, applies very accurately to India and Anglo-Indians. India is the cave and the natural repulsions that exist between English people are in abeyance as long as English people are confined to it. The Anglo-Indian during his service is modestly and inoffensively conscious of being a person of some importance. He does not realize that the moment he sets foot in England, his importance to everybody but himself and his tailor and bootmaker is absolutely at an end. He may possibly possess special talents which render him personally acceptable among people who would otherwise be strangers to him; he may possibly find that his regular income and the position he holds as a retired official make his acquaintance of some value to those who

stand lower on the social scale than himself. In both these cases, he has something to give. He gives it and receives in exchange a certain measure of social consideration.

The average middle-class Englishman regards his power of withholding or bestowing acquaintance as a balance at his bank. He has no need to invest it and will not do so without pretty fair assurance of its bringing him in good interest. Is a new-comer in a neighbourhood well-to-do? Is he right—politically, or at least under no suspicion of holding Radical views? Has he approved himself a member of the Church of England? Does he know anybody—who is anybody? If the answer to these questions is satisfactory, respectable middle-class society will open its arms to him. But this is not generally the case. Except in rare instances, the retired Anglo-Indian is poor, politically and religiously he is apt to be independent, and twenty or thirty years in India have put him out of touch with whatever English society he may have been familiar with as a young man. He has probably a hard task to educate his children, and the idea of his giving a dinner-party is absurd.

Many years ago, in Rome, I heard a story supposed to be characteristic of the Teutonic ethos. A lady enquired of a German acquaintance why she no longer met him at the house of an Italian family to which he was indebted for a good deal of friendly attention. The German

man replied with absolute simplicity:

"That family is of no further use to me."
He felt that the explanation covered the whole question.

Each unit of a neighbourhood is governed by the same consideration as regards the Indian officer of small means and merely average presentability who chooses to establish himself within the range of its notice. His doing so without introduction is somewhat of the nature of an intrusion to begin with. "Because these people choose to set themselves up in Middlesway, that is no reason why I should take any notice of them," says a leading lady, voicing the attitude of her set. But English middle-class people have not the paradisaical innocence of the German, "naked and not ashamed." There is a tendency to gather fig-leaves. Ostentatious exclusion calls for some sort of justification. Something is generally found-of course it never reaches the ear of the person concerned who goes about blissfully unconscious that his character as a secret drinker or a wife-beater is hanging out of his pocket. The social life of a poor Indian officer is not all "beer and skittles." Still, if he will, from the outset, comply with a few simple conditions, if he will regularly attend the religious services of the Church of England, join the Primrose League, subscribe to the Conservative Association and (most important of all) never take the side of an under-dog, he will probably, in the course of a year or two, be admitted gradatim to the full fruition of the society of clergymen, pedagogues, lawyers, doctors, and bank managers who form the "society" of a country town. This I suppose may be both brilliant and enjoyable. I have no practical experience.

So far had I gone when I read Mr. Cox's exceedingly interesting article "Home at Last" in the January number of East & West. The editor had mentioned to me some months before that he was about to publish a paper on the subject, on which he thought discussion would be interesting, and helpful, but I supposed that the mass of new interests arising from the war had submerged it, and so put what I had written aside. I will only add now a page or two to show in what direction I think this army of unemployed officials might be, to a certain degree, utilised. There is no doubt, I think, that what influence they exercise is almost invariably good. Their active life in India has been mostly spent in disinterested striving to benefit the people with whom their duty has brought them in contact. The question, "How will this affect me?" does not dominate every other consideration in their minds. Their loyalty to whatever cause they take service in may be confidently reckoned on. These qualities are none too common in everyday business life, especially when it goes on in nooks and corners upon which the purifying lights of publicity rarely falls. Now, English country villages are par excellence the "dark places" of English life. This was so much the case that the village labouring population would probably have sunk into complete savagery some five and forty years ago under the pressure of the misery and hunger in which their existence was spent, had not God sent them a redeemer of their own class under whose inspiration resistance to the tyranny of the employers was organized on a sufficiently formidable scale to extort some slight modification of the horrible conditions under which they lived. The eyes of the public were opened and reforms were attempted. Among these was the introduction of Parish Councils, (a sort of local Punchayat popularly elected) which were supposed to give the labouring population a voice in the management of village affairs. These Councils disappointed expectation, as they were generally, after more or less futile struggles on the part of the labourers, annexed by the farmers. They still however exist and afford a channel through which it is possible to invoke Government in case of illegal invasion of still surviving rights.

The suggestion led up to by this lengthy exordium is that any Anglo-Indian of a certain rank and standing who may happen to reside in a village, should be, ex officio, a member of the Parish Council. This recognition of his past service would, to a certain extent, remove the

argument against his presence now so generally employed by the

dominant class in a village.

"I should like to know what business he has in Stodgington?" The assumption the words convey is, "No business, no right." The view of landowners and landholders generally is that a village is like a watch. It must contain nothing but the works essential to its going. The idea at the land of England is for habitation as well as for cultivation is to them. It is to the prevalence of this feeling that I think we hater to them. To the desertion of agricultural England by the gentry partly oneans who used to look forward to a cottage and an acre of of small country village as the natural goal of laborious lives spent land is a country vinage as the harden in their country's service. If this spirit could be revised, proad in their country's service. a great step would be made towards the civilisation of rural England. And to give retired servants of Government an official locus standi in the villages where they might take up their abode, would certainly this result. Their individual action could contribute to little harm, their presence as officially recognized members of the village community would make for the humanization of the whole population. It is hard to realize the effrontery of secure impunity with which village rights were invaded by the farming class not twenty years ago. The Church passed consistently by "on the other side." Labourers were helpless. Only one independent resident in each village, holding an official position that authorises protest, might have exercised a check upon oppression which would have saved to England the multitudes of hereditary tillers of the soil who took refuge in the slums of great cities from the intolerable arrogance of the employing class. It might be worth trying even now. The greed of the great farmer has been, to a certain degree, curbed by circumstance, but he is in heart and spirit much what he was 50 years ago. We do not know what the result of the war upon agricultural life will be. The country is full now of farmers seeking labourers. When peace throws into the labour-market tens of thousands of discharged soldiers seeking work, the tables will be turned. Hungry labour will be pitifully helpless and some provision should be made beforehand for its protection.

The integrity, ability and general experience of retired Anglo-Indians are a fund upon which Government should be able to draw as freely at present in England as might have been done while they were still on active service in India. It is a pity that any resource should be left unutilized at this crisis of our national existence.

D. C. PEDDER.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Continued From Our Last Number.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUNS INTERRUPT BUCK'S WOOING.

DALMER had described Buck as "not a bad sort of fellow"; in other words, Buck was neither altogether good nor bad, neither hot nor cold—just lukewarm. This was a fair summing up of Buck's character. He was brave, but lacked that venturesome spirit which leads men to seek danger. He was honest, but never considered it his duty to go out of his way to right a wrong. Buck was not fond of children, yet he did not hate them. As long as children refrained from worrying him, their presence did not irritate him.

Lukewarmness, however, cannot last long. One must get either hot or cold, and Buck was beginning to show symptoms of growing cold.

He laughed as he left the shed where he and Palmer had taken shelter, at the thought of the latter swimming the canal and of himself having escaped such an ordeal. He sang snatches of songs as he waded through the snow, or rather tried to sing, for it was bitterly cold. At times he swore when his feet sank deep into the snow; yet even while he swore he smiled. He had no regrets; felt no worries. Joan had gone out of his life; he was quite in the mood to make love to some other woman. Palmer had told him about Mary Leman. He had questioned and elicited the fact that Mary was good-looking. Buck already felt he was in love with Mary. As for the spy—he would deal with him.

He had made up his mind what to do: tell Lefebre that his message had been carried on by Palmer to the British, and then go in search of Mary.

He laughed again at what he considered Palmer's stupidity in refusing to accept a commission before attempting to find Lefebre. On

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

second thoughts, however, Buck thought Palmer was not altogether so foolish, not half so conscientious as he had given him credit for. There was Joan!

The first to meet him as he entered the wood was La Poupée. The child had lost much of her joyous spirit. There were traces of sadness in her young face.

"Where Joan?" she asked as she took Buck's hand.

"Gone to the devil for all I know."

Fortunately the child did not understand him. An instant later Buck felt sorry, just a little, at his rude reply.

"Don't know, child. Why do you worry about her?"

"I love Joan," was La Poupée's answer.

Buck looked down at the child and smiled, but not a pleasant smile. The child's reference to her love for Joan had brought to mind his own—and Joan's rejection of it.

"Not find Joan?" asked La Poupée.

"No, I have not-and, what's more, I'm not looking for her."

Tears came into La Poupeé's eyes.

"Good Lord; you're going to cry!" exclaimed Buck. "I hate children who cry," and he walked away.

With the back of her hands, La Poupée wiped her eyes.

"And-and I hate you," she sobbed.

Buck heard her. He turned. "Of the same breed," he muttered, and went on towards the Retreat.

"Hello!" called a voice.
"Hello!" answered Buck.

A man came out of some bushes. It was Lefebre, looking worn and sad. His draggled appearance attracted Buck's attention.

"Been in a skirmish?" he asked. Lefebre sat down on the root of a tree.

"I'm tired," he said. "Only just returned." He gazed on the ground for a few seconds. "It was a bad business."

"What?" Buck stretched himself on the ground.

"The sortie. We ambushed some of the Death's Heads; killed many, the rest held up their hands. Foolishly we came out to them; they charged into us treacherously. Half our men have been killed or taken prisoners—not many prisoners."

Buck went up to Lefebre and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Don't take it to heart, man. We'll find more recruits."

"Recruits? It is not that—but the treacherous murder of my men. Well—well," he continued. "I'm still alive, and can avenge their deaths. Now, what about that message!"

"Palmer delivered it-at any rate took it on."

"Palmer? You met him? He is alive then?" Lefebre asked excitedly.

"Alive and well; looked a bit seedy and shaky. He said he had

just got out of bed after a long illness."

"And yet you say he was well?"

"Oh-I mean he was alive," and he told Lefebre where he had

met Palmer, and delivered Palmer's message.

"He is an excellent fellow," said Lefebre, with a smile that brightened up his features. "An excellent fellow—brave, modest, kind-hearted. I hope he will become a General before the war is over."

"So do I. And now another matter." Buck told Lefebre of the Lemans and their fear of a German invasion, and asked permission to go down to the farm. Lefebre had many questions to ask before giving his consent. Buck was ready with satisfactory replies, and Lefebre at length said:

"Well-go. You seem bent on it. I suppose that girl is the

attraction," and he laughed. "But what about Joan?"

"What about her?"

"I thought you might have discovered her whereabouts. You were in love with her."

"The sly old fox," mused Buck. "How did he guess that?"

Then aloud—" I was, " was his curt reply.

"I had an excellent wife, and my experiences of married life were exceptional. I've seen a good deal of misery in other homes. Take my advice and leave women alone."

"Why should my experiences turn out differently to yours? In my opinion men never know what real happiness is till they get married,

and then it is too late."

Lefebre looked up at Buck. There had been no sarcasm in his voice, and he tried to trace it in the expression of his face; but Buck was looking solemn, serious.

And Lefebre laughed loudly, making the woods ring. Glancing

up again into Buck's face, he saw an angry flush in his cheeks.

"Surely man," he cried "you mean what you said as a joke?"
A joke? I think you down-right rude," exclaimed Buck.

"Good Heavens, Buck! You began by contradicting my statement about marriage, and wound up by backing me up."

Buck was thoroughly angry.

"It is you who are an idiot," he exclaimed. "I can speak French as well as I can English. I approve of marriage—do you understand? And I regard marriage not only as an affair of the heart, but as a means of helping women. We are put into this world to help others."

"Then what are the others here for?"

Buck rose to his feet.

"This morning's disaster has turned your head; I'll overlook your rudeness," he said. "I'm going to find something to eat—then, on to Sancy."

Lefebre watched Buck disappear, and laughed again, heartily.

He heard footsteps, and sprang to his feet.

It was only La Poupée.

Lefebre went towards her.

"Where Joan?" asked the child.

"Ay! Where was she?" Lefebre would himself like to know, for he did not believe that Joan had murdered Ninette. His men did, and they it was who had pressed him to separate La Poupée from Joan.

"I'm looking for her, little one," replied Lefebre, taking the child

in his arms and kissing her.

"I love you-I love Joan-I love Palmer-I love Bruno."

"And Buck?"

The child shook her head.

"He says auntie very naughty."

Lefebre groaned. Buck had no business to tell the child such things.

"I'll try and find Joan," said Lefebre.

La Poupée took the old man's face between her little hands and kissed him on the mouth.

"Thank you," she said.

Buck did not delay long at the Retreat. He ate a hearty breakfast in spite of feeling angry with Lefebre, and then set out for Leman's farm. On the way he rehearsed what he should say. It was obvious to him that Mary's love had not had time to mature—to become absolutely fixed, and he was perfectly confident of being able to win her affections: "just to do the pro-German in the eye," was the excuse he made.

He met Leman outside the farm. He did not know it was Leman

till he had questioned the farmer.

"My name is Buck," he said, introducing himself. "I am an Irishman—almost the same as an Englishman," he condescended to add for the purpose of convincing Leman that he was one of those fighting for freedom.

"All Englishmen are welcome to my home," answered the farmer; but he was under the impression that Buck would leave after a few hours' rest. Buck, however, was careful to undeceive him, to avoid any trouble in the near future.

674

"I am a Franc Tireur," he told him. "I've been sent here on

a particular mission to watch the Germans."

Leman was in a dilemma. He feared that the Germans, if they discovered a spy in his house, would murder him and his family and burn his farm; but how could he send away one who was fighting for his country?

He explained the situation to Buck, and added:

"I think you had better pass yourself off as a Belgian. I'll give you clothes. You can speak the language?"

" Pretty well."

"Now let me see....Yes, you had better not tell anyone on the farm that you are not a Belgian. One can never be too careful."

He was thinking of Parys.

"Even your family?" asked Buck.

Leman considered a moment before replying, and then—"It doesn't matter one way or the other. I'm in search of someone to do my accounts—"

"I don't suppose you are very busy at present?" asked Buck.

Leman smiled and nodded.

"You are right, no money coming in; but I want someone to go through my old books."

And the matter was settled.

Buck was careful to make Leman understand that an accountant's post was one of great importance, at least it was so in England, and therefore he was to be considered something above the rest of the farm hands. Leman assured him that he would be, and as a start, he was given a room in Leman's house and boarded with the family.

It was at supper that night that Buck discovered that Mary had not been pining for Palmer, and to his great delight after supper the old people retired to their room, leaving Mary to entertain their new

accountant.

Buck did not find Mary shy, and although he admitted she was not as pretty as Joan, she was good-looking and nature had been generous in supplying her with those charms which appeal to the eyes of men.

"What is your name?" she asked.

Buck smiled. "I thought your father had told you," he said. "Leonard Soumoy."

She shook her pretty head. "Not that—your real name."

" James Buck."

"Buck—Buck," mused Mary. "Where did I hear it? I've a good memory, but I—Oh! Do you know Lieutenant Palmer?"

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

"A great friend of mine."

Buck was pleased the conversation had turned in the direction he had desired, and yet without any intervention on his part.

"Where is he?"

Buck carefully scanned the girl's face. There was no blush; no visible agitation. It had been then only a passing love affair.

"He has gone back to his regiment. I met him and he told me about you and the German spy, and that's why I'm here—to protect you."

"Did he send you?"

Buck laughed.

"Not he. But he told me a secret-"

"Yes?" There was an eager look in her eyes.

"Perhaps I ought not to mention it."

"Then you ought not to have hinted at it," was Mary's prompt rejoinder.

"It was a mistake on my part-a big blunder," and Buck

solemnly shook his head.

Mary thought Buck handsome; better looking in fact than Palmer. Yet if Palmer had confessed to Buck that he loved her—

"You must tell me."

"It's a horrible blunder; you'll be angry when you know what it is."

"Worse and worse. I'll never be able to sleep; never have any

peace of mind till I know."

"Ha! That would be dreadful. I must tell you, I see; but please remember you have forced the secret from me."

"One moment. Did Mr. Palmer bind you to secrecy?"

" No."

"Then I want to hear it."

"Well," began Buck, and then laughed in a silly manner.

"Don't be afraid. I exonerate you," encouraged Mary.

"That's what I've been waiting for. Well, Palmer told me that he thought you had fallen in love with him."

He paused.

Mary did not flush-did not look annoyed.

"Well?" she asked. "Did he say that he had also fallen in love with me?"

"No; because he is engaged to another woman, a girl named Ioan."

Just a slight flush this time, and Mary turned away her head. When she looked at Buck again, she was smiling.

676

"I'm glad he didn't fall in love with me," she said, "because I was only fond of him, as I am of every defender of my country."

Buck congratulated himself on the success of his first move. The

next was in connection with Parys.

"You are quite right; it would have been a great shock to him to have been told that you were already in love and engaged—"

"What do you mean? Whom do you mean?"

" Parys."

She looked at Buck with eyes twinkling with mischief.

"You have discovered a lot about me. I'm not in love. Being fond of a person does not mean you are in love. I'm not even fond of Parys."

"But you are going to marry him."

"Perhaps. Don't you think I'm too young to be engaged?" She laughed as she asked the question.

"At eighteen a girl is not too young."

"But I'm twenty-one—that piece of information is something new, eh? Now, what do you think is the proper time for a girl to be engaged?"

Buck scratched his chin.

"I should think just before she is married," he told her.

Mary roared with laughter.

They spent a pleasant evening together, and Buck, when he retired to his room, confessed to himself that he was madly in love with Mary. Joan and the others of the past, with whom he had been "madly in love," were forgotten.

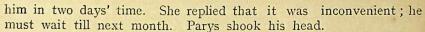
And Mary?

She thought Englishmen or Irishmen just the kind of men to marry. She "liked" Buck. Mary took men at their face value.

An acquaintance of two days was sufficient for Buck and Mary to thoroughly understand one another. Buck was for immediate marriage; Mary for postponement till the war was over. She explained that she had—under compulsion, it is true—promised to marry Parys when the war was over, no priest would consider her word to Parys binding. Were it not for that other man, Parys' assistant, whom they did not know, Parys could easily be dealt with.

It took Parys also two days to discover that he had another rival—this time, a Belgian. But was he a Belgian? Parys had his doubts, and he determined to settle matters with Mary at once. He asked for a private interview. Mary could not refuse it. She met him in the small garden attached to Parvs' lodgings.

Mary was prepared for a stormy interview—she was surprised at the control Parys kept over his temper. He asked her to marry



"I would gladly oblige you, Mary, if you could give me any good reason, but you can't. It must be the day after to-morrow."

"Or-?" Mary asked.

"It is not necessary to tell you. I hate making threats to you. But—well, I'll wait for your answer till after dinner."

"That's a threat, if you like."

Parys shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply.

"You might tell me what you will do in case I refuse?"

"Wait till after dinner."

Mary smiled as she walked away, but that smile was only to dis-

guise her feelings from Parys.

Parys retired to the top floor of his room and sat for a few seconds, dreaming. Then he heard a peculiar sound, and he went at once to an instrument in a corner of the room—a long rod piercing the roof and looking, from outside, like a lightning conductor. Parys had, in fact, informed enquirers that, being in mortal dread of lightning, he had erected a conductor. But it was a wireless apparatus.

From the German camp came a message. It was to the effect that the German staff had good reason to believe that from the farm a spy had crossed the lines and had informed the British of German movements. "Keep a strict look out. That same spy or another may at this moment be at the farm. We are sending you assistance."

Parys at first hardly relished the nature of the news; he feared the men were purposely being sent down to watch him. And then the thought struck him that here was a good opportunity of getting rid of Buck—or as he knew him, Soumoy. It was quite possible that Soumoy was a spy.

He argued that he could easily get Leman out of the scrape by

saying that the farmer was not aware that Soumov was a spy.

The more he thought of the wireless message, the more he became

convinced that Fate was dealing kindly with him.

He went towards Leman's house. The family, with Buck, were at dinner. He heard a loud, joyous shout, and peeping in through a window, saw Buck standing and holding in his hand a glass of wine.

"Here's to the health of the British who beat the Germans at Givenchy."

That's what he heard. It was now a little more clear to him why the Germans were angry with someone who had carried information to the British camp.

He returned to his house and smoked a pipe in the garden. In an hour's time Mary, as arranged, came to him.

" Have you decided?" he asked.

But before she could reply, men sprang out of the bushes.

They were Germans.

Mary screamed; Parys, however, remained perfectly calm. To an officer he said, in a whisper-

"I am your agent. Kindly withdraw your men. This is a private interview. The lady is my future wife."

The German officer bowed politely.

"Your name?" he asked.

" Parys."

Again the officer bowed.

"I'm Major Rosenberg," he said. "Curiously, I came here purposely to interview you, and was wondering how to find you and now having found you, am most loath to part with you. Soldiers, arrest this man!"

Parys was dumbfounded. He offered no resistance; but when he was bound, he mustered up courage to ask-

"Why am I arrested?"

"Because we are indebted to you for the attack on us at Givenchy. You know what is in store for you; no explanations please."

Then Rosenberg went up to Mary who had stood trembling.

"Conduct me to your house," he said.

His manner was polite, but Mary had already noted the sarcasm underlying his smooth speech. She lied to save her father. Afterwards she wondered where she had got the courage to do it.

"I live here," she said "with this man," pointing to Parys. "You lie!" screamed Parys; and then to Rosenberg: "I was

about to arrest her and her father for harbouring a spy."

Rosenberg laughed.

"We'll get at the truth if you keep this up," he said. "Now, what's your name-Leman, eh? You see, I know all about you. What have you to reply?"

"We have no spy in our house."

"Ha! Then you don't live here, eh? We'll not say you have been lying, but shall we call it diplomatic insincerity? Come, take

me to your house."

And without another word Mary conducted Rosenberg and his soldiers to her home. Some of the soldiers were stationed outside, and the Major and four men entered the house. Buck was having a quiet game of chess with Leman, while Mrs. Leman, in an invalid's chair, sat near the fire, knitting.

"Good evening."

Buck and Leman turned round: then started from their chairs. They were immediately covered by the rifles of the soldiers.

"You are my prisoners," said Rosenberg. "Surrender quietly." And they surrendered. No one took any notice of Mrs. Leman who had fainted.

"Take this prisoner," said Rosenberg to his soldiers, pointing to Leman, "to where you have the woman and the other man."

His order was obeyed.

Buck was left seated in a chair, his hands bound. He wondered what was to be his fate; or rather how he was to be executed, for now he realised that the Germans suspected him of being a spy, and he believed the information had been given by Parys.

When the soldiers had gone, Rosenberg went up to Mrs. Leman, and satisfying himself that she was in a deep swoon, returned and

occupied the chair vacated by Leman.

"Do you recognise me?" he asked Buck.

Buck had already come to the conclusion that he would be presently shot, therefore he was determined that Rosenberg would not have a chance of being able to say that a Britisher had answered him politely in the hope of escaping death; he would answer back as defiantly as possible.

"It is an easy matter to recognise you," he replied with a laugh.

"Yes-why?"

"Drink and vice have so left their mark on you, that your face is unlike that of most men."

Rosenberg did not lose his temper.

"You speak boldly; I would advise you to be careful. As for

your accusations-I am not vicious."

"No? Pah! Vice is just as natural to your mind as a centre is to a circle." Buck's only regret was that Palmer was not present to hear him make such a neat speech.

Rosenberg's face flushed; he half rose in his seat, and then fell

back again, laughing.

"I like you," he said. "You are brave; I love brave men. But-there is a matter I want to ask you about. Where is Joan?"

"I don't know."

" Is that the truth?"

"You can believe me or not as you like."

"I thought that you, at least, would know, for Ninette told me you were persuading Joan to marry you."

Buck paused a moment before replying. At first he was inclined not to satisfy Rosenberg's curiosity; then it occurred to him that it was not all curiosity but a real interest in Joan that was prompting Rosenberg to learn, if possible, news of her. Here was an opportunity then to give Rosenberg a little pain. It was clear to Buck that Rosenberg's persecution of Joan was not for the purpose of mere pleasure; he loved Joan.

"Then Ninette told you an untruth," he replied. "Joan is

engaged to a man called Palmer."

"A lie," roared Rosenberg. "She told me, herself, that she had

no lover-she, in fact, consented to marry me."

It was now Buck's turn to think that Rosenberg was lying; he did not, however, discuss that point, he had further information to give.

"Then I'm sorry for you. She is a murderess."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosenberg. He tried to appear calm but there was a slight tremor in his voice.

"Joan murdered Ninette."
"How do you know?"

Again the tremor.

"I and others found her in the room where Ninette lay dead. There was blood on her clothes and when questioned, she refused to say how Ninette came by her death; and afterwards almost admitted that she had murdered Ninette."

Rosenberg rose from the chair and paced the room for some

minutes. Then he turned on Buck fiercely:

"You—you a countryman of hers, believe her guilty of such a crime! And you—you are said to have loved her! God in Heaven! You are a miserable cur, and as a cur you shall die!"

He paced the room again. Buck was not altogether displeased at the man's outburst. He was glad to hear an Englishwoman thus praised by a German.

Rosenberg turned to him again.

"You are going to marry this girl Leman, eh?"

Buck stared at him.

"Who told you?" he asked. Rosenberg laughed harshly.

"No one. I mean you have just admitted it. And now, for your treatment of Joan, I'll have my revenge. You'll die; but that girl Leman, whom I had intended should die with you, will live with me."

"My God! Not that!" cried Buck, struggling to his feet.
"Yes; that!" replied Rosenberg, and he walked away.

Buck was lodged for the night with Leman and Parys in one of the stables. Fortunately the prisoners' hands were bound or there would have been murder. As it was, Leman fell on Parys, bit his face, even his throat, till blood flowed. Buck could not stand this kind of savage warfare; he shouted for the guard, and Leman was seized and chained to a post.

Mary was locked up in her own room, and there she spent a miserable night. She feared pain, and the thought of being tortured caused her to shiver. Mary was a coward—that is why she had consented to marry Parys. She wanted to be brave—it was, with her, the flesh weak. She put it to herself that night that if she were offered life in exchange for the surrender of her self, what would she decide?

"No-no! I'll not accept such a condition," she cried out aloud.

And then—she felt she must give in; she knew she must; she was a coward.

Early next morning, Rosenberg came and took Mary out of her room. Many of the troopers were already mounted; a few were busy carrying bundles of hay and placing them in the rooms of the house.

A horse was ready saddled for Mary. She was ordered to mount.

"My mother-my father?" she asked.

"You can join them," Rosenberg answered her. Mary did not quite understand him, but a horrible dread filled her soul. She mounted—and they rode away, but not very far. On a piece of high ground, the troop halted and turned their faces towards the farm.

Mary shrieked and almost fainted. The farm was in flames. At one of the windows she saw a figure; it was her mother—tied there. Then there was a report of firearms; the flames rose higher till smoke and fire enveloped Mrs. Leman.

Mary fell fainting to the ground.

She was lifted and tied on to the horse, and the march was resumed.

The troopers had not proceeded many yards when there was a loud report, and Rosenberg and his horse fell to the ground.

"Twenty-two" cried a voice.

Men galloped back in the direction from which the voice had come. They searched, but found no one.

When they had gone, Lefebre crept from out a hole covered

over with bushes. He took his pipe out of his pocket and-

"Twenty-two," he said again as with his penknife he cut a X into the bowl.

CHAPTER XIV.

COURAGE BORN OF DESPAIR.

Captains Wechter and Kuhn were seated at a small table in the mess-room at Roulers. They had ordered drinks and now sat in silence, neither in the mood to open a conversation. For Germans, they were very quiet: they resembled men stricken with a sort of disease, knocked off their balance by a force neither of them could understand nor resist.

And that Force?

England!

The drinks were handed them. Wechter held up his glass. His face grew fierce. A few weeks ago, with a smiling countenance, he would have cried a cheery *Prosit* to his friend; but now—

Gott strafe England !

"God punish her," gravely responded Kuhn.

The wine cheered them. They called for more wine, and more, and soon the pain they had been feeling at their country's failure was forgotten; but not their hate for England. Their despondency had fled: they had not lost faith in the Kaiser nor confidence in the Army and Navy. Defeat? No—their advance had been checked; but win they would.

That was all. There was no beating loudly of the drum now.

The two officers also called for supper.

It was sumptuous fare compared with what their own soldiers were provided; a banquet compared with the food on which the Belgians subsisted. The Belgians had to buy wounded and emaciated horses from the Germans at high prices for meat—the only meat, in fact, which the people were allowed to purchase. No vegetables; scarcely any coffee or tea, for the Germans had commandeered all provisions. There was little chance of the Belgians concealing provisions. Officers paid house to house visits. They asked for provisions. If they were told there was none and they searched and found some, the owner of the house was severely punished.

Even women were punished in this way.

The two officers had finished their supper and were smoking, when Rosenberg entered the room. They shook hands.

"Heard half an hour ago that you had come in," said Wechter.

"Were you at Givenchy?"

Rosenberg sat down before replying.

"I was," he said. "It was a pretty big fight. We lost heavily; so did the Britishers. We got the Indians on the run, but a corps of Britishers came along to their help."

"Wait till the weather improves," said Kuhn. "We'll give them-" "Pah! It's their guns," interrupted Rosenberg. "Not war, but murder. Ach Himmel! They are cowards. Let them meet us like men; we'll show them who are brave and who cowards."

"Have a drink," suggested Wechter.

Wechter was one of the few German officers that hated false excuses. He knew as well as the others-although the others refused now it admit it-that the Germans were "prepared" when the big struggle opened-not so the Allies; that their victories from Mons to near Paris were won by the superiority of their guns; and now that that superiority was disappearing, he did not think it fair to accuse the Allies of waging a murderous warfare-specially as they, themselves, were now busy with a new weapon-asphyxiating gas-a weapon disallowed by the Hague Convention.

"You didn't take many prisoners?" questioned Kuhn.

"We had orders not to."

"Some of our men don't quite like that order."

"They've got to obey," said Rosenberg, and there was silence again for a few seconds, while the wine was handed around. Gott strafe England was drunk yet again.

"I hear," said Kuhn, with a broad grin, "that you have brought

another woman in with you."

"A spy-very useful," answered Rosenberg. He was not inclined to be communicative.

"And the other-Ninette?" "Dead. She was murdered."

"Good Lord! Captured-eh?"

Rosenberg drank more wine before answering.

"I don't know; at least I don't think she was captured," he said.

"Where was this?"

" At Sancy."

"That's where that other woman was. What's become of her-I mean Joan?"

"I don't know."

Kuhn was not satisfied with the replies.

"You might be a little more communicative, Major," he protested. "From your laconic replies one would imagine you were being questioned about your own domestic affairs. You might tell us how you know Ninette was murdered; did you see her? Or-"

"I've made my report to Headquarters," replied Rosenberg in

a tone that implied that he had no further information to give.

Kuhn shrugged his shoulders and drummed on the table with his fingers.

Wechter called for more drinks and changed the subject.

"I heard this morning that some rascally fellow nearly shot you, Major."

Rosenberg was in a good humour again—he smiled.

"My time has not come yet," he said. "Why don't you fellows drink? That's it—Damnation to the English! Well, I was saying, my time has not come yet. I had a dream, and was told by someone that the only enemy that I have to fear is a woman. Pah! I adore women."

"But what about the narrow shave you had?"

"Oh, we were leaving Sancy after burning the farm and all its occupants, when—bang! And I was in the mud and snow. My horse was shot. What surprised all of us was, that we were unable to find the rascal who had fired at me; probably a Franc Tireur. Well, I must be going. I've had a long journey and am tired."

Kuhn could not resist a parting shot.

"Good luck with the new woman," he shouted after Rosenberg. If the latter heard, he took no notice of the remark, but walked out of the room.

"There is some mystery attached to Ninette's death," said

Kuhn.

"What makes you think so?" enquired his companion.

"I saw him wince when I asked who had murdered the girl."

"Only natural that he should have. He had become attached to her—"

"On the contrary, he had, I know for a fact, grown tired of her. But there is some truth in the statement that he loved that other girl,

Joan."

The house placed at Rosenberg's disposal was a large one and comfortably furnished by its late owner, a cavalry officer, who had only the previous morning left for the trenches. All the houses of the German officers were luxuriously furnished—loot from houses in Roulers and elsewhere. Villas round about had been emptied. Pianos were taken even to the trenches; and pianos, mantel-pieces and various ornaments went to furnish the officers' quarters; the surplus being sent to Germany. Wine was plentiful; every householder had to deliver up what he had, the looters generously allowing the owners to keep three bottles each for their own use.

Mary had been several days with Rosenberg before they reached Roulers. Rosenberg was early convinced that he had reconciled her to her lot, because he found Mary unresisting—quiet. It did not occur to him that the greatest hatred is quiet.

Mary, when too late, recognised that life was not sweeter than

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

honour. She lived now for revenge. She was artful; she pretended to be satisfied, to lull Rosenberg into a sense of security. She had not yet decided what revenge to take; she was waiting for a suggestion. All day long Mary thought of it. As yet the promptings were not clear, but growing daily more distinct.

Mary's cowardice was, in truth, passing through a curious phase. She was deriving a sort of courage from grief; ready to perform from

desperation what a bolder woman would hardly dare.

Mary was looking out of a window when she saw Rosenberg approaching. She brushed away her tears, powdered her cheeks, and entering the hall, sat down at the piano and played a popular German air.

Rosenberg entered. He stood in the doorway and listened. Mary played well. Rosenberg was passionately fond of music.

Then Mary abruptly turned round.

"Oh-you!" she exclaimed pretending to be surprised.

"Play—play!" Rosenberg cried as he rushed towards her and holding her by the shoulders, forced her gently to the piano stool. He did not feel the slight shudder that went through Mary's body. She hated his touch, but endured it.

"What shall I play?"

"Something martial. You, Belgians—I mean when you were a Belgian, for you are German now—never learnt any of our war songs, eh?"

" Yes, we did."

Mary looked back across at him and smiled.

"The Watch on the Rhine?"

Mary played it and Rosenberg, who possessed a fine voice sang.

"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnershall, Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall,

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,

Wer will des Stromes Huter sein?"

"My God!" exclaimed Rosenberg, when Mary had taken her fingers off the keys of the piano. "'Fast stands and true the watch on the Rhine'—our enemies will realise what that means if they ever attempt to invade the Fatherland. But you, Mary, you play divinely."

He drew her away from the piano to a couch. He folded her in his arms. Mary submitted to his passionate caresses; she even

laughed back at him.

"Mary, you are a flirt," he said to her. "Were you not engaged to Parys—that's his name eh?—then Buck—you say you loved him—"

" And now, you."

"And somebody else to-morrow."

6

Mary shook her head and her vivid red mouth pouted prettily. "I only thought I was in love; hardly knew what being in love really was-you know what I mean-you have loved many people."

'Many," and the Major curled his moustaches. He was proud of being considered a rake. "I don't know," and he laughed as he cast his mind back to former days, "how many women I've made love to. But they are all gone now."

"Who was your last?"

"An English girl, Joan."

" Joan?" Mary asked. She was not sure if she had heard the name correctly.

"Yes, Joan. Do you know her?"

- "No; but I knew a man who loved her. Buck told me about her."
 - "I dare say lots of men loved her. She was very beautiful--"

"Why do you say she was?"

"Because I think she is dead." " And did she live with you?"

"Of course, she did; she was a prisoner."

Mary did not answer.

"Are you jealous?" asked Rosenberg.

Mary laughed.

"Of course not-you only thought you were in love in those old days."

"That's it. And now I must be going," he said abruptly. "I've promised to dine out; I'll be back before midnight."

"May I expect you-?"

" Certainly."

As Rosenberg walked out of the room, he said to himself: "A curious woman. She has got over her grief quickly. I wonder-" he paused and stroked his chin. "Tut!" he exclaimed, walking quickly. "She is of the Ninette type."

A man bumped into him. Rosenberg swore and was about to strike the man when a passer-by said: "That is Levie, the idiot."

"Idiot-damn him-" and Rosenberg passed on, feeling angry. Levie took a tin whistle out of his pocket and played a popular air, following Rosenberg at a little distance. Rosenberg turned once, shook his fist at the man, and went on.

Meanwhile Mary, in her own room, had collected a few of her trinkets and placed them in a small hand-bag. Then she undressed and got into bed.

"I wonder if he has arranged his business-if he will come tonight," she mused. " He said he thought he would be able to get away

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

to-night and—that's him," she cried, for she heard the piping of a tin whistle. Mary threw a wrap around her, and went out by a back door. At the head of a flight of stairs she stood and called down softly—"Levie."

A man came up the steps. It was Levie, no longer playing the fool now, his work accomplished, important news gathered to take to

the British camp.

"I've arranged to leave to-night," he said. "What about him?"

"Must I do it?"

"I would, myself, only I might be detected. He must die, Mary, —my sisters—my mother—he killed. He does not know me. Great God! I wish I could do it—but, no! Belgium first."

"It is a horrible thing."

"It is a righteous thing. You will be applauded for it. Besides, —remember your parents—burnt to death; also your lover—"

Mary held up her hand. "I'll do it," she told him.

"I saw him going out. What time will he return?" asked Levie.

"Possibly about midnight. I've invited him to my room."

Levie nodded approval.

"What time do you usually leave your room in the morning?" he asked.

" About midday."

"Good, that will give us about eleven hours' start, for no one will think anything is amiss till that hour. I'll meet you again,"

and he went down the steps.

Mary returned to her room and placed a kettle on a small spirit stove, then two cups and saucers on a small table. Rosenberg was fond of coffee. Mary took a small packet from her hand bag. It was labelled "poison." She placed it, with a trembling hand, in the pocket of her overcoat, and sat down on her bed to await Rosenberg's return. How long the hours seemed. Her courage, as the hands of the clock moved slowly on, began to fail her. She had almost made up her mind to throw the packet out of the window, when she imagined she saw her mother at the window of the old farm, the flames leaping up around her.

And at that instant she heard Rosenberg's footsteps.

She rose and went to the door. He caught her in his arms and

kissed her. He had been drinking.

"What's that—coffee?" he asked as he saw the kettle on the fire. Glad of an excuse to break away from him, Mary hurried away to the stove.

Rosenberg followed her. "Never mind the coffee to-night," he said, taking hold of her again; but Mary playfully threw off his arms; told him he must have his coffee, she was dying for a cup herself.

"Well—look sharp," he cried and went and sat on the bed. His eyes followed Mary as she moved about. He saw her pour out the

coffee in the cups-and then hesitate.

"Is it ready?" he asked.

It was not, however, as ready as Mary wanted it.

"Boiling hot," she replied. She prayed that he would take his eyes off her.

"Have you your flask with you?" she asked. She was perfectly

certain he had not.

"A dash of brandy, eh? Bravo! I'll fetch it."

As soon as he had left the room, Mary hastily opened the packet, and dropped the powder into one of the cups.

Rosenberg returned.

"None for me," said Mary snatching up a cup, not the one with the poison in it, and sipping it.

"I thought you wanted it," said Rosenberg. "None for me

either. Hurry up and drink your coffee. Here goes-"

He lifted the cup to his lips. He was standing near Mary's dressing table and he looked casually into the glass. He caught sight of Mary's face as she stood behind him. There was an expression on it that alarmed him and made him suspicious of danger. He placed the cup on the table and turned round and faced Mary.

"Is that it?" he asked.

"What?" she asked. Her face was pale, her hands trembled.

"Don't lie," he hissed. "There is poison in that cup; I'll have it analysed and then—God help you."

Mary's courage returned. She plunged her hand into her bosom

and drew out a dagger.

"You thought I loved you, murderer of my parents" she cried, and struck twice, but the knife only sank each time into Rosenberg's left arm raised to ward off the blows. After the second stab, before Mary could recover herself, Rosenberg sprang forward. With his wounded arm he caught her right, and with his own right gripped Mary's throat. Her eyes closed—she could not speak. But she opened her eyes an instant in a frantic effort to break from Rosenberg's grasp, and saw a dark figure, come noiselessly across the floor, and stand behind Rosenberg. She recognised Levie. "Strike," she tried to cry to him, but there was only a gurgle in her throat.

But Levie had struck, and Rosenberg, without a groan, fell to

the ground.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

Mary staggered back a few paces, and supported herself against the tea table. Then the sight of the blood on the floor terrified her.

"We must go; come along," said Levie.

But Mary saw Rosenberg move a hand, and she knelt near him on the floor.

"Alive, is he?" asked Levie. "Here," forcing his knife into

her hand, "finish him and come along."

Rosenberg opened his eyes. He saw the knife in Mary's hand—
"One minute," he pleaded, and then coughed. "Stoop—lower—
I'm dying and would tell you something."

Mary obeyed. Rosenberg whispered into her ear. Mary sprang .

back.

" My God! You-you did it!"

The look of pity had fled; she felt she could plunge the knife into Rosenberg's, heart.

Levie smiled and went out of the room.

"Yes, don't forget. I did it."

His eyes closed. When Mary bent and placed her hand over his heart, she found it had stopped beating.

She rose to her feet.

"He—he did it," she cried savagely, looking down on the now calm features of the man who had ruined her life, and then she went out and found Levie.

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

EAST & WEST

THE SINS OF LOVE.

Forgive me the sin of mine eyes,
O Love, if they dared for a space
Invade the dear shrine of your face
With eager, insistent delight,
Like wild birds intrepid of flight
That raid the high sanctuaried skies.....
O pardon the sin of mine eyes!

Forgive me the sin of my hands,
Perchance they were bold overmuch
In their desperate longing to touch
Your beautiful flesh, to caress,
To clasp you, O Love, and to bless
With gifts as uncounted as sands.....
O pardon the sin of my hands!

Forgive me the sin of my mouth,
O Love, if it wrought you a wrong,
With importunate silence or song
Assailed you, encircled, oppressed,
Or ravished your lips and your breast
To comfort its anguish of drouth.....
O pardon the sin of my mouth!

Forgive me the sin of my heart,
If it trespassed against you and strove
To lure or to conquer your love,
Its passionate love to appease,
To solace its hunger and ease
The wound of its sorrow and smart......
O pardon the sin of my heart!

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hyderabad, Deccan.

THE MONTH.

THE most satisfactory feature of the war last month was the progress made by Italians in Austrian territory. The War. They met with some resistance, but most of the Austro-German troops are engaged on the Eastern front, where fortune has been so propitious to them that they must have decided to take full advantage of her favours and push their advance as far as possible before turning their attention elsewhere. The Italian objective for the present is said to be Trieste. When that place is taken the army will perhaps be engaged in making sure of the territory which Italy seeks to wrest back from Austria, instead of pursuing the success into regions where the chances are against any permanent gain. The ambition of making the Adriatic an Italian sea is large enough, and a march on the Austrian capital to facilitate the common object of the Allies would, if at all, be undertaken as a means to that end.

We have said that the Austro-German troops have been lucky on the Eastern front. The Russian reverses, and the Russian retreat cannot be attributed to lack of men or of fighting capacity in the soldiers. It is now openly admitted by responsible statesmen in England that the Allies on both fronts are short of shell. The superiority in the possession of munitions, including the means of producing poisonous gases, is the real reason of the German successes in the East and the inability of the Allies in the West to profit by the pre-occupation of the enemy elsewhere. The situation in which the Russian army finds itself is evidently so serious that the tone of the telegrams received by the Viceroy at Simla appears less cheerful than the news and comments from

other friendly sources. A great Russian General is reported to have explained that the retreat is in anticipation of a more effective advance. It may be wise in the circumstances, but the better advance in the future must necessarily depend upon a better supply of munitions. In England a special Minister of Munitions has been appointed and he tells Parliament from time to time what exertions are made to supply the deficiency. From Russia we receive no such news. The Petrograd communiques are not overcommunicative. News-gatherers or manufacturers report that the Germans are mining the White Sea to prevent despatch of munitions from England. The capacity of Russia to meet her requirements independently remains a mystery. The line of front is so extensive that it does not seem easy to foresee where the enemy will strike at a given moment and to be prepared to meet the onslaught by concentration of men and material. Petrograd communiques calculate the losses of the enemy, but are necessarily silent on the Russian losses. The German calculation of these is meant for "consumption" at Berlin, and both sides make large claims of captures and slaughter inflicted. Ordinarily it may be presumed that the retreating army loses more than the army that gains ground. An English expert is of opinion that Russia can afford the alleged losses, while Germany cannot long afford to lose at the present rate of 10,000 men a day. This is a paraphrase of the oft-repeated proposition that the ultimate victory must be with the Allies, and all German successes are temporary. May it be so!

These experts do not seem to make a distinction between the wish and the thought. Up till the battle of the Marne, the course of events was so swift that they had little time to expound theories. The sanguine calculations of the resisting power of the Belgian forts were upset and the experts had just time enough to wonder what would come next. When the German army fell back and the war became a prolonged trial of patience, the expert became more busy. It was first said that the Kaiser had committed a great mistake in relying too much on machinery and munitions and ignoring the "human element," because it seems the German soldiers were unwilling to fight and the officers had to compel them to do so at the point of the sword. Latterly, some experts have acknowledged that these men, who were good enough to fight only in masses, were "incredibly brave." Then

came stories of deficiency of copper for shells and of cotton and of food, with the confident assertion that the war must automatically end in June. Certain American investigators of the question on the spot have now published the opinion that the copper supply will last for another year. Possibly the Germans themselves encouraged these stories about their dire necessities in order to mislead the 'Allies. In any case the expenditure of ammunition and chemicals by the Germans in Galicia was so extravagant that Russian experts are said to have doubted whether such unprecedented prodigality can last for any length of time. That alleged folly of the prodigal is supported by the theory of German desperation at the miscarriage of the Kaiser's original plans. These experts are doing some good by keeping up a spirit of hopefulness in their respective countries, and we should indeed like them to continue to do so. But if their theories had any real influence on the war, we should indeed be sorry. The creation of a special office to ensure the supply of munitions and the conference of scientific experts so many months after the outbreak of the war are instructive as showing that the "human element" occupied more attention in the past than its necessary auxiliary. Anyhow a new lesson is learnt and the French are said to have benefited thereby already.

Next to the German activity in Galicia, which has for the time being removed the menace to Hungary, the outstanding feature of the enemy's offensive was the activity of the submarines. Compared with the three millions a day, which the war will hereafter cost a single nation, the destruction of a trawler or steamer may seem insignificant. Yet if it can have no influence on the public sentiment, it must gradually tell on trade and the economic situation. German submarines have now reached the Mediterranean and they seem to have been partly instrumental in arresting the progress of events in the Dardanelles and in Gallipoli. A Russian submarine caused damage to German warships, while an Italian submarine was torpedoed by a German rival last month.

The war in the air has on the whole done more harm to the enemy than to the Allies. The raids on the east coast of England were intended to create a panic; they have destroyed innocent lives and property. The raids of the Allies aim at more; they are directed against the manufactories of war material and they appear to have done considerable damage, as at Karlsruhe.

The object of Germany in setting up Turkey against the Allies was partly to divert their energies. By threatening Constantinople the Allies have facilitated the Russian task in the Caucasus. The southern armies of Russia are now confronted with a more serious contingency by the German advance from Galicia. India has diverted the attention of Turkev in the valley of the Tigris. Smyrna is blockaded and British submarines have more than once torpedoed Turkish transports. Turkey has threatened the Suez Canal, and there is no doubt that German submarines are at work in the Mediterranean. Turkey appears to apprehend the intervention of some of her neighbours and is engaged in putting the Bulgarian frontier in a state of better defence. In Greece, the war party, headed by Venizelos, is once more in power. The King is averse to war and his illness may delay the decision of the country.

火火火火火火

POLITICAL philosophers in England have asserted that the present war will establish the ascendancy of demo-War and cracy over the Prussian bureaucracy. Russia being Democracy. one of the Allies, official speakers avoid all reference to autocracy and bureaucracy, and denounce only militarism. The war will be instructive in more ways than one. If democracy be the best guarantee of peace, events have also shown that where war is inevitable, a capable autocrat, assisted by a subservient body of officials, may carry it on more vigorously than the leaders of a democracy. War being distasteful to the majority of a nation engaged in agriculture, commerce, manufacturing industries, and other peaceful pursuits, the leaders find great difficulty in preparing for war when it is not in sight. That seems to be the real secret of the initial advantage which Germany has possessed in the present war. The British Parliament votes three millions a day now that all parties are combined and the necessity of making every possible effort to ensure victory is vividly realised. If Mr. Asquith had demanded that huge grant at the time when Lord Morley and Mr. Burns were not convinced of the wisdom

of drawing the sword, what would the British democracy have said? The situation would probably have been similar to that in the United States. President Wilson insists that compensation does not make up for the loss of non-combatant lives and for a reckless invasion of the right of neutrals to approach belligerent States, and he demands an undertaking that the war will be carried on in strict accordance with the established principles of international law. Mr. Bryan fears that the tone of such a demand is more bellicose than persuasive, and, not being content to resign, he appeals to the nation not to shut the door on further discussion and persuasion. How long the persuasive talk and the exchange of amiable communications are to continue, after such a convulsing incident as the sinking of the "Lusitania," he does not say. A fresh crop of peace societies is said to have sprung up in the United States, and their rise has been attributed to the interested activity of wire-pullers of German descent in America. Apart from their efforts the phenomenon is just what one would expect in a democratic country. The results of a war may be more serious than the loss of a few lives or ships, which may at least be partially compensated. Pacifists of Mr. Bryan's type would therefore talk matters over as long as possible. While the pacifist is engaged in preaching and trying to persuade, and in tickling the ears of democracy, the militarist secretly stores up powder and manufactures shells.

大火火火火火

PRESIDENT WILSON speaks in the name of international law and humanity. Mr. Roosevelt protested at an early stage of the war that the invasion of Belgium War and by Germany was a serious violation of international Humanity. obligations and any amount of inhumanity has been perpetrated in that unhappy land. Did Mr. Bryan succeed in persuading the Kaiser to mend his ways? Explosive bullets. inflammable liquids, poisonous gases—the humane warrior is indignant at the use of all these. Has the pacifist met with better success than the warrior in persuading the German to give up the infernal methods of destruction? On the other hand, the German says that Providence taught him those methods! Killing and compassion are seldom compatible with each other, and the German, who is nothing if not thorough, seems to argue that if killing is justifiable, the more effectual the process, the better. When a man takes to drink, we cannot always expect him to be temperate in drinking; when a man takes to the slaughter of his fellow-creatures, he cannot always be trusted to temper bloodthirstiness with compassion. Humanity in war is like temperance in drinking. The limits set are apt to be exceeded. Whenever a fresh departure in the methods of warfare was made in the past, protests must have been heard, but in vain. When the barbarians Vali and Sugriva were fighting with their fists, and with clubs and stones, and Rama killed the former with an arrow from behind a tree, the fallen warrior protested that the archer was mean and cowardly. When gunpowder was used to project bullets, the archer thought that the new method of fighting was unheroic. The man behind the gun protests that the use of liquids, sprinkled on the body and ignited, and of poisonous gases is inhuman. It is probable that such inhumanity will last as long as war continues, just as drunkenness will not be suppressed as long as drink is allowed. Mr. Bryan is not unwilling to sell ammunition to others who may blow up one another with it; as a pacifist he does not approve of its being used against Americans.

火火火火火

In view of the prayers of the Indian public to extend H. E. Lord Hardinge's term of office, their thankfulness for the concession calls for no comment. The only H. E. The disappointing feature of the kindness is that the Vicerov. extension is shorter than was expected or desired. If the war comes to a close before His Excellency's departure from our shores, we shall have some compensation for the disappointment. Indeed, the war ought to terminate much earlier; for, while a change of Viceroys during the war would obviously cause inconvenience, the denial of an opportunity to settle certain controversial questions, which are to be shelved during the great national preoccupation, would somewhat detract from the advantage of the services of a Ruler who is noted for his tact and fair-mindedness and whose personality would be the best answer to cavillers at any moment. During his stay in India His Excellency has suffered some domestic misfortunes and his personal inclinations must be towards an early return home. short extension is perhaps a compromise.

DURING the month of June the public attention was attracted more by the trials for dacoities in the Punjab India and than by fresh outrages on the public tranquillity. Cevlon. The withdrawals from prosecution in a large number of cases filled a section of the public with uneasiness, and formal representations were submitted to the Ruler of the Province, who gave reassuring replies and explained the precautions that had been adopted to prevent a recurrence of the crimes. When thousands of arrests are made, it must obviously be impossible to bring guilt home to all in the courts of law, and the percentage of prosecutions and convictions to the arrests must be smaller than usual. Apart from the machinations of political conspirators, to whom the war afforded special opportunities for mischief, the rise in the prices of wheat and other foodstuffs was also a potent cause of the unrest, and hence the measures adopted by Government to regulate export and keep down the prices. In Ceylon the high prices demanded by the Moors or Musalman traders led to serious riots by the Sinhalese. disturbance was no doubt suppressed, but the authorities appear to have had a very trying time of it. Such riots against traders and money-lenders are not unknown in India, and we require no object lesson from elsewhere. But the Sinhalese uprising was an object lesson to those who would treat freedom of contract and the natural course of trade as sacred and inviolable privileges of subjects. The Defence of India Act is apparently giving rise to some novel difficulties. A journalist was interned at Delhi and the papers raised the question who was to feed him. He was not in a jail and the authors of the Act do not seem to have anticipated the difficulty. At any rate, so the critics said. If the editor could not leave his house, could he issue his writings through others? If he could, the object of the internment might be defeated. He was forbidden to issue any writing which had not been approved by a certain officer. The comprehensive language of the Act was no doubt intended to meet all such unforeseen difficulties. This special legislation will, no doubt, become obsolete within a few months, if not immediately, after the war.

The Managing committee of the Bombay Students' Brotherhood have offered a prize of the value of Rs. 100 for the best essay

on "The Life and Work of the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E.," on the following conditions:—

(1) The Competition shall be open to all undergraduates and graduates of not more than 5 years' standing in India. (2) The essay to consist of from 3,000 to 4,000 words. (3) The essay shall reach the Honorary Secretary on or before the 1st of December, 1915. (4) Those competing for the prize shall enclose their names in a separate cover and the essay be sent under a nom-de-plume.

EAST & WEST.

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1915.

1

No. 163.

PACIFISTS AND THE WAR.

HE great Powers of Europe are spending approximately £8,000,000 a day in the manufacture of corpses. On the battlefields of France and Belgium, of Poland and Galicia, ten million brave fellows—the flower of the manhood of five Christiaed nations—are busily engaged in battering the souls out of onen another. Never in the world's checkered history did the man iss

the moon look down on so mad a spectacle.

To speak or write of peace when the cannons are roaring along two frontiers may seem at first blush both quixotic and futile. To urge the supreme importance of pacifist ideals at a time when the devast vion of Belgium has called forth protests of righteous indignat tel, and when within our own Island shores undefended towns have been shelled and women and children slaughtered by an enemy who treats the recognised rules of warfare as scornfully as he did that "scrap of paper" which was trampled under-foot when the war began-to unfurl the banner of international concord under such circumstances may, perhaps, give rise to perplexity and misgiving even among loval friends of progress and democracy. "The need of Britain is men and machine guns," said Mr. Austin Harrison in the course of a brilliant and well-informed article in the December issue of the English Review. Pacifism and football are greater assets to the foe than their spies." Spies, footballers, pacifists! The juxtaposition, to sign the least of it, is neither flattering nor fortunate. That thousandse. nay hundreds of thousands of vigorous and able-bodied youngor men should spend their scanty leisure watching two gangs en hired athletes kicking a piece of inflated leather is, even undin normal circumstances, scarcely creditable to the worlding classe;

of Britain; but that this craze for sport should continue unabated while blood is being shed like water on the battlefields of France and Belgium, is a disgrace to the manhood of the nation and an unworthy slur on the brave soldiers who are facing death daily in the trenches. "Business as usual" is not what the nation looks for from professional footballers in this hour of crisis. Not so with the protagonists of peace. Indeed, there has rarely been a time when it has been more imperative that the still small voice of reason should assert itself in the affairs of Europe. Earnest democrats-men who cannot be accused of Jingoistic proclivities-have confidently predicted that this is the "war that will end war." On every recruiting platform in the country patriotic orators have declared that we are waging a war against militarism; that Prussian militarism must be crushed utterly d completely-and from Land's End to John O'Groat's House t sentiment has been loudly cheered by popular audiences.

"It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the healdom of the military caste which has thrown its shadows upon wo generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death."

Thus Mr. Lloyd George.* The aspiration is a laudable one. The worst evils of militarism and junker-domination are concentrated in the obnoxious Prussian system which has been so largely responsible for the present Armageddon. The desire to crush that peril to the well-being of Europe has inspired thousands of British workmen who, in response to their country's call, have abandoned the plough, the workshop and the factory and betaken themselves to the drill-hall and rifle ranges to prepare for sterner work on the battlefields of Flanders. Never again shall "wild war's deadly blast" devastate Europe! Other motives and ideals have also helped to swell the ranks of Lord Kitchener's men. Sympathy with ravished Belgium, just andignation at the nameless brutalities perpetrated by the Kaiser's ascripts on a gallant nation, "rightly struggling to be fee." the knowledge that Britain, too, is engaged in a dean-grapple ith a powerful and unscrupulous enemy—all these hings have spired the people of this country with a grim deermination to

^{*} In "Though Terror to Triumph," a speech delivered at he Queen's Hall, don, on Strember 19, 1914.

fight this world-war to a finish. But, nevertheless, in all this stern campaign, there is among the working classes of Britain—among the men in the firing line as well as among those who are "tarrying by the stuff" at home—an earnest desire and a growing determination that this shall indeed be the last great war.

Were it even tolerably certain that this war "will end war" one would be less disposed to grudge the awful price that Europe is paying for the folly of the War-lords. But that is by no means assured. There is a very real danger that in attempting to smash militarism in Germany we shall transplant that pernicious system to this country. This is "The Day" for which supporters of conscription and "national service" have been waiting, and, unless the working classes of this land stand firm to their own best traditions, it may be found that, when the last shot has been fired, the shackles of militarism will be riveted more firmly than ever on the people of Britain. Nay more, when the last of the Kaiser's legions have been hurled across the Rhine and when the "Marsellaise" has been played in the streets of Berlin, the peril to European democracy will not yet be at an end, for unless the peace settlement is based on just, equitable, and well-considered principles, it may be found that the European conflagration which startled the world in the closing months of 1914, so far from being the last great war, may prove instead the first of a long series of devastating conflicts. That is why it is so urgently necessary that protagonists of peaceeven at the risk of being misunderstood and misrepresentedshould bear testimony to the faith that is in them even while the death-grapple of the nations is still in progress. It is in the progress of the peace ideal, not in the triumphal spread of militarism, that the hope of civilization lies.

Very subtly and insidiously have militant doctrines been propagated in Britain in recent months. In an influential section of the Conservative Press, the voice of the unblushing conservationist is dominant. Political thought in Germany may have been corrupted by the pernicious teachings of her Nietzsche. Treitschkes and Bernhardis, but he would be a very bold man or a very ignorant man who ventured to say that Britain has been free from the same evil influences. In a recent issue of the Nin teenth Century, for example, there occurred the following size:

ficant sentence in the course of an article by Mr. Harold F. Wyatt,

on "God's Test by War.":-

"Efficiency in war, or rather efficiency for war is God's test of a nation's soul. By that test it stands or by that test it falls. This is the ethical contest of competition. This is the determining factor in human history. This is the justification for war."

Surely, that is the voice of Nietzsche, the apostle of Force, of the stout heart and the "bloody sword." Popular novelists, too, have played their part in the glorification of war. Katherine Tynan, for example, from whom one might have expected better

things, says:-

"This great calamity of war is not wholly evil—it may indeed be as little evil, as much good as Peace. It may bring out the great qualities. A little while ago we were living in little days. Peace is not all good. Under its smooth surface lurk many forms of corruption. The cruelties of war can hardly be greater than the cruelties of peace. We are come to the great days and the great men. Selfishness has passed away and charity and bearing one another's burdens has come in its place. "One crowded hour of glorious life" has come to everyone of us. How lame the glories of long peace are beside the glories of the war."

Nor is this glorification of war by any means new, though the militants have been more noisy and aggressive in recent months. More than a dozen years ago, for example, Professor John Stuart Blackie declared that national war was "a school of mankind, and as such operates powerfully on a wide sphere

to which the piping times of peace are a stranger."

"Thousands of men are cut down in a great battle, but tens of thousands learn to stand up. There is nothing so educative as war. You are attacked, your place is usurped, you are held of no account in the world of self-sustaining individuals by the insolent usurper; you must teach him that his pretensions are sempty as his insolence is unwarranted, and you can do so only by making a stand and striking a blow. This makes you a man in a fashion that no mere sequence of peaceful industy, day after day, could be able to produce."

Yet one more excerpt from the Gospel of the Big Stick before we proceed to examine more closely that bundle of conradictions, fallacies and sophistries which mak up the philo-

sophy of militarism. In *The Kingdom of God is within you* Count Tolstoi recalls how E. M. de Voguè, an eminent French scientist, approved of war and militarism because "science shows us that the world is made better by struggle and violent selection." He did not desire to see the triumph of peace because:—

"The certainty of peace—I do not say peace but the absolute certainty of peace—would in less than half a century produce a corruption and a decadence in men more destructive than the worst of wars. . . But experience of all history teaches us that it (war) cannot be suppressed so long as there shall be found on earth two men, bread, money and a woman between them. I shall be very glad if the (Peace) Congress could prove to me the contrary, but I doubt if it can disprove history, the laws of God and of Nature."

These stray sentences sum up, I think, very fairly the creed of the militarists. It is not an inspiring or even an elevating view of life, but it merits at least careful consideration, particularly in these warlike times. Closely scrutinised, it will be found to consist of four cardinal ideas:—

- (1) That military training develops a robust and athletic manhood.
 - (2) That war is a school of virtue and heroism.
- (3) That war is one of the conditions of human existence—
 "the criminal law of life" as Zola termed it.
- (4) That "civilization does go forward sometimes upon a powder cart."

There is probably a modicum of truth in each of these propositions, but the militarist view of life is, nevertheless, woefully superficial and incomplete. Who has not seen, prominently displayed at recruiting meetings, two posters emphasising the value of military training? In the first poster is seen a group of slouching youths, hollow of chest and attired in slovenly fashion, standing with vacant looks at the street corner. The scene is by no means an unfamiliar one in our great cities. The second picture shows the same band of youths after a few months of military training. The slouching gait is gone; gone, too, the vacant stare. Erect and self-possessed they stand and, like Longfellow's "village blacksmith," they seem to look the whole world in the face as though they owed not any man. In place of their slovenly garments they are wearing now the neat khaki

uniform of Kitchener's army. The pictures, apart from certain permissible exaggerations, are perfectly fair representations of the value of physical training. Very often during the past six months I have seen pale-faced young men leave the factory or the workmen's bench, leave their places at the desk or behind the counter and betake themselves to the drill-hall and rifle range. And after even three months' hard training the transformation in their personal appearance was certainly remarkable. But physical training, be it remembered, is really a concomitant of civil life and merely an incidental adjunct of militarism. Its value in building up a vigorous athletic race will never be questioned even by the mildest-mannered pacifist, whoever drew the sword against the red-fanged god of War. The improvement in the appearance of the pale-faced youths arose not from their skill in "forming fours" or in lunging at imaginary foes with the bayonet, but from long days of healthy life in the open-far away from the stuffy factory or workshop—from active athletic exercise together with a plentiful supply of plain wholesome food, which is the foundation of all physical development. None of these things, however, are inseparably associated with military training. Certainly, in civic life they are too much neglected, but the reflection which the recruiting posters suggest to the pacifist is quite different from that which the artist intended. Why should not as much time and trouble and expense be devoted to fitting our young men to pursue the arts of peace as in training them for the grimmer trade of slaughter?

Equally fallacious is the view that war is a school of heroism and virtue. It must not be assumed that in saying so I have the slightest desire to under estimate the magnificent heroism of the gallant soldiers who have gloriously maintained the best traditions British army on the bloodiest of the battlefields in history. Far from it. One need not be either a jingo or a music-hall patriot to appreciate and applaud the splendid fighting qualities of the men who have died on the battle-fields of France and Flanders for the honour of Britain and a "scrap of paper." But those qualities which have won for some the Victoria Cross and for others a hero's nameless grave, are not exclusively or even mainly military virtues. They are not virtues which originated on the field of battle. They are qualities inherent in human nature, qualities fostered and developed

by long generations of peace, and of civilising and humanitarian influences on which the war has merely shed a vivid light. There is a discipline of civil life every bit as valuable as that of the drillhall. The men who, when the "Titanic" was sinking said: "Women and children first," would have displayed the same spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice on the battlefield, although they had never before smelt powder or heard the shriek of the shrapnel shells. Only very recently the newspapers in the North of Scotland recorded a deed of heroism in civil life as thrilling as any for which the Victoria Cross has been awarded. On a stormy December night a little fishing boat was making its way to a northern port. A heavy sea struck the vessel and before the rest of the crew had realised what had happened, one of their number was swept overboard. The night was "pitch dark" and a terrific gale was blowing, but without a moment's hesitation the second fireman, Percy Brook, hurriedly divested himself of part of his clothing and leaped overboard. For twenty minutes the gallant fellow struggled in the water, fighting manfully to save his sinking comrade who was weighted down by his oilskins and heavy seaboots. After a desperate battle with the waves he succeeded, and in spite of the darkness of the night and the violence of the storm, the two men were safely hauled aboard the vessel. "One of the bravest deeds I have ever seen at sea" was the comment of one of the fireman's shipmates. There was no need for Percy Brook to wait for the roar of the cannon in order to prove himself a hero. Deeds every bit as noble can be recounted by everyone who is familiar with the industrial life of the country-miners who risk their lives for their comrades in the hour of disaster, labouring men who face death to save a fellow-workman from a poisonous sewer and engine-drivers who imperil their own personal safety in order that the passengers on the train might escape unscathed. All life is a school of discipline, and no compulsory conscript officer is necessary in order to ensure punctual attendance. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that some o' the most thrilling deeds of heroism on the field of battle have been performed by the civilian, or rather the non-combatant section of the army—the surgeons who have tended the wounded when the bullets were flying, and the men of the R.A.M.C. who have borne the sufferers from the battlefield to the hospitals under a hail of shrapnel shell. The list of awards for brayery and for "distinguished service" in the field affords convincing proof of the truth of that statement.

But let us examine a little more closely the pretensions of the militarists that war is a school of virtue and heroism. Is it not much more probable that the debauchery of blood, which we dignify by the name of "civilised warfare," will rather have a debasing effect on many of those who take part in it? Will the Prussian conscripts, who have devastated Belgium with fire and sword, return to the Fatherland better and nobler men than when they left it? Will the men, who ruthlessly butchered civilians in Namur and Liege, have more respect for human life than before they unsheathed their swords? Will the cowardly bullies, who did not spare even women and children, return to their own homes better fathers and husbands than before the war broke out? Will the drunken officers, who helped to pillage Belgian homes, have a keener appreciation of the rights of property than formerly? Did the baby-killers of Scarborough take a step higher up in the scale of civilization when they shelled these undefended towns on the East coast of England? These are questions which require no answer. The truth is that war, so far from being a school of heroism-a "divine institution" as Von Moltke once said—is but a temporary reversion to the methods of savagery, and tends to destroy rather than build up those higher qualities on which the future well-being of the human race depends.

Under the first test applied to it, the militarist case has thus collapsed like an inflated balloon pierced by a random shot. It may be urged, however, that I have failed to take into consideration the wider effects of the war on society as a whole—the charitable impulses aroused and the philanthropic movements inaugurated for the purpose of relieving distress. I do not imagine, however, that anyone will seriously defend militarism from that point of view. Certainly, these charitable movements have shown humanity in its better light, but there was no need to make an inferno on the Continent of Europe in order to provide opportunities for bearing one another's burdens. In times of peace, as in times of war, the "under dog" is with us. It is to be feared, however, that his best friends are not those whose names figure most prominently in the newspapers as contributors to the War Relief Funds, but the unostentatious Samaritan who never lets his right hand know what his left hand doeth. It is true that the Aunt

Plessingtons-women of the type of Mr. Wells' fussy lady who did not seem to think there was anything in existence but shoving—have been much in evidence in recent months. It may even be that as Aunt Plessington endeavoured to teach Mrs. Atkins how to live on a shilling a day—forgetting that all the while she herself was head over ears in debt in spite of an income that would have kept several soldiers' families in affluence—it may be that in inculcating the virtues of thrift she felt a thrill of righteous moral superiority. All these things one may readily concede, but still the question must be faced: " Is the soul of Aunt Plessington worth the bones of a single British soldier?" Would it not be better for society as a whole and for Aunt Plessington herself that she should be compelled in fear and trembling to work out her own salvation? But I have no desire to minimise the splendid work that has been done by the hundreds of devoted women during the grave national crisis through which this country has been passing. All that I wish to urge is that there was no need to make a holocaust in Belgium, in France, in Serbia and in Poland in order to provide opportunities for well-doing.

Having shelled the militarists out of their first and second lines of defence, let us examine next the third bulwark of the Apostles of the Big Stick. "Science shows us that the world is made better by struggle and violent selection." There is, it must be admitted, a certain superficial plausibility about this point of view, but it will not bear careful scrutiny. Were it true that war is the criterion of national fitness, one would expect to find civilisation at its highest and mankind at its best where the sword is taken from the scabbard on the slightest provocation. But that is notoriously not the case. Evidently the militarists' ideal State is the little South American Republic where revolutions are matters of every-day occurrence and where a President is dethroned and al Government sent headlong into oblivion by force of arms between early breakfast and the mid-day siesta. The Balkan States, too, which have been the powder-magazine of Europe for several generations, would take a higher place in the scale of civilization than little Switzerland which has given the world so many valuable object-lessons in democratic Government. Were the militarist theory a sound one, one would expect to find that nations and races were at the zenith of their power when their military activity was at its greatest. But no serious stu-

dent of history will pretend that that is the case. France was at her greatest not under the iron rule of Napoleon when her military efficiency was indisputable, but in comparatively peaceful periods which intervened between the downfall of the Man of Destiny and the Revolution of 1848, from that time onward to the Franco-German war of 1870 and during the forty years' peace which followed that last great European struggle. The rise of Britain as a world Power dates from the cessation of strife within her own borders-from the time that Englishmen and Scotsmen ceased to devote all their energies to killing one another, and discovered the secret of peaceful co-operation. And in the New World one finds the highest efficiency and the highest standard of civilisation not in the hot-beds of revolution, the favourite haunt of the war-god, but in Canada and the United States where the civilian ideal of life holds supreme sway and where militarism is a mere excrescence on the body politic. Moreover, in South America where racial and climatic conditions vary but little, the Republics which have proved their fitness to survive and have gradually won a higher place among the nations of the world, are those which, like the Argentine and Bolivia, have adhered most faithfully to the peace ideals. Clearly, the appeal to history affords no support whatever to the creed of the militarists. It is true that certain purple patches are associated with the names of great military geniuses-Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon-but these purple patches must not be mistaken for the really great periods of a nation's history. Bismarck himself, who was perhaps warmaker rather than warrior, discovered this bitter truth when the fruits of militarism began to turn to dust and ashes on his lips. "Nobody loves me for what I have done," said the disillusioned Chancellor. "I have never made anybody happy, nor myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy? But for me these great wars would never have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble."

But let us probe a little more deeply into the theory that efficiency for war is the test of a nation's soul, for it is on this that the whole case for militarism rests. It might perhaps be contended, with a certain show of plausibility, that in primitive

society, when the soldier won his battle by the strength of his own right arm and when the weakest were weeded out by the aid of clubs and battle-axes, war played its part in deciding the individuals and the tribes who were the "fittest to survive." Even this theory, however, is not by any means flawless, for the whole history of civilisation is a record of the triumph of brain over brawn, of science and social organisation over sheer brute force, the triumph, in brief, of the ploughshare over the sword. But that the club and the battle-axe played a certain part as instruments of "national selection" in primitive society need not be seriously disputed. It is quite otherwise, however, with the "civilised warfare" of to-day. The shrapnel shell is no respecter of persons. The "fittest" physically, morally, and mentally, falls in the battle just as readily as the latest recruit from a bantam battalion. The seasoned campaigner, who has seen service on many foreign battlefields, and the young territorial, who but a few months ago was following the plough on his father's farm, are blown into eternity together by bombs from a hand grenade. A wounded officer, who has seen nearly half the men under his command mowed down by machine guns said: "This is not a war of men. It is a war of machines. We are soldiers, not butchers. A battle-field should not be an abbatoir."

No; whatever the terrific conflagration that is devastating Europe to-day may have done or failed to do, it has certainly shattered for ever the militarist delusion that war is a school of virtue and heroism and the criterion of a nation's greatness. The soldiers who are fighting so bravely in France and Flanders to-day are under no delusion on that point. "I have seen Hell once," said a wounded soldier to me, and a dark shadow seemed to pass across the gallant fellow's face as he recalled the hideous nightmare of Mons and the Marne. "I tell you we are no better than brutes out here," was the remark of another despatch rider who had faced the German "snipers" on many a perilous mission. "The men in the trenches," he added, "when shells are bursting around them, become mere machines. They become thoroughly dehumanised under the continuous fire." Thus rudely do the grim realities of "war by machinery" shatter the crude sophistries of the arm-chair philosophers of the Zola, Ruskin, and Nietzsche type.

The sober and terrible truth is that the war, so far from

leaving Europe better and stronger, will leave the race poorer in those physical and moral qualities to which pacifists and militarists alike render homage. As Professor J. Arthur Thomson said recently, when treating of "Eugenics and War:—"

"The eugenic ideal is that of improving the heritable good qualities of a race, while severe war, however righteous it may be, must always involve their impoverishment. The organic future of a race depends on those who are about to become parents; a war necessitates, as we know to our sorrow, the loss of many of the bravest, strongest, and in every way fittest. If this solemn sifting be long continued on a great scale and affecting the whole nation, it must prejudicially affect the stock from which the future generations come. 'From the man who is left.' Starr Jordan says in his impressive Human Harvest, 'flows the red current of human history..... What seems to us a clear conclusion is that a serious, protracted, national war must work against the improvement of the hereditary qualities of the race. Recalling Benjamin Franklin's famous warning, we venture to say: 'Wars have to be paid for; they are paid for in war time by heroic men and heroic women; but part of the bill comes later-the weakening of the race by the loss of many of the fittest."

That powerful indictment shatters completely the last stronghold of the militarists. Never, moreover, was that indictment of war so applicable as it is to the great fratricidal conflict that is raging in Europe. To-day the armies represent not a small proportion of the population; the whole manhood of five great nations is engaged in a terrific death struggle. Those who are falling on the battle-fields of Flanders and Poland are the brayest and best of their race. I know, of course, that there are many brave men and many more brave women still left behind. The call of duty doubtless prevents many from facing the foe in the trenches. To brand all as shirkers who do not respond to the call of the recruiting sergeant is as unjust as it is unpatriotic. Still among those who prefer to kill the Germans with their mouths are the cowards and shirkers, the slothful, the selfish and the indifferent. There are the halt and blind and the weaklings. And these are the men who will be the fathers of the next generation! If, as Michelet said, the Napoleonic campaign took a cubit off the height of the Frenchmen, it may well be that the "great

war" will lop a cubit off the moral and physical stature of the

manhood of Europe.

It is not because of lack of sympathy with the cause for which the Allies are fighting that I have written thus strongly of the militarist delusions. Far from it. Old friends and comrades of mine are facing death in the trenches to-day, and I know that they will acquit themselves as brave men should. Men with whom but yesterday I was working hand in hand have left positions of comparative comfort to fight and, if need be, to die for the Motherland, and even friends of peace may cordially recognise and applaud their spirit of self-sacrifice and their enthusiasm in the hour of national crisis. But what I do urge with all the carnestness and emphasis I can command, and what I think every friend of peace will urge, is that the world ought to have a better use for their brawny shoulders than stopping German bullets, and that to utilise the flower of Europe's manhood as food for gun-powder is the greatest crime against humanity that the war-makers have ever perpetrated. As Victor Hugo said long ago: "It is not good and it is not useful to make corpses."

With those who urge that this is a war against militarisma "war against war"-one cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy. In a manifesto issued in the closing days of December, the Socialists of France present this point of view with passionate force: "As Socialists we are fighting that this terrible war shall be the last war. We are fighting, as we have always fought, for peace-not the false peace of armaments, but the true peace of free peoples throughout Europe and the world. We are fighting finally for the common people on whom has fallen the huge burden of armaments. We are fighting that, through peace, justice shall triumph and our children shall no longer be in peril of the return to barbarism." Were it possible that this war will smash militarism, even pacifists might be tempted to beat the recruiting drum. But it will not. What is much more likely to happen is that after the war is over, the militarists will have acquired a new lease of power in every land in Europe. That is one of the greatest perils with which European democracy is confronted. Milton's words still ring true through the centuries : " What can war but endless war

still breed?"

War will never destroy war; militarism will never be uprooted by militarism. Militarism will be crushed when the democracy of Britain places its foot firmly on the neck of the warmakers and keeps it there, when the working classes of Germany
deprive their junkers and war-lords of the power which they have
abused so terribly. Militarism will be crushed when the nations
of Europe abandon the back-stairs methods of secret diplomacy
and when foreign affairs are freed from the atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust which existing methods give rise to.

The Europe which emerges from this titanic upheaval will be a different Europe from that which we were familiar with before the dogs of war were let loose. The war has compelled us to see many things from a new point of view. Above all, it has helped to awaken the slumbering conscience of Europe to the real meaning of modern militarism. The appalling holocausts of the Marne, the Yser and the Vistula are the inevitable results of that pernicious system. If the war opens the eyes of Europe and the world to all these things, then it may well be that out of evil will come good. The United States of Europe may remain a dream, but it should not surpass the wit of man to devise a Council of the Nations-a combination of all the Powers great and smallfor the definite and specific purpose of preserving the peace of the world. If the new map of Europe is based on the principle of nationality, a further cause of friction would be eliminated. There must be no peace settlement based on the spirit of "grab," for it is thus that the seeds of future wars are sown.

On all these points it is necessary for those who believe in the principles of peace to speak in clear and unfaltering tones. It is not they but the militarists of every land whom silence becometh best at such a time as this. The militarists have had their way in the piling up of armaments and the result is a European Armageddon. There are protagonists of conscription who declare that, had it been possible for Britain to throw a million men into the western battle-field, the Kaiser would never have ventured to declare war—forgetting all the while that had Germany not had a conscript army ready to hand, the Prussian junkers would never have challenged three powerful rival nations. Neither conscription nor the mad competition of armaments will prevent war. They are rather, as events have proved, a menace to the peace of the world. Militarism will never be crush-

PACIFISTS AND THE WAR

ed by militarism, but by the gradual adoption by all the nations of the world of the pacifist maxim: "Lay down your arms."

WILLIAM DIACK.

Scotland.

THE WELCOME.

They come, sweet maids and men, with shining tribute, Garlands and gifts, cymbals and songs of praise. . . How can they know I have been dead, Beloved, These many mournful days?

Or that my delicate dreaming soul lies trampled Like crushed, ripe fruit, chance-trodden of your feet, And that you flung the throbbing heart that loved you To serve wild dogs for meat?

They bring me saffron veils and silver sandals, Rich crowns of honour to adorn my head. For none, save you, may know the tragic secret, O Love, that I am dead.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hyderabad, Deccan.

THE TRUE IMPORT OF INDEPENDENCE.

(A HINDU VIEW).

OT man alone but the whole creation is engaged in a keen struggle for the realization of Independence. The bird likes not its cageit is always on the look-out for an opportunity, and as soon as one presents itself, gnaws asunder the chain of binding gold and flies off, as though into eternity, never casting even a parting glance at the tempting cup of food. The calf bolts and frowns as soon as it sees the binding tether. And the child of man, by its angry shrieks and cries when it has to be clothed, almost takes the heart out of the mother, its sense of ease and relief knowing no bounds when it feels its little body naked The school boy chafes under the discipline (to him but a euphemistic name for oppression and intrusion upon private natural rights) of school and home alike. The misguided young man or even his elders delight not a little in violating social or State laws-often even to becoming traitors to the country, the society or the king. The votary of pleasure to gratify his instincts and the glutton to satisfy his appetite, too often violate hygienic laws and moral principles. only to make their bodies the detested haunts of a host of maladies. Be the consequence as it will, the efforts of the individual whole are directed towards one definite goal-having fixed their eyes upon only one definite end of life, all are proceeding towards the grave. And that goal, that end of life, is the desire to be master of one's own self.

The above illustration will go to show that none in this world is the least disposed to yield to control or discipline. Some will resist the slightest check upon their will, some upon their bodies and some upon their natures; and there are others again, waging war to throw off even the semblance of allegiance to society, to the king or nature. This is the only difference among them—the light in which they view independence. But the one clear and definite conclusion is there: one and all want to be independent, although each one in his own way and according to his own light. In the opinion of some, independence is realized, if only foreign control can be stamped out; while

others there are that will not be content with anything short of the installation of full-fledged democracy or republicanism. There are others again that do not trouble their heads in the least about the administration. Among these again there are some that do taste the full sweetness of independence, if only they can tread upon the heart of society; some again are there that do sigh a deep sigh of relief and freedom, if only they can freely follow their tastes (unfortunately, however, not really their own, having been created, shaped and regulated by others) in the matter of dress and other items of fashionable life. There are others still whose ideal of independence has for its manifestation only the belching that often follows an overloading of the stomach.

It is now clear that, despite the desire for the attainment of independence being universal, the word has undergone many misinterpretations, and many false conceptions have been formed of it, owing partly to natural instincts (individual or social), education, habits of life and thought, thoughtlessness and the influence of the company or society. We have let slip the idea, the clear conception, of the real ideal—the proper goal of life; the inner nature, however, will not let us alone. So, regardless of consequences, we hit upon a goal—sometimes clear but oftener vague even to ourselves—only by consulting our natural appetites and instincts; and at its altar blindly do we sacrifice our proper interests as well as the welfare of the whole nation, i.e., all the possibilities that we have for the realization of real manhood.

Genuine independence can never be so one-sided or fraught with such mischievous consequences. Pure, refined forms of the pleasures aimed at by these distorted schools there certainly are in it; but it goes further beyond. It has never to trouble itself whether the king is a native or a foreigner, whether the government is monarchical or republican in form. The longing for the pleasures of the fashionable life is under its control; the watering of the mouth in the thought of dainty dishes has been successfully checked by it; it lifts up its finger, and society moves accordingly; the State laws are its own laws, health is its wealth, and contentment is its full development and ultimate reward.

Drive off the reigning monarch if you will, and install another in his place; defy society and live as you like; set at naught the moral and natural laws, if that will please you—but you don't gain by these, individually or jointly, even the shadow of real independence. The only result of this misdirected energy will be the welcoming of another form of subjugation in place of the reigning one. Having set discipline at naught (for whatever object it may be) you are now, alas!

only steeped in thicker darkness than before—have really gone down one rung in the ladder leading to greatness.

The real import of independence (Swādhinatā, i.e. adhinata, =control of swa, i.e., self) is a state where one is only under his own control. Now, this "own control" does not mean control as exercised by one's own country, own nation, own body or even his own mind. This "own" refers to the inner self, the ego. Rule by this inner self, culminating in the attainment of undivided sway over the whole universe, i.e., independence in its real and crystallised form, is established only when man conquers nature by subjugating all inordinate desires, anger, fondness for the outer self and the other passions; when being above the fascinating influence of the passions he rises, as the result of intelligent obedience to them, above all hygienic, social or State laws; and when curbing his desires and passions he throws off all allegiance to the reigning tastes of society in the matter of food, raiment, etc., and follows his own real needs only, and thus feels quite happy with himself and the little all that he has in the world.

Very few and small are the wants of this independent man, and very easily are they satisfied. Only a slight reflection will make it clear that more than three-fourths of the wants that every moment agitate and upset us in the management of our little world, that prompt and compel us to sell ourselves for lucre, that make us feel not the slightest scruples in sacrificing our conscience and virtue, only for their satisfaction-more than three-fourths of these wants are nothing but the creation of our tendency to recklessly follow in the wake of others. In not a single item of our dishes, pleasures and raiments are we masters of ourselves. It will be no exaggeration to say that we taste our food with others' tongues, we clothe ourselves as others like, we see with others' eyes and hear with others' ears. In short, our life itself is, as it were, hopelessly at the mercy of others. To explain it more clearly we have not to go far. We do not hesitate in the least to dress ourselves at a cost too high for our income, and shamelessly casting to the winds all the laws of health, and yet in our heart of hearts we do all the while anxiously wait for the moment when we shall be able to put off those clothes again and thus to give an airing, as it were, to our perspiring bodies and to shake off the feeling of ennui. And yet why do we do all these things? Only to attract the admiration of others. Never, or very seldom, do we take food according to the demands of nature or our particular constitutions, nor do we ever think it worth our while to consult our purse. And the miserable consequence of all this is-we can very seldom live within our incomes, our stomachs fail in the due discharge of their duties and our minds are never at peace with

themselves. Our philanthropy is also regulated by the tastes of others. We can indulge in such charities only as will call forth (and if they call forth) the admiration of others. We feel no satisfaction with ourselves unless our good offices, however humble in intrinsic value, are trumpeted to the farthest corners of the globe. Our judgments also are determined by the tastes of others. That sounds well to our ears also, which pleases the ears of others. Now, circumstanced as we are, who is there in the world more dependent—more under the sway of others—than ourselves even though we be emperor of emperors?

To the really independent man, kings, whether native or foreign, popular or despotic, are alike-all governments are alike. He has his passions under his control; the tendency to irreligion and vice, immorality and injustice has been completely crushed by him. Being thus above the conditions which make man indulge in immoral, illegal or unjust actions, he has never to appear before a court of justice to answer any charge made against him. His mind being the perennial fountain of immeasurable and illimitable bliss, his conscience never instigates him to revolt against the royal authority at the thought of any imaginary or real but unavoidable evil or necessity. "Motherland and countries abroad," "own nation and foreign nation" "own faith and others' faiths"—all such phrases are meaningless to him. The whole world is his home; and whole mankind is his relation; all nations are his own; all kings are his kings; and he is the Bretwalda over them all. Who is there in the world to control him; who is there in the world to curb his independence?

Society also bows before such an independent man. It is he alone whose heart is the play-ground of all appetites and passions, whose mind and tongue are unchecked and who is a slave to sensuality that feels tempted to defy society and in return stands doomed to receive the thunders of society.

He alone, propelled irresistibly by the force of insatiable sensual appetites, has to resort to the nefarious ways of selfishness, faithlessness, treason and treachery to the nation and society and thus shed wanton blood, deal cruel strokes upon hearts as soft as the flower, and bring disgrace and infamy upon his nation and country—who is constantly lashed by the cat-o'-nine tails in the hand of penury, who ever drifting like moss along a torrential flow of wealth and luxury, finds not a resting nook or corner, and the flames of whose passions remain unquenchable even after he has won the crown of giory, the golden rod of authority and the blood-red eyes of imperious sway. Then, on the other hand, what power is there on the earth to instigate him into wrong doing—into sacrificing himself before

any god of sensuality never so fascinating—whose mind is his kingdom—always supplies him with happiness, peace and contentment, and whose wealth is boundless like that of the Lord Siva, although like Him, he also has no resting place in the world save the cemetery or the cremation-ground? The words that fall from his lips are as sweet as honey, his presence is peace itself, his benedictions carry their own success with them, and the burning pangs of grief and remorse as well as the stings of penury and distress are soothed, as by a magic wand, even by the touch of his breath, of its own accord. The whole universe comes down and prostrates itself before him and without any conscious effort on his part, without any bloodshed, his undivided sway is established over the whole creation, his bright throne of glory being permanently installed over the heart of universal man.

Nay, his empire extends not only over the whole universe but also upon the agency of death—he conquers death itself. The whole of our life—thoughts, feelings and volitions with their translations into actions—are so indissolubly bound up with the body that even the very word of separation, the bare idea of death sends a thrill of horror through our hearts. It is simply because we look upon the temporary tenement of clay—the perishable body—as the be-all and end-all of our existence that we get so unnerved and depressed by separations from friends, destruction of mundane effects and the visitations of disease and death. While the mind of him who is independent in the true sense of the term and dwells only in his soul, looks only inward and his heart is therefore calm and tranquil. He has no fears from death, which, to him, means only a transition from one stage to another or the entrance into another life with greater and fuller possibilities for development.

K. K. GONGULEE.

Calcutta.

SEED-PLOT OF THE WAR.

"KULTUR" DISSECTED.

THE seed-plot of the war was in Germany, not the palace or the senate or the council-chamber or the mess-room; it was the university, it was the school. German military authorities have long set much store upon the influence of the teaching profession. It was the German schoolmaster, said the great Moltke, who won the battle of Sadowa. When I lived in Germany some ten years after the Franco-German war of 1870, there was, so far as I could judge, among the professors and students in the University of Leipsic, among the men of business, and even among the soldiers themselves, no express ambition of supreme or universal power over the nations of the world. But since then professors such as Neitzsche, Treitschke and Delbrück have inspired the whole mind and soul of Germany, and above all of Prussia, with ambitious dreams of conquest expanding by sea as by land to the far ends of the habitable globe. They have converted military writers like General von Bernhardi, statesmen like Prince von Bülow, seamen like Admiral von Tirpitz, inventors like Count Zeppelin, financial magnates like Guinver and Thyssen; they have converted the Kaiser himself. It is not altogether easy in England to realise how great may be and is the effect of academical utterances in Germany. I cannot think of any lectures given by a professor at Oxford or Cambridge as determining or even as powerfully influencing the spirit of the nation. For the most part, the English-speaking world draws only too broad a line between academical theories and practical politics. But the philosophical thought which calms and chastens most people, if it touches them at all, is, as Madame de Staél said, apt to inflame the German people; and it has certainly inflamed them of late years. I have been told that not only have the soldiers of Germany been led to anticipate what they have merrily called "The Day," i.e., the inevitable day of war with Great Britain as the goal of their hopes, but that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses all over Germany have systematically taught their pupils the lesson of Germany's imperial title to rule the world; and have enforced it, as a sovereign truth, by text-books and even by maps, in which the historical and, indeed, the actual relation of Germany to the other Great Powers of Europe has become, I might almost say, a living, breathing falsehood.

The war, then, evinces not only the power of education, but

the peril of a false or vicious education.

It is here that the meaning or bearing of the German word "kultur" comes into question. "Kultur" has until lately been regarded as the equivalent of the English word "culture." But Englishmen and women suddenly awoke with a startling surprise to the discovery that it does not forbid, and, indeed, appears to condone, if it does not induce, such actions as are felt to be unworthy of a civilized and cultivated nation. The Germans are, or call themselves, cultivated. They profess supremacy in cultivation. Yet they have violated treaties to which they themselves have been parties; they have invaded and devastated the innocent country of Belgium; they have destroyed the University of Louvain; they have bombarded the Cathedral of Rheims; they have sown the ocean with mines; they have descrated the sanctity of the White Flag and the Red Cross. What, then, is "kultur"? How does it differ from "culture"?

Anybody who considers the general acceptation of the word "culture" will probably feel that it connotes certain definite qualities or attainments of human nature.

It implies knowledge, and that of various kinds—the mastery of the physical world, an acquaintance with the history of mankind, an initiation into the political and philosophical thought of all the ages. It implies refinement, too. The essence of humane studies is, as the ancient poet has said, a mitigation, or an amelioration, of barbarous rudeness.

But, apart from manners, a cultivated person finds his pleasures not only, or chiefly, in material objects such as wealth, but in art, science and poetry.

Yet a third element of true culture seems to be freedom. Primitive man is the slave of arbitrary customs, but as he becomes civilised and cultivated, he is enabled to develop himself upon natural lines, and the very laws to which he willingly submits are the means and instruments of his free action. Liberty, as J. S. Mill conceived it in his celebrated Essay, is essential to progress.

There is yet a fourth element which never fails to assert and express itself in true culture. It is sympathy. Knowledge expands the interest as it widens the outlook. Nobody is a cultivated man—nobody, indeed, deserves to be called a gentleman—unless he thinks of others as well as of himself, and pays regard to their feelings no less than to his own.

It will not, I think, be denied that Germans of the highest intellectual and spiritual calibre, such as Goethe and Kant, have, in their lives and in their writings, exhibited these qualities, though not always in the same degree, for learning and refinement are more conspicuous in Goethe, and sympathy in Kant; but they have not been wanting as distinctive features of cultivated Teutonism.

But the word "kultur" has practically, if not always theoretically, possessed a different meaning. It seems, curiously enough, to be a word of comparatively late origin. In the great Deutsches Wörterbuch of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, which began to be published about the year 1860, neither "cultur" nor "kultur" occurs. In Meyer's Konversation's Lexicon (1896), "Kultur-Geschichte" is the subject of an elaborate definition, which may be said to be in effect that it is the history of the inner social life of humanity in its natural development on the material, but still more on the spiritual (geistigen) side.

Experience, however, shows that, when the word "kultur" has been used by Germans of late years—I should say, roughly, from 1870 onwards—it has not meant learning, scholarship, art and literature, or it has meant these things in quite a secondary degree. Rather its meaning has been energy or efficiency, and that efficiency not so much individual as national; social evolution in the sense of successful civil and military administration, financial capacity, commercial enterprise, and, so far as possible, general superiority in the rivalry of nations. In a word, the German "kultur," wholly different as it is from the English "culture," is organised efficiency on the largest scale.

From this definition or conception of "kultur" flow certain results, either immediate or ultimate. The immediate result is the worship of the State. For it is the State, and the State alone, which is the organ of national efficiency. It is impossible that an individual should attain the same strength or power in isolation as by incorporation in a great community like the State.

Modern German thought, then, has reverted to the old Greek theory, that it is not the State which exists for the good of the individual, but the individual who exists for the good of the State. There is, in fact, no limit to the duty which the citizen owes to his State. Whatever the State calls upon him to do, he is bound to do, and to do readily and cheerfully. It is the paramount authority of the State over individual lives which justifies the whole political and social order and life of Germany, and especially the universal compulsory military service, which Germany demands of all citizens, and has taught other Continental nations to demand of their citizens as well. But the worship of the State goes yet a step further in Germany. For not only can the State, as thinkers like Treitschke and Delbrück contend, do no wrong in any burden which it lays on individual citizens, but it can do no wrong in any measure which it may think good to take for its own safety or dignity.

The interest of the State, whatever it may be, is, in Treitschke's eyes, not only compatible with "kultur," but is actually essential to "kultur." If the interest of the State, then, ever comes into conflict with the law of Jesus Christ, it is Jesus Christ who must give way, and not the State. Upon this point General Friedrich von Bernhardi expresses himself plainly: "Christian morality," he says, "is based on the law of love. Love God above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself.' This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political."

JAMES WELLDON.

Manchester.

SIX DAYS IN JAVA.

HE S.S. "Oriental" was steaming busily in the direction of Singapore. Joan and I lazed luxuriously on deck; she was pretending to knit, and I to read, but in the East it is easier to do nothing at all, and I fancy we were pretty nearly fulfilling that condition. We had left Penang behind us and in a few hours more we were due to land at Singapore.

"Let's cross the Line and go to Java," said Joan suddenly. "It will be much more amusing than if we stay in Singapore. Besides, we can't call ourselves real travellers till we have crossed the Line."

"Then let us do it by all means, " said I.

So it came to pass that a day or two later we found ourselves in a clean little Dutch boat called the "Mossell" belonging to a steamship company with a perfectly unpronounceable name. A quaint little boat she was, with a large dining-saloon out of which opened all the cabins. At breakfast one might see weird figures trying to go from their cabins to the bath-room without being seen—a quite impossible feat. There were not, however, very many passengers on board, and we only made the acquaintance of three or four.

There was an Englishman who lived up to his national reputation for silence; there was a most talkative American man; and there was a Dutchman with a charming Irish wife and a baby. They all lived in Java and they all spoke Malay easily. That was a thing for which we were thankful, for we soon discovered that English, French,

and German availed us nothing in these latitudes.

During dinner the American became solicitous for our welfare in Java. It was the year 1902 and England was in the throes of the Boer war. "It is my firm conviction," he said, "that you two young ladies are doing a vurry foolish thing to go touring around a Dutch country during this war. There are some real ugly stories being circulated about the English and the white flag."

"They aren't true," I hotly interrupted.

"That may be," he continued, "nevertheless the Dutch people will believe them. If you will take my advice, you will call yourselves Amurricans."

I could see wrath rising in Joan's eyes as she helped herself somewhat viciously to goose and peach sauce. "No," she said decidedly, "if they wont accept us as English people, they needn't accept us at all. Anyway, I couldn't call myself anything but English, and I certainly wouldn't be an—."

Here I interrupted, "You wouldn't tell a lie—like George Washington," I said, hoping to please the anxious American and divert his mind

from guessing what Joan would have said.

"No harm meant," he sighed, "maybe it doesn't matter."

But he evidently thought it did.

"We will chance it," said Joan to me. "Anyway the worst they can do is to turn us out of the country. Besides," she added more hopefully, "there is no boat back for six days, and we mean to come then any way."

"We can't very well help chancing it now," said I, in rather an

irritating tone of voice.

I had found goose and tinned peaches beyond my highest flights of fancy, and I was wrestling with chicken done up into apple dumpling, or was it apples done up into chicken dumpling? That is more likely, because I remember it needed salt, and I didn't know how to ask for it. Perhaps that accounted for my rather short reply.

We had decided that while Joan undertook the planning of our tour, I should wrestle with the difficulties of the language. I had a phrase-book, of course, the usual sort of spiteful little book which tells you how to rebuke your washerman or how to make charming speeches to a pretty girl, but which hides in some remote portion the more necessary sentences of life. As a rule, when I started to search through it, such crowds of interested spectators gathered round, that I became too unnerved to see what I was doing. Well! nothing venture, nothing have—we blinded our eyes to such difficulties as Boer wars or language.

Java was weeping bitterly when we arrived at Batavia, such heavy tears that we could see nothing; we were bundled into a tiny carriage called a sardos, a corruption of "dos a dos," where we sat in a damp

heap, back to back with our driver.

He was swathed in dirty sacking, and shouted at the two thin little ponies he was driving, till he roused them into a feeble gallop. Luckily it was not far to the hotel. Never before or since have I seen a hotel built on those lines. The bedrooms were all down one side of a long street, each room had a front door opening on to the

SIX DAYS IN JAVA

street, and a bathroom and verandah at the back. On the opposite side were the servants' huts, where one could see them squatting round braziers cooking their meals, or hear weird and melancholy music played on pipes in a minor key, not altogether unpleasing even to our foreign ears. At one end of this interesting street was the diningroom. It seemed odd to walk along the wet path into dinner that night.

There were two or three Dutch ladies already seated when we arrived, all dressed in loose woollen dressing gowns heavily trimmed with lace. The Dutch ladies are too sensible to wear tight garments with waists in so hot a climate. Indeed, in the early mornings they wear the native sarong and kabaya—that is to say, a plain skirt made of one long straight piece of material wrapped round the waist, with the superfluous folds down the front, and a little white muslin jacket.

We made the acquaintance of many curious fruits—the delectable mangosteen, grape fruit, egg fruit, and doo-koos, that look like new potatoes and taste like grapes. I can't remember the names of them all.

I think the chief drawback to Java is that it goes in for such unpronounceable names. Just think-Joan had arranged for us to go to three places called Buitenzorg, Sockaboemi, and Sindanglaya. That was all very well, but it was my place to know how to pronounce them and to buy tickets to get there. I shall never forget the scene at the station when we tried to buy tickets for Buitenzorg. I wrestled with that idiotic phrase book, while Joan repeated without stopping, "Two tickets to Buitenzorg, two tickets to Buitenzorg." The booking-clerk and the station-master chattered like magpies, and we had an excited crowd of spectators round us, when suddenly a pleasant Irish voice interrupted, "You poor things, do let us help you," and there was Mrs. de B-, the Irish wife of the Dutchman on the "Mossell," and behind her was Mr. de B---, scattering the crowd in all directions. Oh! the relief to hand our purse and our troubles over to Mr. de B .--, and best of all to hear that they too were going to Buitenzorg, and would take us safely there.

During that journey we learnt a great deal: how to pronounce all the names of the places that we were going to; how to ask for tickets, and so on. Finally Mrs. de B—suggested that we should leave our heavy luggage with them so as to avoid the bother of porters and coolies. Finally, did I say? No! their kindness did not end there, for they took us to see the world-famous Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg, spending time and trouble in showing us all its wonders. So much for the Dutch enmity with which we were threatened! The gardens made us feel that we had reached the country of the Brobdingnags, so large

were the trees that grew therein, and so vast were the gardens themselves. We saw the most perfect orchid, I remember, like a tiny white pigeon sitting on its nest. Near it was the largest banyan tree in the world, with so many outspreading branches, each putting its own shoots anew into the ground, that the poor parent tree in the middle was quite invisible. I think a banyan tree fills one with horror, spreading on for ever and ever till one's imagination sees it covering the earth.

From Buitenzorg we went to Sockaboemi, where we only spent one night. The next day we went, partly by train and partly by sardos, to Sindanglaya. Fourteen miles in a sardos is not unmitigated bliss-but the glorious scenery helped to distract us from the thoughts of aching bones and weary heads. But oh! the joy of arriving at a hotel where the manager spoke English and where we could get excellent tea, and how refreshing to drink it sitting lazily in basket chairs on our verandah! We looked down the slope of a hill to the sparkling river beneath, and from thence to the distant mountains growing dim in the evening light. A sound like rushing waters, so loud that we had to raise our voices, made us look for a mill wheel beneath; but we discovered during a lull that it was really the noise of bullfrogs far below us on the banks of the river. What a place! What a paradise! Why had we only six days in Java? Six weeks would be too short for Sindanglaya alone. But we had only one whole refreshing day and two cool delicious nights before we moved on.

We had arranged to leave Sindanglaya about seven o'clock in the morning and to drive to Buitenzorg so as to arrive in time for lunch at the de B--'s house. To start at seven meant breakfast at six, and that involved getting up at five. Now, at that hour in the tropics it is quite dark. Morning arrives suddenly at six and night descends equally quickly twelve hours later. It required some courage at that early and very black hour to walk right across the hotel compound to our bathrooms, through the soaking grass with only flickering nightlights to guide and protect us. Personally I think we were more foolhardy than brave when we made up our minds to go, for there might easily be snakes revelling in the dark, and it is well known that bathrooms are the favourite haunts of reptiles and scorpions. managed to get safely there and back and we were ready for breakfast as the hands of my watch pointed to six o'clock. But where was the longed-for daylight, and where were the servants and our breakfast? The hotel was silent and dark. We waited till half past six, but still no sign of dawn and no movement in the hotel. This was getting serious. We went to the dining room-not a sign of anyone about. The only sound in the room was the loud ticking of a dial clock close

to us on the wall. We looked at it in horror. The hands pointed to four o'clock! Could it be true? Had we really arisen in the middle of the night and walked across the compound in the hour sacred to man's greatest enemy, the snake, and had we bathed in the dark haunt of the scorpion? Oh, faithless watch! You evidently do not enjoy the tropical clime as we do. Never while on this side of the equator can I trust you again. Here we were, dressed and ready to start, and with no possibility of breakfast for another two hours. With groans we lay down and hoped that we might drown our troubles in sleep.

However, everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and whether sleep came or not, breakfast eventually did, and also the sardos to take us to Buitenzorg. The drive was to take four hours, and the manager had provided a sardos with a whole bench to ourselves so that we could sit forward and see where we were going. What a glorious drive! Our four little ponies took us up and up the hillside till we seemed to rise above the clouds, and to look down on a soft white wave of mist, broken only by the peaks of the surrounding hills. Then later, as this cleared away, we saw beneath us the clear green of the young rice, growing through the glistening water of the paddyfields. We saw, too, the mature rice gathered blade by blade by the patient blue-robed women. The tiny sacred rice-bird of Java only picks one blade at a time, and they like to follow his example. It is slow, but what does that matter to the Malay?

When we reached the summit of the hill, our driver turned us out, while the ponies rested, to see Telaga Warna, a little lake which had formed itself in the basin of a crater. I wouldn't recommend anyone to go and see it because of what happened to us. The path down to the lake was a veritable jungle of thick wet grass and it abounded with leeches. It was like an awful nightmare to walk there. Prick! One little villain had seized upon my ankle! I tried to pull him away with my stocking, but he slipped through. I called to our dirty old guide who smiled and showed me his hands and feet covered with them. The sight of him was a mixed horror and relief. Having no idea they were leeches, I imagined I had been bitten by a poisonous reptile, and his complacency reassured me. So we hastened away from such a dreadful spot and carrying with us no lovely impression of that lonely black lake.

Buitenzorg once more! and the de B——'s! How kind they were to us! It was with a real pang that we parted from them when the time came to go back to Singapore. Well! Had it been worth while to cross the Line for six days? Why, of course, it had. In spite of reptiles and struggles with the language, we could go back over and over again. We would go to revel in the sunshine, the

paddy-fields, the blue hills, the bull-frogs, the picturesque laziness of the natives, and above all, we would go that we might meet, once again, those friends who helped to make us so happy in a far-away land.

ALICE GORE.

England.

TOO LATE!

"Worried by the tremendous losses sustained and the death of scores of personal friends, one message says the Kaiser is only a shadow of his old self. He still keeps up the custom of dining with the Military Mess every night, but is dull, morose, and fretty. He has dismissed General von Moltke, the Chief of his Staff."

Daily Paper.

1

That most self-conceited of Kaisers Begins to be sorry he spoke, And to blame his short-sighted advisers, For buying a pig in a poke.

2

Says he: "If you had not misled me Things never had come to this stage, But with fancy and fiction you fed me And made me ashamed of my age.

3

"The Russians, you told me, were trying To turn back the Japanese tide, While in Italy all men were dying To fight on the Austrian side.

1

"For France, at an easier distance, Advance! is the obvious plan, And if she should offer resistance You have only to mention Sedan.

5

"In England the soldierly spirit
Has suffered a total eclipse;
And to guard what her sons may inherit
They can only depend on their ships.

6

"Their truly contemptible army
Of men is completely bereft;
And their boasted marine cannot harm ye
While we have a submarine left.

7

"In Ireland and India the feeling Is poisoned by so many lies, There can be no use in appealing To them for recruits or supplies.

8

"For their ships, all supreme as they think them, We have found out a permanent scare; Explosives made ready to sink them In the depths of the sea and the air.

9

"We must look to the Triple Alliance To guard an unpopular throne; But in spite of political science I am left to defend it alone.

10

"And now I remember old Bismarck, Who saw so much further than we, Has left us a map with his mark— Why on earth could we not let it be?

11

"You made me believe in Bernhardi,
Till taught by the lessons of fate,
My repentance it may be is tardy,
You shall share it although it be late.

12

"But of all the disgrace you have brought me,
The fruit of this ill-advised war;
In return for the rubbish you taught me
I can only say: 'Serve me no more.'"

H, G. KEENE.

RALPH FITCH IN THE FAR EAST.

F there has been any Englishman who deserves to be called his country's "Pioneer to India," it is "the well-known Merchant of London," Ralph Fitch. He was the first to show her the way to the East Indies. True it is, Thomas Stephens had preceded him by a few years, he having arrived at Goa on 24th October, 1579; but he was a missionary of the order of Jesuits, and his labours, which extended over a period of two score of years, were devoted to Evangelical affairs. He died at Goa in 1619 in the seventieth year of his age. Father Stephens appears to have been an ideal missionary in relation to both Europeans and Indians, and his life and character stand out in strong relief to his general surroundings. It is stated that he was the first to make a scientific study of Canarese. He was fairly familiar with the dialects of the country, as appears from the three works published by him, namely, a Konkani Grammar, an account of Christian Doctrine, and a History of Christ, which, curious to say, is styled "a Purana." He did some good turn to Fitch and his comrades when they were brought to Goa as prisoners.

But Ralph Fitch was not the only member of the family who came out to India, and who by his letters and narratives drew the attention of his countrymen to the great possibilities of trade with that country. Two other members of his family followed him to this distant land, though at very wide intervals, the one coming in the eighteenth and the other in the nineteenth century. The earlier of the two, William Fytche, of whom an account has been given by the later, Albert Fytche, was in the service of the East India Company. He was appointed a member of the Council of Merchants at Calcutta in 1746, and three years later, became Chief of the English factory at Kasimbazar, the fort and mart of Murshidabad, at that time the native capital of Bengal. In January, 1752, he was appointed President of Fort William, but died on 10th August from dysentry, aged only thirty-five years. "It is a strange circumstance," adds Albert Fytche, "that during the same year, 1752, Warren Hastings was sent from Calcutta

to fill a subordinate post at Kasimbazar. He must have arrived there a few weeks after the departure of William Fytche for Calcutta." William was succeeded in the governorship of Calcutta by Roger Drake. When Sirajuddoula invested Calcutta, Roger Drake declared that he was a Quaker, and escaped on board with the ladies. Albert believes that had William Fytche whose costume showed that he was no Quaker, been President of Calcutta in 1756, Sirajuddoula would have retired to Murshidabad at a much earlier date than is recorded in history. He is also inclined to believe that there would have been no "Black-Hole" tragedy, although possibly there might have been a battle of Plassey.

Albert Fytche landed in India as a young Ensign in 1839. He was then barely eighteen years of age and had a fellow-passenger on the ship "Marquis Camden," the famous John Nicholson, a lad of sixteen. He distinguished himself in the army and rose to be Lieutenant-General. He was appointed Chief Commissioner of British Burma and Agent to the Viceroy in 1867, in succession to Sir Arthur Phayre,* who was the first Commissioner, and served a term of four years, leaving the East India Company's service in 1871. For his good

services Sir Arthur was decorated with the order of C.S.I.

In 1583, Fitch with his companions, John Newbury, William Leeds, and James Story left London on board the historic ship "Tyger." This ship has attained classical celebrity by its being mentioned by the great poet, Shakespeare. In 1606 was produced that poet's chief masterpiece, Macbeth. There we read :- † "Her husband is to Alleppo gone master of the Tyger." Ralph Fitch states that their first destination was Tripoli in Syria, from whence they made for Aleppo. Thus, the mention made by Shakespeare is true to the very letter. Thence, after visiting many cities and towns, they arrived at the island of Ormus towards the close of the year 1583. The Portuguese had a castle in the island in the charge of a captain who had under him a convenient number of soldiers. In the town there were merchants of all nations and many Moors and Gentiles. Ormus was famous for its wealth and drove a very brisk trade. Professor Morse Stephens. in his sketch of Albuquerque in the Rulers of India Series, thus says of this place:-"The wealth and prosperity of Ormus is described in glowing terms by all early travellers in Asia, and it is called in ancient books 'the richest jewel set in the ring of the world.'" The British and Persians gained possession of the island from the hands of the Portuguese in 1622, and Ormus now belongs to Persia; the trade.

^{*} Sir Arthur wrote a work on Burma which, though short, is almost unique. Albert Fytche's "Burma Past and Present" is a much larger work, It is in 2 volumes and is dedicated to "My cousin Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate."

† See Act 1, sc. iii.

however, has been transferred to Bander Abbas, the harbour has silted up, and there are but few inhabitants-fishermen and salt-diggers. In Ormus Fitch and his companions were thrown into prison and part of their goods taken from them by the Captain of the Castle, Don Mathias de Albuquerque. From thence they were sent on 11th October, 1584, in a ship belonging to the Captain, to the Viceroy at Goa, Don Francisco de Mascarenhas. On the way they passed by Diu, Daman and Chaul, and it was not till 29th November that they reached the capital of Portuguese India, where on their arrival, as illluck would have it, they were again cast into prison on the trumpery charge of being spies. They remained in "durance vile" till 22nd December, when the good Father Stephens aforesaid and one Andreas Taborez or Padre Molke, standing sureties for them, they were released. But dreading the consequence of further injury which was threatened by the Viceroy, they thought it desirable to seek their liberty elsewhere, and accordingly, ran away from the place on 5th April, 1585.

"Golden Goa," the gate to the opulent and mysterious East, the fame of which had already spread over Europe, made quite an impression on the mind of Fitch. He writes:—"It is a fine citie, and for an Indian towne very faire. The Island is very faire, full of orchards and gardens and many palmer trees, and hath some villages. Here bee many merchants of all nations." A little after, he continues:—"Goa standeth in the country of Hidalcan,* who liveth in the country,

six or seven dayes journey. His chiefe citie is called Bisapor."

Caeser Fredrick who visited Goa in 1567 and again in 1570, when it was besieged by the Rajah of Bijapur, states that there was great traffic, but that the island was fairer than the city, and full of goodly gardens. But the most complete picture of this great emporium in the heyday of its prosperity is given by Linschoten in his interesting work. One statement made by him possesses peculiar importance; and this is greatly enhanced by the fact that it comes from a member of the Archbishop's household. Linschoten says that "the laws observed in Goa were those of Portugal, and that the people of all nations dwelling there—Indians, Moors, Jews, Armenians, etc.—were allowed to practise their own religion, the only prohibition being in regard to suttee and similar rites."

Fitch and his companions visited many cities in India, of which Agra was one of the most important. He thus describes it :—"Agra is a very great citie and populous, built with stone, having faire

^{* &#}x27;Hidalcan' is probably a corruption of the title of the Mussulman ruler of Bijapur, the Adil Shah, or Khan Ibrahim Adil 11, then an infant, succeeded his uncle, Ali Adil Shah in 1599, and on assuming the government ruled with ability, dying in 1626. Hunter.

and large streetes, with a faire river running by it, which falleth into the Gulf of Bengala. It hath a faire castle and a strong with a very faire ditch. Here bee many Moores and Gentiles, the king is called Zelaludin Echebar; the people for the most part call him The Great Mogar."

From Agra they went to Fatepur, "which is the place where the king kept his Court. The towne is greater than Agra but the houses and streetes be not so faire. Here dwell many people both Moores and Gentiles. The king hath in Agra and Fatepore as they doe credibly report, 1,000 elephants, thirteen thousand horses, 1,400 tame deere, 800 concubines; and store of ounces, tigers, buffles, cocks and haukes, that is very strange to see. He keepeth a great court, which they call Dericcan.* Agra and Fatepur are two very great cities, either of them much greater than London and very populous." In Fatepur the travellers stayed till 28th September, 1585, when John Newbery separated on his way to the city of Lahore, announcing his intention of returning through Persia to England, whence he would send a ship to Pegu. William Leeds also left Fitch, he having taken service as jeweller with the emperor Akbar in Fatepur Sikri, who entertained him well and provided him with a horse and five slaves, a house and a handsome allowance. As for Fitch's other companion, James Story, he had not accompanied them in their flight, but remained at Goa, where he married and opened a picture-shop, he being a painter by profession.

From Agra Fitch went to "Satagam," the Saptagrama of the Pauranic writers, situated in West Bengal. He writes as follows:-"I went from Agra to Satagam in Bengala, in the company of one hundred and four score boates, laden with Salt, Opium, Hinge, Lead, Carpets, and divers other commodities downe the river Jemana. The chiefe merchants are Moores and Gentiles. In these countries they have many strange ceremonies. The Bramanes which are their priests, come to the river and have a string about their necks made with great ceremonies, and lade up water with both their hands, and turne the string with both their hands within, and one arm after the other out. Though it be never so cold, they will wash themselves in cold water or in warme. These Gentiles will eat no flesh nor kill anything. They live with rice, butter, milke and fruits. They pray in the water naked, and dresse their meat and eate it naked, and for their penance they lie flat upon the earth and rise up and turne themselves about 30 or 40 times and use to heave up their hands to the sunne, and to kisse the earth with their armes and legs stretched along out, and their right leg always before the left. Every time they lie downe, they make a score on the ground with their finger to know when their stint

^{*} Probably Dera-i-khan, 'house of the prince.'

is finished. The Bramanes marke themselves in the foreheads, eares and throates with a kind of yellow geare which they grind and every morning they do it. And they have some old men which go in the streetes with a box of yellow powder, and marke men on their heads and necks as they meet them. And their wives do come by 10, 20 and 30 together to the water-side singing and there do wash themselves and then use their ceremonies and marke themselves in their foreheads and faces, and cary some with them and so depart singing. Their daughters be maried, at or before the age of 10 yeres. Their men may have seven wives. They be a kind of craftie people worse than the Jews. When they salute one another, they heave up their hands to their heads, and say Rama, Rama."

The women referred to above were evidently up-country females, who, as we now see at Calcutta, go to bathe in numbers singing all the way. The practice with the Hindu women of Bengal has all along been otherwise. Females of respectable families strictly observe the *Purdah*, and so far from singing in public, they seldom come out of their house. Their bathing, when done in the river, which is only rarely, is done in secret and in a guarded way. As for the salutation "Rama, Rama," it is also purely Hindustani and is never practised by Hindus of this part of India. All these circumstances plainly show that the customs alluded to by Fitch are not Hindu customs as prevalent in this part. They also show that at that time Saptagrama contained many houses of up-country merchants, more especially Marwarees, as is the case in Calcutta at the present day. In fact, that great emporium of trade considerably resembled Calcutta, "the premier City of India," to use the eloquent words of His Majesty George V.

It seems that Fitch returned to Agra, for he continues his narrative by saying that from Agra he went to Prayag (modern Allahabad), where the Jamuna falls into the mighty Ganges. Speaking of these parts the traveller says:—"There be many beggars in these countries which goe naked, and the people make great account of them: They call them Scheshe (probably Sannyasis). Here I sawe one which was monster among the rest. He would have nothing upon him, his beard was very long, and with the haire of his head he covered his privities. The nailes of some of his fingers were two inches long, for he would cut nothing from him, neither would he speake. He was accompanied with eight or tenne, and they spake for him. When any man spake to him, he would lay his hand upon his breast and bowe himself, but would not speake. He would not speake to the king." This man was evidently a Mownee who had taken the vow of taciturnity, and that for all time to come.

From Prayag Fitch went down the Ganges, which at this time was very broad:—"Here is a great store of fish of sundry sorts, and of wild

RALPH FITCH IN THE FAR EAST

fowle, as of swannes, geese, cranes and many other things. The country is very fruitfull and populous. The men for the most part have their faces shaven, and their heads very long, except some which bee all shaven save the crownes, and some of them are as though a man should set a desk on their heads, and shave them round all but the crowne. In this river Ganges are many Ilands. His water is very sweete and pleasant, and the country adjoining very fruitful." It seems that the so-called islands were no other than *Churs*, for islands, properly so-called, were not to be found except at the mouth of the river.

From Prayag Fitch went to Benares, which he describes as "a great towne, and great store of cloth is made there of cotton, and shashes (probably sataranchies) for the floores. In this place they be all Gentiles, and be the greatest idolaters that ever I sawe. To this towne come the Gentiles on pilgrimage out of farre countreys. Here alongst the waters side bee very many faire houses, and in all of them or for the most part they have their images standing, which be well favoured, made of stone and wood, some very like lions, leopards, monkies, some like men and women, and peacocks, and some like the devil with foure armes and foure hands." Then he gives a detailed description of the Poojahs done before the images, after the men and women had bathed themselves in the Ganges. He also speaks of a sacred well, evidently meaning the Gnanbapi well, where people bathe in crowds, even though its water is all but dirty and foul. Among the idols of sorts one is made much of. Fitch says: "Among the rest there is one which they make great account of; for they say he giveth them all things both food and apparell, and one sitteth always by him with a fanne to make wind towards him. Here some bee burned to ashes, some scorched in the fire and thrown into the river, and dogges and foxes doe presently eate them. The wives here doe burne with their husbands when they die; if they will not, their be shaven, and never any account is made of them afterwards." At that time Sati rite was in full force, and any woman who did not die on the pyre of her husband was looked down with contempt and was not at all taken care of.

The traveller continues:—"The people goe all naked, save a litle cloth bound about their middle. Their women have their necks, armes and eares decked with rings of silver, copper, tinne, and with round hoopes made of ivorie, adorned with amber stones, and with many agats and they are marked with a great spot of red up to the crowne, and so it runneth three manner of wayes. In their winter, which is our May, the men weare quilted gownes of cotton like to our mattrases and quilted caps like to our grocers mosters, with a slit

to look out at, and so tied downe beneath their eares. If a man or a woman be sicke and like to die, they will lay him before their idols all night, that shall helpe him or make an ende of him. And if he do not mend that night, his friends will come and sit with him a litle and cry, and afterwards will cary him to the waters side and set him before a litle raft made of reeds, and so let him goe downe the river. When they be married, the men and the women come to the water side and there is an olde man which they call a Bramane, that is, a priest, a cowe, and calfe, or a cow with calfe, and the olde man goe into the river together and they give the olde man a white cloth of fewe yardslong and a basket crosse bound with divers things in it. The cloth bee laieth upon the backe of the cowe, and then he taketh the cowe by the ende of the taile, and saieth certain wordes; and she hath a copper or a brasse pot full of water, and the man doeth hold his hand by the olde mans hand and the wives hand by her husbands, and all have the cowe by the taile and they poure water out of the pot upon the cowes taile, and it runneth through all their handes and they lade up water with their handes, and then the olde man doeth tie him and her together by their clothes, which done, they goe round about the cowe, and calfe, and they give somewhat to the poore which be always there, and to the Bramane or priest they give the cowe and calfe and afterwards goe to divers of their idols and offer money, and lie downe flat upon the ground and kisse it divers times and then goe their way. Their chiefe idoles be blacke and evill favoured, their mouths monstrous, their eares gilded and full of jewels, their teeth and eyes of golde, silver and glasse, some having one thing in their hands, and some another. You may not come into the house where they stande with your shooes on. They have continually lampes burning before them."

From Benares Fitch came to Patna, still one of the largest cities in India. He writes:—"From Bannares I went to Patanau downe the river Ganges: Where in the way we passed many faire townes and a country very fruitfull; and many very great rivers doe enter into Ganges; and some of them as great as Ganges, which cause Ganges to bee of a great breadth, and so broad that in the time of raine you cannot see from one side to the other. These Indians when they be scorched and thrown into the water, the men swimme with their faces downwards, the women with their faces upwards. I thought they tied some thing to them to cause them to doe so; but they say no." This is very strange, indeed, but as the traveller relies on personal observation, we see no reason to doubt it. But it seems that something was tied to the body to make it float in the way, as the traveller says it did.

Fitch continues:—"There be very many thieves in this countrey, which be like to the Arabians, for they have no certaine abode, but are

sometime in one place and sometime in another. Here the women bee so decked with silver and copper, that it is strange to see, they use no shooes by reason of the rings of silver and copper which they weare on their toes. Here at Patanau they finde golde in this manner. They digge deepe pits in the earth, and wash the earth in great bolls, and therein they finde the golde, and they make the pits round about with bricke, that the earth fall not in." This golddigging affair appears new to us, for there is nothing to show that gold was ever found in or about Patna, either in ancient or in modern times. By the bye, does the traveller mean to say that gold was found in the earth so dug out? If that was so, the land so dug in must have been impregnated with gold. It is true, Megasthenes speaks of gold-digging ants, but he places them in the country of Derdai, the Darades, of Sanskrit literature. The so-called ants, however, as some have shown, were in reality Tibetan miners, and that the scene of their labours lay to the north of the city of "Palibothrie." Fitch thus describes Patna: - "Patanau is a very long and a great towne. In times past it was a kingdom but now it is under Zelaludin Echebar, the great Mogar. The men are tall and slender, and have many old folks among them; the houses are simple, made of earth and covered with strawe, the streetes are very large. In this towne there is a trade of cotton, and cloth of cotton, sugar, which they cary from hence to Bengala and India, very much opium and other commodities. He that is chiefe here under the king, is Tipperdas,* and is of great account among the people. Here in Patanau I saw a dissembling prophet which sate upon a house in the market place, and made as though he slept and many of the people came and touched his feet with their hands, and then kissed their hands. They tooke him for a great man, but sure he was a lasie lubber. I left him there sleeping. The people of these countreys be much given to such prating and dissembling hypocrites."

From Patna Fitch went to Tanda or Tanra in the district of Malda, which became for sometime the Mahomedan capital of Bengal after the decadence of Gaur. The traveller writes:—"From Patanau I went to Tanda which is in the land of Gouren. It hath in times past bene a kingdom, but now is subdued by Zebaldin Echebar. Great trade and traffique is here of cotton, and of cloth of cotton. The people goe naked with a litle cloth bound about their waste. It standeth in the countrey of Bengala. Here be many Tigers, wild Bufs, and great store of wild foule, they are very great idlelers. Tanda standeth from the river Ganges a league, because in times past the river flowing over the bankes in time of raine did drowne the country and

^{*} Probably a corruption of Tripura Das. He was, it seems, the governor of of the place under the Great Mogal.

many villages, and so they do remaine. And the old way which the river Ganges was wont to run remaineth drie, which is the occasion that the citie doeth stand so farre from the water. From Agra downe the river Jamena, and downe the river Ganges, I was five moneths coming to Bengala, but it may be sailed in much shorter time."

From Tanda Fitch passed to Kuch Behar, which at that time was ruled by "Sukladuge or Seela Roy" of the geneological table furnished to the author of Burma Past and Present,-Lieutenant-General Albert Fytche, by Colonel Haughten, sometime Commissioner of the Kuch Behar Division. "Sukladuge" seems to be a corruption of "Sukladhaja" and "Seela Roy" of Saila Roy. He was the proprietor of the Durrung branch of the family. Fitch in his narrative proceeds to say :- "I went from Bengala into the countrey of Couche, which lieth 25 dayes journey northwards from Tana. The king is a gentile, his name is Suckel Counse: his countrey is great, and lieth not far from Cauchin China: for they say they have pepper from thence. The port is called Catchegate.* All the countrie is set with Bamboos or Canes made sharpe at both endes and driven into the earth, and they can let in the water and drowne the ground above knee-deepe, so that men nor horses can pass. They poison all the water if any wars be. Here they have much silke and muske, and cloth made of cotton. The people have eares which be marvellous great of a span long, which they draw out in length by devises when they be young. Here they be all Gentiles and they kil nothing. They have hospitals for sheepes, goates, dogs, cats, birds and for all other living creatures. When they be old and lame, they keepe them until they die. If a man catch or buy any quicke thing in other places and bring it thither, they will give him money for it or other victuals, and keepe it in their hospital or let it go. They will give meal to the ants. Their small money is almonds ; which often times they use to eate." It appears from what Fitch has stated that the people were mostly Buddhists, and so far from killing any living being, had hospitals for beasts and birds where they were fed and looked after with great care and punctuality. At that time Kuch Behar would seem to have been a tributary state of China.

From Kuch Behar Fitch returned to Hooghly which is said to have been founded by the Portuguese in 1537, on the decay of Satgaon, the royal port of Bengal, in consequence of the silting up of the river Saraswati. He had seen Satgaon before, but it does not appear that he had stayed for sometime at Hooghly. He accordingly passed on

† In Mexico they use likewise for small money the fruits ' cacao' which are like almonds.

^{*} Probably a corruption of Kutchi ghat or Kutghat where customs are taken. It is not a port property so called, but only a watering station where boats and vessels lie at anchor.

to it in order to make himself acquainted with further particulars regarding that important place. He writes :- "From thence (i.e., Kuch Behar) I returned to Hugeli; which is the place where the Portugals keep in the country of Bengala, which standeth in 23 degrees of northerly latitude and standeth a league from Satagam: they call it Porto Pequeno. We went through the wildernes, because the right way was full of thieves, where we passed the countrey of Gouren, where we found but few villages, but almost all wildernes and saw many buffes, swine and deere, grasse longer than a man, and very many Tigers. Not far from Porto Pequeno, south-westward, standeth an haven which is called Angeli (probably Hidgelee) in the country of Orixa. It was a kingdom of itselfe, and the king was a great friend to strangers. Afterwards it was taken by the king of Patan* which was their neighbour, but he did not enjoy it long, but was taken by Zelaldin Echebar, which is king of Agra, Delhi, and Cambaie. Orixa standeth 6 daies journey from Satagam south-westward."

(To be Concluded.)

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DAY.

Bengal.

^{*} Very probably Protapaditya of Jessore, who was the most powerful prince of his time in Bengal. But his rule was not long, as he was defeated and captured by Akbar's general, Raja Mansing.

THE MAN.

BY the blessing of Allah, this will be a fruitful year," said Dilkhooshi, a young mango-tree. "The summer is on its way already."

"Never have my branches been so laden with blossom," sighed the Peri, another mango-tree close by. "My boughs positively ache with the thought of what they will have to bear." The Peri and Dilkhooshi had grown up together. They were precocious young beauties, and they loved to exchange the most intimate confidences.*

"You young people are too sure of everything," said Sultana, who prided herself upon her experiences of life. "If you had seen half so much as I have, you wouldn't be quite so certain. Think of the families that I have raised; but dear, dear, what bereavements I have suffered! One year it was locusts, another flying foxes; and as for red ants and sand-storms, you never know where you are. Talk of mango showers, why, I have known hail that simply strewed the ground with my darling children."

"Never was there such a silly old cackler," laughed Dilkhooshi.

"If we listened to all her croaking we shouldn't have a moment's enjoyment. I wonder what the old Begum would say if she hadn't

lost her voice."

"It's just as well for you that she can't talk," rejoined Sultana, stiffly. "You would never hear the last of her reminiscences if she could. I know what I used to endure. That's a long time ago, thank goodness!"

"They must have made a nice pair!" giggled the Peri, with a

grimace that stretched from bough to bough.

"The frosts that we have been having will impart the most exquisite flavour to my fruit when it ripens," murmured Hoosseini, who was tired of doing nothing but listen. "Bombay and Maldah will count as nothing." Hoosseini's foliage danced with pride in the shimmering sunshine.

^{*} Each mango-tree at Moorshedabad has it own name. I lived there for two wars.

"Listen to their vanity!" said Sahibzadi, with an indignant twirl of her topmost branches. "Hoosseini is always boasting of her rare and refreshing fruit as if there wasn't another mango in the world. Did'st ever know anyone so conceited?"

"It's very bad taste, too, to scoff at Bombay," chimed in Nissar. "You might remember that there is a strain of Alphonse in my pedigree." Nissar preened herself like a peacock and rustled all her

leaves at once.

"Now it is Nissar's turn to give herself airs," sneered Sultana. "How are we to know who Alphonse was? Some of the Bombay stock are a bit shady. When you talk of family trees, think of my history."

"And of mine," said Sita. "I was transplanted from Rajpootana, where everyone who is anybody is descended from the sun and

A breath of wind gently stirred the mango tope and a myriad leaves all said at once, "Sh-sh-sh-sh!" This meant that Mahomedan ladies of high rank don't care for Hindu society. Sita's interruption put a restraint upon the conversation; and with a haughty swish of their leafy draperies they all settled down for an afternoon siesta.

It was early in February. There was still a sharp touch of cold at night, but every day the sun rose higher and his rays became stronger. The noontide was heavy with the delicate fragrance of the spray that was spangled in lavish profusion amid the dark green of the mango leaves. The bees hummed softly as they sucked the honey from the creamy blossoms; and a sense of delicious lassitude filled the air. The mangoes grew in a beautiful cluster on the bank of the river Bhagirathi, not far from the great city of Moorshedabad. The nobles of the city used to carefully tend and cherish the trees; and they had given each one its own special name. They used to say that the fruit of no two trees was alike, everyone possessing its own distinctive flavour.

The days passed by, and soon the earth was covered with a beautiful carpet of tender spray that fell from the trees. The squirrels frisked merrily amid the scattered blooms. The lizards lolled lazily with their mouths wide agape watching for flies, and wondered why other people bustled about so much instead of keeping quiet. The hoopoe with dignified gait stalked slowly from tree to tree, every now and then standing still where he thought his brown plumage and striped crest showed to the best advantage. And the mango trees were all covered with fruit of bright shining green. Ever so tiny as yet were these successors to the spray; but some day they would grow into beautiful big mangoes. Not all of them indeed, as Sultana knew, though the younger trees felt sure that they would not lose a single one of their children, no matter what anyone might say.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, and the little elongated green atoms began to look as if in time they would become real mangoes. One day, in the cool of the evening, the nobles came to see the trees. They drove up in a grand carriage drawn by splendid horses. They were stylish-looking young men, and they wore magnificent clothes.

"How lovely they are!" sighed Sahibzadi. "Look at that

one with the green puggri. What features!"

"They are quite too adorable," simpered the Peri. "The tall one with the saffron coat is simply divine. Did'st ever see such eyes?"

Other ladies chimed in with expressions of intense admiration, but Sultana put on an air of superiority, and said that she had known men in her time who were really worth looking at. Hoosseini sneered at this as a bit of cheap swagger. What the nobles said was that the fruit was in too great abundance, and it would not ripen to perfection unless it was pruned. So they sent men with sharp curved knives attached to long bamboo poles, and they cut away hundreds and hundreds of the tiny mangoes. Dilkhooshi and the Peri wept bitterly as their darlings were taken from them. But Sultana understood that those which were left would develope, all the better. And as the nobles valued the trees greatly, they caused a hedge of dried thorn bushes to be placed around the grove to keep away intruders; and a watchman sat inside the fence at night. He was very old and he used to cough and cough ; and this disturbed the trees very much. When he had coughed so much that he could not cough any more, he used to go to sleep; and then the trees were able to enjoy their night's rest.

In the monsoon the river Bhagirathi was a great rushing tide of water; but during the hot weather its bed was a vast expanse of dry sand. There was only a small channel left by which the river folk could tow their boats up and down the stream past Moorshedabad and Cossimbazaar. So shallow was the channel that the boats often stuck fast, and it was very difficult to move them. And now cultivators came and dug up the sand and set melon plants to grow. Soon the river-bed was a mass of green leaves and bright yellow melons, which gleamed like gold in the sunshine.

One day the mango showers arrived. There was no hail this time, such as Sultana had spoken of. Nothing but soft gentle rain that washed all the dust of summer off the trees and freshened up the leaves till they glistened as if they had been polished. And the tiny mangoes grew and grew until some of them were nearly as big as pigeons' eggs. Dilkhooshi and the Peri were so proud of their offspring

that they decked themselves out with little shoots of fresh green leaves. The mango showers had been very friendly, but by and by there was another visitor who was not so kind. From the East there arose in the sky a great wall of blackness that obscured the sun. Nearer and nearer it came to the mango tope, and then with a shriek and a roar a terrible sand-storm hurled itself against the trees. The branches groaned in pain, and the leaves and fruit were choked and suffocated with the horrible burning sand that was poured upon them. For an hour or more they were tortured with the fiery blast. At length it passed away; and the trees saw on the ground beneath them, a multitude of their poor little innocents that the storm-devil had stripped off their boughs. And then a few drops of rain, just enough to tantalise them, spattered on the mangoes.

"I shall never be the same tree again," moaned the Peri. "It is quite too dreadful." She gave a shudder as she looked at her smitten children. She would have liked to have a good cry; but the sand-

storm had dried up the fountain of her tears.

"This is what I told you of," said Sultana. "Of course you wouldn't listen to me. We shall be lucky if we don't get locusts and green parrots and a few other pests before long. Oh, the troubles that I have known!"

"Spare us the recital," interrupted Sahibzadi, testily. "For goodness' sake don't make us more melancholy than we are. This massacre is bad enough without your everlasting lectures and 'I told you so's.' And I shall never get this hateful sand out of my hair, never, never, never!" Sahibzadi tried to shake off the clinging sand, but the attempt was not very effectual.

"If you would only listen," rejoined Sultana, "you would understand that I am endeavouring to console you. The point is that one can go through all these trials, and yet in the end have a thriving

family."

But the younger trees were not to be comforted, and the conversation would have languished had not Hoosseini all at once made a surprising discovery. For a wonderful thing had happened. The storm had snapped off one of the branches of the old Begum, and, lo and behold, she bore a little cluster of mangoes which had been hidden by the dried-up twigs.

"Look, look!" cried Hoosseini, "the Begum has blossomed

out in her old age, and started a fresh family."

"Bless my roots and bark!" ejaculated Sultana. "Well I never! Why, I can't remember such a thing for years and years. I hope she won't take to talking. She is one of those people who will insist on boring you with her recollections, and when she is once

started there is no stopping her. What I used to suffer from her tongue in the old days!" Sahibzadi glanced at the Peri with a knowing look. I am ashamed to say that the Peri was actually so vulga as to wink.

The Begum was very very old. No one could say how old. Her stem was almost bare. Her gnarled limbs were riven and fissured in every direction; and it was seldom that more than even a few draggled leaves appeared on her branches. Other trees, when they arrived at this stage of decrepitude, were cut down, and saplings planted in their place. Why was the Begum spared? Was she a tree with a past?

The young mangoes became bigger and bigger, and the old watchman took silver coins from people who liked the unripened fruit for making pickles and chutnies. You see his pay was not large, and in justice to his family he was obliged to supplement it by such little expedients. He would have no chance when the fruit was ripe, for the

nobles of the city would then take account of every mango.

The days passed and the weeks went by, and it was the end of May. The mangoes were in perfection. Never had there been a year in which their flavour was so exquisite. Strange to say Sahibzadi and Hoosseini and the rest of them experienced no pang when the delicious ripe golden fruit was plucked. They understood that they had lived up to their reputation and had obtained the credit that they deserved. And there came an evening when the nobles drove up in their carriages, and their servants cut mangoes for their eating.

"I always fancied the Sahibzadi," said Fidwa Hoossein. "This year her mangoes are like the food of Paradise." And Sahibzadi's

heart went pit-a-pat as she heard.

"Too young, too young," said Hyder. "Give me good old Sultana and I ask for nothing more." Sultana's matronly top branches

fluttered joyously at this praise.

Presently up rode another noble on a gallant Arab horse. He was dressed in plain white, but was very handsome. His name was Iskunder, which means Alexander; and he sat on his horse as if it were part of him. The Peri cast a timid glance in his direction, and then overpoured with shyness, pretended to be looking the other way.

"See, see! cried Iskunder in great excitement, as he held out his hand. "Here is another one. Old Bhagoo found it when digging

beside the river bank."

"Very strange," murmured a conceited young fop named Ibrahim. "Why can't this rider of horses sit down and eat mangoes like the rest of us instead of making such ado about a rubbishy old cannon ball? What are cannon balls to us?" and Ibrahim set to work on another Dilkhooshi.

"Come along, Iskunder," said Fidwa Hoossein; "here's a heavenly Sahibzadi for you. That's better than your old cannon balls."

It was a curious old missile that Iskunder was so pleased with. Quite small to our ideas. It was not exactly round; in fact it looked as if it had been hammered out of solid iron rather than moulded.

"Sixteen have I now," cheerily remarked Iskunder, as he dismounted from his horse. "No, thank you, Fidwa, no Sahibzadi for me. Not a mango will I touch except one of the old Begum's. She and I are kindred spirits. We are both of us interested in cannon balls. It is years since she bore any fruit and I can't let the chance

go by."

Sultana heaved a sigh as the nobles departed. "The rider of the horse is really good looking," she said. "He reminds me of the men whom I used to know. Not quite up to the same standard, but for these modern days really quite fair. Oh! I could tell you of the men I have met. That was in the old days when the great steamers used to come up the river in the flood time, before the fire-wagon came and the steamers ceased plying."

"I have seen a man. Ah! that was a man."

Everyone looked up in surprise. Who was speaking? The voice

was quite unfamiliar.

"Bless my trunk and branches!" exclaimed Sultana. "It must be the old Begum. We shall be plagued to death with her stories if she once gets talking."

"Let's give her a chance," said Nissar, who was a good-natured little thing. "We have listened to you lots of times, and I may say

that I have often been quite interested."

"Interested! I should think you would be," grunted Sultana.

"That was a man," repeated the Begum. "Never before or after have I seen such a man. That was long, long ago, before your steamers and fire-wagons were ever heard of. The monsoon was very late that year. How many years ago was it? A hundred years? Much more, fifty more and again six." The Begum's voice was thin and weak, but they could all hear her.

"Tell us about it, Mother," said Nissar. "We are all dying to

hear about the man."

"Was he beautiful?" asked Sahibzadi.

"Beautiful! What did he care for beauty? No, you would not call him beautiful, but he was a man."

"Did he ride on a horse?" inquired the Peri.

"He was no horseman. He travelled in a palanquin. But he was a man."

4

"The men whom I used to know were beautiful and rode on horses," interrupted Sultana.

"Never mind, Mother," said Nissar. "We want to hear about

your man."

"Then listen, for I am nearing my end, and I shall never see another summer. On yonder side of the river was a mighty host; sixty thousand men of valour with horses and swords and guns. They were not near, but I was tall in those days, and I could just see them from my topmost branches. And on this side was a little force of scarce three thousand. Some of them were white men, but these were less than one thousand out of the three. How could these fight sixty thousand? Some of the sixty thousand too were white men. Could one man slay twenty? Would not the grown tiger eat up the deer's child? The captains of the three thousand sat in a tent and talked. I could not hear what was said, but I saw their faces when they came out. The odds were too great. They dared not fight. The captains separated; and then he who was the chief captain came to me. He was the man, my man. He was not beautiful. He was not a horseman. But he was a man. There was a scowl upon his face that was not good to look upon. And when I saw the glint in his eye, I trembled through all my limbs.

"The man sat down at my feet. He wiped the sweat from his brow and cursed. His curse shrivelled one up. Then he arose and walked hither and thither in my shade. I could see the battle that was raging in his breast. He was torn this way and that. He spoke aloud, in broken and unfinished sentences: 'The Standards, they must..... Why did I,-I might have known! A Council!-Brave men, cowards in council-And I, I approved-The risk, God knows, the risk!-the monsoon too about to break.' Once more he sat down at my feet, mine, the old Begum! I was young then, though fully grown. The man sat motionless, his head bowed and his fists clenched; and the sinews on his neck stood out like iron bands. The sweat streamed from his brow as he wrestled in his soul. An hour passed, and I looked down on the man wondering what he would do. I wondered and I hoped, for I was with him, root and branch, blossom and fruit. Still he fought the battle within him. Another hour went by and the sun was sinking. What could I do to help him in his tribulation? I will tell you what I did. I dropped my most precious mango, and it fell with a shock beside him. He sprang up with an oath, and then as he saw what had happened—"The fruit! he cried, 'the fruit! I accept the omen. The Standards must advance.' And then he smiled. It was a smile of triumph. He walked slowly away to his camp, and a bugle rang out. The deer's child was to fight the

grown tiger; and in the little army there was great joy. For they knew who was to lead them. It was my man."

The trees had bowed their heads to catch every word. They were too fascinated to utter a sound. Even Sultana listened

attentively.

"The morning came and the three thousand set forth. They dragged their cannon and their wagons through the deep sand, and pushed and hauled them through the water,-it was deeper than now for the snows of Cashmere had melted-and they marched and marched till I almost lost sight of them. It had taken a long time to cross the river, and it was not till evening that 'they pitched their tents under a mango tope like ours, a mile this side of the great army. I could see their camp fires as they cooked their food. I had good cars as well as sight, and I could hear the thin piping of their bugles and the loud blare of the enemy's trumpets. I had no sleep that night, but my man slept as peacefully as a little child, for he had made up his mind. So the night passed and the morning of the day broke.

"The man reclined in his palanquin and was carried up and down his line of fighters; and as they saw his face, the face of a conqueror, the white men raised a great shout and their sepoys shouted with them.

"Facing this little band was the array of the enemy like the sands of the Bhagirathi in multitude. Now would the grown tiger descend upon the deer's child! But what was this miracle? The man stepped

out of his palanquin and stood in front of his men.

There was the sound of a bugle. The gunners dashed forward and unlimbered, and a flame of fire burst from the cannon; and. following the man, horse and foot flung themselves upon that vast army. Sabres flashed and bullets flew like hail. Nothing could resist the furious shock, and the great army melted away, leaving the field covered with dead and dying, and all their tents and their guns and their stores. That was my man. Yes, I have seen a man."

"What was his name?" asked Sahibzadi.

"His name," answered the Begum, "was Robert Clive."

EDMUND C. COX.

England.

A PEEP AT ORIGINS.

HOW THE "ENTENTE" CAME ABOUT.*

OW did it come about?
When I look back over thirty years, I sometimes myself wonder how it came about. Anyhow, it took thirty years of

patience and "doggedness" to bring it off.

In 1876, when I first went to Paris, the French were still idolising the greatest statesman they have produced in our time—Leon Gambetta. Gambetta, after having been the genius of French resistance in 1870-71—the man who, after all the regular forces of France had been either killed off or wounded or captured, squeezed, as it were, armies out of the apparently exhausted shell of a defeated people—became, amid all the hatred and humiliation succeeding defeat, the soul of reaction against war. He had seen its folly. Napoleon III, not France, was to blame. I remember the outbreak of the war. I was at Dunkirk (a boy of sixteen) at the time. Two years before I had been a pupil of the famous old College Jean Bart and I was now making my first independent trip abroad, feeling as free as a lark and as joyous.

In the middle of my trip, like a bomb from the clouds, came the declaration of war against Germany. Well I remember the anger of my friends who had just made their plans for autumn holidays and who were already sick of Napoleonic glory and perpetual fighting. There was no rejoicing. To liven up the civilians, troops were sent into the streets to shout "à Berlin." Half

^{*} The Entente Cordiale opens out limitless prospects, and our thoughts fly rather to the future than to the past. But it is still interesting to turn to origins, the seemingly lowly events from which great history springs. Sir Thomas Barclay played a wonderful part in bringing about an understanding with our French allies, (Ed. E. & W.)

of them were tipsy and there was little or no response from the crowd—nothing but consternation at the awful news.

Gambetta had seen all this and had been too close to the national suffering to wish to see it again. If ever there was a man genuinely won over to peace, it was he. He, too, it was who afterwards advised his countrymen that, while they should never cease to think of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, they should avoid speaking of it. Not to speak of it was not to provoke the suspicion or anxiety of France's powerful neighbour, and not to rouse the sleeping dog was not to expose his country to a renewal of the horrors of 1870-71.

For England and Englishmen Gambetta had an intense admiration, and I have quoted in my Reminiscences a passage on this subject from the last great speech I heard him deliver. I still hear the rich magnetic voice, the grave modulation of his words, and his noble prophetic gesture. The subject was Anglo-

French co-peration in Egypt. He said :-

"When I behold Europe, this Europe which has bulked so largely to-day in the speeches delivered from this tribune, I observe that for ten years there has always been a Western policy represented by France and England. And allow me to say that I do not know of any other European policy capable of helping us in the direst emergencies which may arise." He added with a prescience which is almost startling:—"And what I say to you to-day I say with a deep sense of a vision of the future." Gambetta's vision has been realized. The direst emergency has arisen; the policy represented by France and England, that of resistance to the aggression of a military Power of overwhelming magnitude, has prevailed, and every Frenchman will admit Gambetta foresaw it and will thank God that England and France were side by side when at length it came.

Among those whom Gambetta's words impressed and who, with something like his own conviction, were determined never to leave a stone unturned to bring England and France nearer to the realisation of Gambetta's vision, was a young correspondent

of The Times in Paris,-myself.

Through the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, of which this young man in 1882 became hon. secretary, he strove to preserve and improve the trade relations between the two countries. He thought the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce between them would be the means of bringing about a common Western policy of peace, social development and trade expansion, the only policy which can bring intelligent enjoyment and prosperity to nations.

Owing to the short-sighted political aims of the successive statesmen who conducted the machine of State after Gambetta's fall and death, new ambitions brought England and France into conflict, and it was only after Lord Dufferin came to be regarded as a friend by France that an attempt was made, at his suggestion, to adjust all the outstanding difficulties on give-and-take principles. Detailed negotiations followed. The spirit of the two peoples, however, was not friendly enough, or at any rate the friendly spirit there was among them was not widespread enough for the Government of either country to "give," however ready it might be to "take." The negotiations came to naught. Nor has their result ever been divulged.

It was then that I came upon the scene as a direct agent in the cultivation of a new feeling between the two nations.

I am a Scotsman. Now, it is a fact, and I say so without any of that spirit of brag which many north-countrymen affect, but don't really feel, about the superiority in every conceivable branch of British activity of the Scot, that a sort of romantic interest in and friendliness for Scotland and the Scotch has spread throughout the wide world. The Scot is supposed to have none of the English coldness, selfishness, brutality, etc. He is always the "kindly Scott." In France his pride and hospitality are proverbial. Fier comme un écossais is a popular way of saying that a man is above anything mean, and une hospitalité écossaise is the current expression for the highest level to which hospitality can attain. Even in the worst days of anti-English feeling in France, there was always a reservation for the benefit of Scotland. Scotsman as I am to the bone, England, however, stands out in the glory of the world's achievement as the greatest name in history after Rome. Still, I had to humour prejudices and for that purpose, of course, had to begin with Scotland. I have quoted Shakespeare's adage ad nauseam and spare the reader its repetition.

One warm June evening in 1893 or 1894 Lord Dufferin after dinner took me into a corner and told me how favourable he was to my scheme for founding a Franco-Scottish Society. Another curious thing, by-the-bye, about Scotsmen is that they don't

consider it necessary to be born in Scotland to be reckoned as such. The Blackwoods, generations ago, came from my native city of Dunfermline, and Lord Dufferin, like Andrew Carnegie, Lord Shaw and myself, loved the old grey town of his ancestors as if he had been born there.

So we planned the Franco-Scottish Society to some extent together. It was successful, and we began our Franco-Scottish Entente with phenominal brilliancy. Alas! it was not to last. The politicians again started mischief-making and we had the Fashoda incident just on the eve of a third great Franco-Scottish manifestation. It wrecked everything for the time being.

Nobody who has a life-task to perform should ever lose confidence. New chances will always come to him who has the patience to wait and watch for them.

The great universal Exhibition was to be opened in 1900. I had been elected President of the British Chamber of Commerce for 1899 and had every reason to expect that I should be re-elected in 1900. There was no time to be lost. In conjunction with Mr. (now Sir) Edward Fithian, the then secretary of the Association of the Chamber of Commerce of the United Kingdom, I planned an invitation to the Association to hold their autumn meeting during the Exhibition in Paris. To cut short a story I have told elsewhere with some fulness, that meeting was held and although the Boer War had made England more unpopular in France than ever, the fact of 500 or 600 Englishmen representing every industry, trade and district in the country having had enough confidence in the commonsense and generosity of the French to come boldly over the Channel and offer them the hand of friendship, had the desired effect. It was the second great move towards the Entente.

The third step was mine alone. It took place the following year. In April 1901 I launched the audacious idea of a deliberate and intentional Entente at a now historic meeting and then began the agitation in which I played the part of leader and which culminated in the autumn of 1903 and April 1904 in the signing of the Treaties which buried the hatchet between the two nations for the past, and instituted arbitration as to the method of adjustment of differences for the future.

That is how the "Entente Cordiale" came about. It was intended either by the late King or by Lord Lansdowne

EAST & WEST

or by M. Paul Cambon, or even by M. Delcassé, or by any of those who supported the movement, to be anti-German. Nor was it, at the time when the Treaties were signed, so regarded in Germany. If it has worked out in later years as having potentialities for common defence against aggression, this only shows the more how necessary it was. Though some people have blamed me for the part I played in bringing it about, the vast majority, I feel sure, regard the Anglo-French Entente as having saved Europe from the loss of all that makes contemporary Frenchmen and Englishmen alike proud of their generation.

England.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

470

A TRAGEDY OF WAR.

Some helpless virgin, haply, thus might sigh:

"How bitter is the draught of life to me!

My painful sorrows daily multiply!

This very night, last year, brought dearest glee

As in my lost beloved's company

I joyed in gaining Love's resplendent meed,

And spake of when our bridal bells must be;

No urging can my steps to joyance lead!

My hungry, widowed breast on broken hopes must feed!"

I.

"Twenty-five miles from Paris, and no chance of repelling the swarming foe! Our beautiful Paris must crumble at the howitzer's

thundering blast!"

Thus moaned a stalwart youth to his companion, one windy evening at twilight, on the fifth floor of an ancient building situated in the very centre of that part of Paris bequeathed long years since to Poverty. Louis Rey was a grocer's son of two and twenty years, handsome, dark-eyed and tawny; his companion, Margaret Douay, sweet in temperament and in countenance fair; an orphan who survived by typewriting for one of the great offices in the city.

They met this windy evening in August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, presumably, for the last time, as Louis had just received the State warrant to join the forces on the morrow at 7 A.M. They met to part for evermore, to speak in

tears the last farewell alone.

Crowds of women and children, panic-struck and pale, hustled and hurried in the streets below; heavy cavalcades and artillery galloped to the outer forts; newsboys, flying from street to street, from lane to lane, hoarsely heralded the latest tidings of war: "An army of Britons has landed at Calais—"; hoary patriots, enthused, perchance, by the same quickening fire that was kindled in the breast of the Maid of Orleans, in faltering tones exclaimed: "Be calm, ye daughters of France! Confide! France shall never yield!"

Little did these noisings disturb the two companions in the attic above, for when did Love heed panic, storm, or death? When Louis broke the silence with the words already cited, Margaret but sighed tearfully: "How fondly I cherished the thought that you and I must one day be joined by holy vows? I've waited impatiently for this day, and the hope has alleviated my burdens; but now my hope is slain—forever slain!"

Louis's eyes were veiled with tears as he clapsed the trembling fingers of his bride elect, persuading: "Pray, Margaret, let not despair be so heavy in thine heart! I might return—who knows? If we but battle unitedly and honestly, victory must sure be ours, and Prussia's hordes must sure be driven out of France's sacred soil! I swear to thee, fond friend, if ever I return with one spark of vital fire in my breast, I'll find thee out? And, Margaret, pray for me!"

Then followed a long silence, broken by anxious sighs, and eight o'clock was pealed from the towers of Notre Dame. The lovers exchanged pledges of love in handsome little lockets containing the portrait of each. They fondly embraced each other and kissed, and Louis stole down the stairs, leaving Margaret upon her bed, pale, alone, and weeping bitterly.

II.

Five months have elapsed, and the foe has been repulsed far from the walls of Paris! Frenchmen, Britons and Belgians battle side by side for Liberty and Right, and Right must prevail! But oh! the destruction! Oh, the suffering! Oh, the carnage enacted in the past five months! Thousands of sacred relics and holy sanctuaries defiled and demolished! Tens of thousands of weeping widows and orphans rendered homeless and helpless! Hundreds of thousands of human hearts exterminated for evermore from friends and love and homely joys!

Because trade and commerce are stagnant, Margaret has no work, and, therefore, must have no food, and no attic where she might weep alone and pour out the grief of her anguished soul to Heaven. Sympathy and philanthropy—for these are ever joined, being one and inseparable—allow her to wash dishes and to scrub floors in a liquor tavern, and recompense her with a frugal meal at mid-day and a meal still more frugal at night, and also a sleeping place in the kitchen.

Margaret is one of those rendered homeless, helpless, and hopeless by war, and yet there are thousands in a plight more bitter and cold. Some have not a roof to sleep under, unless it be the infinite variable.

that canopies wealth and poverty, happiness and distress, godliness and evil! Thousands there are whose daily diet is a crust of bread; and some have not even this. And yet there are thousands unmoved, who laugh and dance and gambol with lust amidst affluence, leisure and luxury! Britons, Belgians and Frenchmen suffer and languish and fall in trenches cold and gory; and yet there are Britons, Belgians and Frenchmen smiling undeterred in stately parlours and saloons, heedless to the country's urgent call! When fashion, fickle, frivolous, false fashion, is obliterated from humanity, then only can wealth sympathize with the sorrowful and suffering; then only can the labourer love his lord; then only can chaste patriotism inspire every soul and burn therein with quickening flame; then only can virtue, sacred and genuine, enthuse the peoples of the earth!

III.

Every evening Margaret carefully peruses that part of the daily newspaper which names those missing, captured, or killed—the casualty list. Thrice in recent days has her latent sorrow burst forth in fountains of bitter anguish for two brothers and an uncle. To-night her sorrow is insurmountable; her heart bleeds, and night to her brings frantic tears, despairing sighs and piercing pangs! The one whom she cherished above all humanity is dead, the flower of her being has faded-Louis Rey is killed!

Unperceived, she steals out of the tavern, and tripping hastily over the solitary pavement, through wind and rain and snow, she gains the Seine embankment She sobs and sighs aloud and long, reluctant

to face the world alone!

How many maidens, thus stricken alone and sad and weeping. wander with bleeding hearts in the world's great cities, without a soul to speak to them the word of love, without a soul to proffer food or fire; with not a soul to love them, with not a soul to love! Alone! Alone, though thousands surround!

Blinded through tears and pale, Margaret presses to her frozen lips the image of her fondest friend for the last time; she bursts into a passion of bitter wailing once more, then holding fast the token of Louis's love, and sighing the name of Louis, she leaps into the icy stream, "unknelled, uncoffined, and alone!"

ALFRED PHILIP BEAN.

Bangalore.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER IX.

FIRE AND SWORD.

THE Germans had gone quietly out of the village and joined their comrades patrolling the roads, except a few who remained to guard the inn where Rosenberg had taken up his quarters.

The two prisoners, Joan and Buck, were also confined in the inn,

in separate rooms.

All was quiet in the streets. The people had had ample evidence of the cruelty of the Germans in other villages and towns; therefore they were hiding in corners of their houses and in cellars. Mothers embraced their children and wept. Young girls trembled as they brought to mind the fate of their sisters in other places in Belgium.... a similar fate might be theirs. Fathers and brothers, husbands and lovers, armed themselves with what weapons they could, to defend their homes and their loved ones. It had been suspected before-and there had been ample evidence within the previous few months-that the Germans had discarded morality; thrown overboard all regard for the ocmmon morality of civilization. German professors were responsible for this. They stated that moral considerations which affect the actions of individuals must be ignored by a State if that State desired to attain ascendency over other States. In other words, that State which hoped to be the one great Power in the Universe, must reject Christian standards of morality. Germany was seeking to be that one great Power, therefore she permitted her soldiers to commit all manner of excesses.

The villagers of Sancy knew what to expect if the indemnity was not paid by 10 a.m. They also were aware of the fact that the

amount was not procurable; that Rosenberg's story of money having arrived from Antwerp was pure fiction—invented to serve as an excuse for murder and pillage.

Rosenberg had had his breakfast and had drunk more than one

bottle of wine. He was feeling happy.

"Send me that woman, Joan," he said to a soldier. "I wish to be alone with her—understand?"

Rosenberg wanted no interruption from Ninette.

Joan was shown into the room, and the door closed.

But there was another door—and behind it stood Ninette. She had heard the instructions given to the soldier. She was determined to listen.

Joan showed no signs of fear. She folded her arms and looked

contemptuously at Rosenberg.

"I see you have not changed your clothes," said Rosenberg, with a laugh. He surveyed the pink cheeks—pink because his allusion to her tight-fitting man's attire had brought a blush to her cheeks. In that glance, also, he took in the girl's alluring charms.

"Did you order any of my garments to be sent me?" Joan

asked, with a lowering of her eyes.

Rosenberg resented the manner in which Joan replied.

"When we conquer England," he told her, "we'll teach you, Englishwomen, how to address us-men."

" Men ? "

"I am not inviting your opinion of us Germans. Do you know you are condemned to death?"

"You said so in the Church. Would it not be more manly of you

to send me out to be shot at once? Why add insult to injury?"

"You are in my power. What is to prevent me using you as I will?"

Rosenberg got up from his chair and paced the room for several seconds. Joan watched him—and trembled. Suddenly, Rosenberg stopped in front of her and clutched her by the shoulders. His face was flushed. Joan struggled, but Rosenberg's grip was firm.

"I loved you-once," he said. "I didn't want to-but could

not help it. I cannot help it even now. Do you hear me?"

Joan made no reply.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. "Can't you see that you are

in my power and I can do just as I like with you?"

He was absolutely truthful when he said he could not explain his passion for Joan. She was beautiful in form and face; but he had met others as beautiful, and they had met his advances. Possibly here was the reason—Joan's obstinacy. He felt Joan tremble under his grip.

"In this same village, only a few weeks ago," went on Rosenberg, "you promised to marry me. Was it my fault that that Englishman

escaped without my help?"

This time he felt Joan start. An idea had occurred to Joanto save Buck, then La Poupée would have a protector. She loathed Rosenberg, the murderer. Murder, in fact, was the least of his crimes. She believed he did love her; it gave her satisfaction to think that, working on his love, she would be able to save lives. As for her ownit would be no sin, she argued, to commit suicide.

She offered up a silent prayer; and then-

"I'll promise to marry you to-day, if you will liberate Mr. Buck." Devoid of morality himself, Rosenberg found it difficult to believe that it was possible to find chastity in others.

"He is your lover?" he asked, fiercely.

"Mr. Buck is nothing to me; only a friend," she cried almost

pleadingly.

Joan felt that her answer to carry weight must have a convincing ring about it; and she placed a trembling hand on Rosenberg's arm and looked steadily into his eyes.

Rosenberg believed her.

"I accept the conditions," he said. "I cannot with safety liberate him just now-but will to-night."

"Then I cannot marry you, remember, till-"

"I understand."

He rang a bell.

"Take this lady to one of the best rooms in this hotel," he told the soldier who answered the bell. "And mind she is to be properly treated."

Ninette had heard all. She crept away from the door to her own room.

"If this man Buck escapes before Rosenberg can liberate him, then Joan will not consent to a marriage. She hates the Major; I can see that. There must be no marriage "; thus she argued with herself.

Ninette was not prompted by jealous feelings; it was because her revenge would not be complete if Rosenberg made Joan his lawful

wife.

It was 10 a.m. An officer was ushered into Rosenberg's room.

"The money has not been brought in," he said.

"Did you expect to receive it?" laughed Rosenberg. "However, we must pretend that we did. Send word to the men outside the village to come in and burn and do what they like. We have got to give these villagers a lesson for their treachery. Take a hundred of

:Our

the more important of the villagers prisoners—we'll shoot them presently."

The officer saluted and went out.

Buck, locked up in a small room, was feeling hungry and wondering if the Germans would think of sending him something to eat.

"They ought to," he mused, "seeing it was they who prevented

me having chota hazri this morning."

Then remembering he was condemned to death, he exclaimed:

"After all, what does it matter! Presently I shall never worry again about something to eat," and he actually laughed, the thought apparently amusing him. Growing serious again he added—"It is a rotten sort of way to die. I wonder if my old dad will ever hear how I went under? Good Lord!"

He glanced up at the roof; he had heard a noise; and now, a woman's voice: "Don't make a noise." The woman spoke in French.

Buck sat down in a chair and watched what was going on above. He saw one, then more planks removed. A few seconds later a rope was let down to him.

It did not take Buck many seconds to scramble up the rope and into a dark compartment.

"Where the dickens am I?"

At first he could see nothing; then made out the form of a woman.

"Monsieur is under the floor of my room, and over the roof of his own. There is the trap door."

Buck had already seen it, and was quickly in the speaker's room—well lighted and furnished.

He recognised Ninette.

" You-"

"Yes, me. I'm going to save you."

"You expect me to believe that after your treacherous behaviour this morning?"

Ninette wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her jacket.

"It—it pains me to hear you say that; I felt sure you would suspect me. Believe me, I—but never mind, I'm going to save you."

" And Joan?"

"And Joan. First you must go, and then Joan."

But she had no intention of liberating Joan.

"You must wait here a few minutes," continued Ninette, "I'll go out and see if the coast is clear. The Germans will presently be busy burning and robbing—"

"Good Lord!"

"It is a fact. Orders have gone forth for the troops to enter the village, and the men here will join them, except the one guarding your

room. Now, don't move from here," and she went out, locking the door after her.

But in the opposite corner of the room was another door. Buck turned the handle—shoved—the door yielded.

Joan was in the room. No exclamation escaped either; both were equally aware that there was danger in giving vent to their feelings. They advanced quickly towards each other.

"How did you come here?" was Joan's first question. Buck

told her hastily, for he knew not how soon Ninette might return.

"I'm so glad. Oh! you don't know what a relief it is to me. I shall not now marry that man."

Buck did not understand her; he pressed for an explanation.

Joan said they were wasting time.

"True," Buck agreed. "Let us try and get out of this-"

"No," Joan looked resolute. "I'm not going to endanger your life."

"And I shall not quit unless you go with me," Buck stamped his foot on the ground.

Joan reminded him that Ninette had promised to save her.

"Besides," she continued, "there is La Poupée; go to her at once—I hear a noise. Go!" and she pushed him from her.

Buck was back in Ninette's room just in time. "Come with me," she said. "No noise."

Ninette took him to the back of the house; down a narrow staircase, and opened a wicket.

"Liberty lies before you," she told him. "There are no Germans on this side. Get away quickly and hide in the Church, or somewhere."

Buck thanked her.

Ninette smiled.

"I hope you believe now I'm not a traitress," she said, and banged the door in his face before he could reply.

The report of rifles—screams! Loud laughter—even voices singing: "The Watch on the Rhine." The work of plunder, murder—and worse had begun.

There was no mercy. Tears and pleadings were in vain. Mothers begged on their knees that their daughters might be spared. The Huns laughed and compelled mothers and fathers to witness their daughters' shame.

Flesh and blood could not stand this. Some Germans were killed: a massacre of the Belgians followed.

Even little children were not spared.

Savagely the Germans stabbed, with their bayonets, children, old men and women, each man hoping by these acts to win for himself the Eiserne Kreuz (the Iron Cross.) They threw oil on the walls of buildings and set fire to them, keeping guard at a distance to shoot

any that attempted to escape.

Then an order came from Rosenberg to stay the slaughter, collect a hundred villagers and march them to the Church. At the same time it was proclaimed in the streets that in half-an-hour the inhabitants must collect round the Church.

And this is what happened at the Church.

The hundred men were placed against the wall of the Church, and then it was proclaimed aloud that the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of these men must step forward. They did; nearly a hundred and fifty of them, and were lined up facing the hundred men, at a distance of twenty paces. Now soldiers took up a position between the men and the women. The latter screamed, begged hard for the lives of the men. One old woman, on her knees, prayed that her son, her only son, might be spared.

Rosenberg pointed to the woman. She was taken away, and

presently a volley was heard.

Rosenberg smiled. He addressed the villagers. He said he was determined to put down this sneaking way of fighting. His men had come there to arrest a spy—they had been entertained by the villagers, then fired on. They must be punished.

"Soldiers, do your duty."

They did it willingly. A volley. Men dropped; some wounded, some dead. Others remained standing. Another volley; there were no men standing now.

But Rosenberg was not quite satisfied. Some of the men might

be shamming death. He had been tricked before.

"All those who can stand, get up on your feet," he called out aloud.

The poor wretches, those uninjured, thought their lives were going to be spared. They stood up at once.

" Fire!"

They fell.

There may be some even now shamming. A machine gun poured bullets into the mass on the ground.

Now came the turn of the women.

They were not to be slaughtered; but were ordered to bury the dead—carry the dead to a distance, dig the graves—all by themselves.

Among the villagers who had witnessed the massacre was a stranger.

It was Lefebre.

Rosenberg walked back to the inn quite pleased with himself; but his joy was to meet with a check. A man on horseback came riding to him.

"The English prisoner has escaped," he reported.

The Fates were against him. Once more he was prevented from fulfilling his part of the contract with Joan. She could now refuse to marry him.

'Have the guard arrested," he said, and went on to the inn.

He met Ninette.

"What have you done with that woman-Joan?" she asked.

Rosenberg did not answer, but pushing her rudely aside, ran upstairs and into Joan's room. It was empty, the door leading into Ninette's was open; and from there, access to a passage leading to a backyard.

He blew on a small whistle. A soldier appeared.

"Five men mount-attend me."

Joan, shortly after Buck had left her, tried the door by which he had entered her room and found it unlocked. She stepped into Ninette's room. There was no one about. Why should she not make an attempt to escape? She passed out of Ninette's room into a narrow passage and, as luck would have it, she came to the same narrow staircase by which Buck had escaped, and was soon outside the village. She knew in which direction the Church lay, but to prevent being seen by German soldiers, ran a good bit out of her way where trees and mounds would keep her concealed from any pursuers. As she stepped out of a narrow ditch she came plump on an aeroplane, and saw the figure of a man stooping and examining the machinery.

Joan stood a second undecided what to do; then was backing

into the ditch, when the man stood up.
"Hello! come here," he cried.

It was an English voice. Joan ran towards him.

"I see you understand English, my boy," he said. "Did you come across a peasant—?"

"I'm not a boy; but a woman."

"Good Lord!"

The Englishman stroked his chin. "A woman, eh? I might have guessed it, though. And English?"

"Yes, English; escaped from there," pointing with her finger

to the village. "There has been murder-"

" Damn!"

"They are killing women and children-"

"Don't tell me. I wish I could help. And you-?"

"I was a prisoner. I have escaped. They will look for me presently."

"No doubt, I'm short of petrol. Had to come down here. Met a peasant; quite a decent fellow. Said he would bring me a tinful; and he will, too, if the Germans do not get hold of him. I can give you a lift in my machine."

"Thanks.; but there is a child, my niece, in the village. I'm

going to try and save her."

'Plucky; but I hardly think you will succeed. My name is Sinclair-Lieutenant Sinclair."

"I shall make the attempt anyhow-who's that?" Sinclair turned and saw a man beckoning to him.

"The peasant; and he has the petrol," said Sinclair, running towards the man.

Joan noticed that he raced back with the can faster than he had gone.

"The Germans," he said breathlessly as he opened the tin and filled the tank of his machine. "The peasant says they are coming fast. Six of them."

"Searching for me," said Joan.

"That's it. I'm ready. Now get in; you can't possibly help the child."

Joan made up her mind quickly, the Germans were close at hand, and mounted; she could not possibly escape them on foot.

As she took her seat in the machine, German horsemen came

in sight. They saw the machine and raised a shout.

The aeroplane raced along the ground. The Germans flung themselves from their horses and opened fire. The aeroplane slowly lifted off the ground and flew some ten feet in the air.

"Hold on," cried the aviator. "I'm going to wobble. Are

you ready?" Joan held on and answered, "Ready."

The aeroplane wobbled. The soldiers cheered; they thought the machinery had been damaged; they felt certain when the aeroplane, as it was dipping behind a mound, lurched badly. They threw down their rifles and raced, laughing and shouting, to the mound.

They cursed when they got there and saw the aeroplane some distance off, sailing steadily, rising rapidly.

The Britisher had tricked them.

Rosenberg was furious.

"Ride back to the inn," he said to a Sergeant, "and order the guard, who is a prisoner, to be shot at once."

Then he went slowly back to the village.

By night-fall half the village had been burned; but the fire was prevented from spreading to where the Germans were merry-making.

They were having a good time. Soldiers and officers were drinking and singing; their shouts could be heard at all points of the village.

Lefebre and his men in the woods close by heard them. "Come; it is time," said he. "Where is our guide?"

A Belgian villager stepped up to him.

"There are a number of officers at your inn?" he was questioned.

"All the officers-the Major among them. They are down in the

cellar, drinking."

The old innkeeper knew how to get to his wine cellars without disturbing the guard. In a narrow, underground passage he halted the Franc Tireurs.

"I'll go forward and reconnoitre," he whispered.

He came back in a few seconds.

"The sheep are ready for the slaughter," he told them.

"Then pass to the rear," Lefebre ordered him. "I lead. Now,

men, no shooting; use your knives and swords. Come."

A narrow staircase led to a vault. Lefebre stood an instant at the foot of the steps. Great barrels of beer and cases of wine hid the German officers from view. He cautiously peeped around a barrel. Officers were sitting on barrels, on wine cases. Broken bottles littered the floor; wine poured out of broken casks; the floor was slippery.

The officers shouted and sang.

Lefebre looked for Rosenberg. He saw him, at length, at the far end of the cellar, drinking-but not too deeply. He was the most sober of his drunken officers.

Lefebre's fingers tightened on the bayonet he held in his hand.

He turned round to his men:

"One shout, and follow me."

The vault rang with the shout. The frightened Germans thought they were surrounded by thousands of demons. The shock had the effect of rendering the most stupidly drunk of them almost sober. They seized their swords. On the foremost of them Lefebre leaped. The ground was slippery; he fell and dragged the German with him.

Lefebre held the advantage; he was on top of the officer. Over him and the prostrate German, sprang the Tireurs. Lefebre did not think of them; he had his man to despatch. The German clutched his right wrist; Lefebre tore at the man's hand with his teeth. pain and almost strangled by Lefebre's left hand on his throat, the German relaxed his hold.

Lefebre did not hesitate; he plunged the bayonet into the man's side. Hot blood covered Lefebre's hand. He was satisfied. He got

up to seek further victims.

But the Tireurs, in greater force than the Germans, had already killed a number of the officers, and the others had taken to flight, except one man, seated high on a cask and looking down on the carnage below and—laughing. Lefebre saw him; saw that the man was intoxicated, and would have spared his life, but he recognised in him one of the officers he had seen at Louvain. He sprang up after the man—a vicious stab, and "Fourteen!" cried Lefebre.

There were two new crosses to be made on his pipe bowl.

But where was Rosenberg?

Lefebre searched. Rosenberg was not among the dead. He had escaped.

CHAPTER X.

STAND-OR I FIRE.

Palmer's wounds took a fortnight to heal. It was a weary time in hospital, in spite of the good treatment he had received at the hands of doctors and nurses. In the first place, he was eager to obtain his release from Lefebre; and then, anxious to obtain news of La Poupée and Joan. Joan had been constantly in his thoughts throughout the long days and nights he had been in bed. Perhaps it was her bravery that had drawn her to him. Joan was brave. She had abandoned comfort and domestic ease, which modern Englishwomen live for and enjoy, in order to nurse wounded and sick Belgian soldiers—and in a country possessed by the enemy—an enemy that was merciless, treacherous, devoid of all sense of honour.

Somehow, the feeling of respect for Joan increased his hatred of the Germans, as a nation, and strengthened his belief that God would right the wrong. England and her Allies were fighting for liberty, a cause blessed by God; and Palmer felt convinced that the Almighty would give victory to the armies which went forth to battle, trusting in His name.

And La Poupée ?

Palmer loved children. He had had a little sister whom he loved passionately. That was long ago; when he was a boy at school in India. She was dead now. La Poupée reminded him of her.

Palmer had only his father alive now. In his pocket, as he crept through the enemy's lines towards the Bixschortee wood, was a letter from his father which he had received when leaving the hospital.

It was bitterly cold, snow lay on the ground, and Palmer floundered along. How he escaped detection he was unable to say. Both from the enemy's lines and the Allies,' search-lights flashed over the white plain. Sometimes they flashed over him, and he lay flat on the ground.

But he got through safely.

He was nearing the wood and he glanced in the direction of Sancy. There was something peculiar about the sky—inky black. Palmer thought it must be heavy mist; but the sky was in reality smokeladen, from smouldering fires, for only that morning Sancy, a portion of it, had been burnt by the Huns.

It was past midnight when Palmer was among the sentinal trees of the wood. He was hurrying to the Tireurs' retreat, wondering, as as he went, if Lefebre and his brave boys were at home, when—

"Stand,-or I fire!"

The command was in a loud voice, yet tremulous.

Palmer stood.

"Don't move," said the voice again, "or my men will riddle you with bullets."

Palmer had already decided to stay where he was. He recognised the futility of offering resistance or attempting to escape when the wood was full of armed men, and quickly tried to think of some good excuse to account for his presence. He was in the dress of a military officer; if he could give no satisfactory explanation, he ran the risk of being shot as a spy.

The order had been given in French. Could it be possible that the French on the extreme left of the British, or on the right, had penetrated to Bixschortee? He did not think it was.

"Who are you?" he asked. "French or German?"

After a brief pause, the voice said:

"Your questions will be answered presently. I'm sending a man to blindfold and bind you."

Unnecessary precautions, for Palmer was well acquainted with the wood. Palmer was also surprised at this unusual procedure. He had not come with a flag of truce and would return again to the British army. As a prisoner, he would be given no opportunity of telling at British Headquarters what he had seen. He would be despatched to Germany.

When he was securely bound, Palmer was led a little distance into the wood and told to sit down.

He obeyed.

"Why all this mystery?" he asked.

The same voice that had challenged him, replied:

"You will be told in the morning."

Nothing more was said for some little time. Palmer heard no movements; no voices. Were the men in ambush expecting to surprise the British?

Palmer began to shiver.

"It is damned cold," he said aloud, in English. He expected

the next instant to have a bayonet run through him. Instead—a peal of laughter.

"What the devil-!" he exclaimed.

"You are English," said a voice, speaking in the same language. It was a soft voice, too.

"Of course I am. And you?"
"English; we are all English."

Again the musical laughter.

"Then why am I a prisoner? I'm Lieutenant Palmer-"

" Palmer?"

There was no laughter this time. The owner of the voice placed a hand, slightly trembling, on his arm.

"Yes, Palmer."

"I wish it were light to see your face; but I recognise that voice." Fingers were busy undoing the string that bound his hands; and then the blind was taken off his eyes.

Palmer looked around him.

"Where are your men?" he asked.

"There's only me." La Poupée's voice.

"James, you rascal!"

"Not James-I mean, Mr. Buck, but-"

" Joan ? "

It was Joan.

Palmer leaped to his feet and held her hand. Joan laughed, happily. Palmer complimented her on the clever way she had captured him, and Joan explained what a fright she had been in, and it was a sudden inspiration to pretend that an enemy was in the wood.

"But how did you get here?" asked Palmer. Then, feeling her tremble, he added: "You are frightfully cold; so am I. Let us

get to the Retreat and light a fire. Is Lefebre here?"

Joan did not know; and as they walked to the Retreat told Palmer the terrible news of the sack of Sancy and her escape in an aeroplane.

"The officer," said she, "wanted to take me to the British lines, but I could not leave La Poupée behind, and remembering that you and Lefebre inhabited these woods, I persuaded him to set me down. I have been wandering about for hours, finding nobody, till you turned up."

"Ha! You've never been to our Retreat. Here it is."

There was no one in the caves, but a smouldering fire was a sign that the Tireurs, or some of them, had been in the caves the previous evening.

Palmer threw some wood on the fire.

"Sit down," he said to Joan, "here, close to the fire. Now for the kettle and some tea."

He knew exactly where to find what he required, and soon the kettle was on the fire.

"How comfortable you all are here," remarked Joan, warming her hands over the fire.

"Quite; and safe. But I'm resigning the Tireurs."

He saw her smile.

"You said something about being an officer," she said.

"Yes, I've been granted a commission."

She longed to ask him about the fighting at Ypres, but that would introduce Ninette. She was not in the humour to talk about Ninette just now.

Joan was slightly jealous.

But Palmer, in the course of their conversation, told her, without questioning, of the big battle at Ypres, forgetting, however, to mention the part he had played, and his wounds; and Joan, in turn, gave fuller details of the sack of Sancy, omitting, however, to mention Ninette's treachery.

And while they talked, they warmed themselves at the fire. Once their hands met, and both laughed. Joan felt hot at the touch.

Palmer noticed nothing; he was happy.

He made tea, and produced from the store some biscuits and cheese; and when they had eaten, Palmer made Joan a bed quite close to the fire.

"It will be morning presently," he said. "I'll wake you when it is time to set out for Sancy."

Joan obeyed.

Palmer came and sat close to the fire and taking out of his pocket his father's letter, opened and read it. It was not a long epistle. Mr. Palmer, senior, was not quite sure if his son would ever receive his letter, so wrote guardedly. He mentioned, however, it was by mere chance he had heard that Dick had left college and had gone to France. Mr. Palmer did not regret the step his son had taken—approved of it, in fact. "After the war," he concluded, "come straight home. I've met with a stroke of luck and have more money than I know what to do with."

Dick's eyes wandered to where Joan was sleeping.

He wondered if she loved Buck.

Joan smiled in her sleep. Was that an answer to his thoughts? Well, if Joan loved Buck, and Buck in turn loved Joan—

Curiously the thought struck him, would Joan sleep so peacefully if she were alone with some other man—Rosenberg for instance?

"It shows, at any rate, that she trusts me," he said to himself.

He was pleased to think so.

Joan, even in her masculine attire, her hair cropped short, looked beautiful. But she was more than beautiful—brave: there lay the magnet that had drawn Palmer to love her. Palmer had not heard of the sacrifice she had been willing to make: of selling herself to Rosenberg to save his life, but he knew of the work she had been doing among wounded and sick Belgians; and now—had she not refused the offer of the airman to take her to the British lines and braved the lone wood; ran the risk of being made prisoner by the Germans—in order to protect the child of her cousin?

Joan moved in her sleep.

Palmer went into one of the other caves and returned with more wrappings and gently covered Joan with them.

Joan opened her eyes and smiled.

"Sleep," Palmer told her. "I'm only adding another wrap to your covering."

"And reducing the number of your own blankets."

Palmer satisfied her on that point: "There's more where I brought this one from," he told her.

"But you've not slept," she sat up and looked at him. "Let me keep watch; I'm a nurse, used to keeping up at nights."

Palmer put a hand on her shoulder.

"There is no danger," he assured her. "It is not necessary for either of us to keep watch. I've been reading a letter from my father in India."

"Must be a very long epistle," laughed Joan as she lay back on her rough couch. "It is very cold. How the men in the trenches must be suffering."

She closed her eyes but did not go to sleep just yet. Her thoughts went out to the soldiers in the trenches, and she longed to be able to do something for them.

Palmer stretched himself on the ground a little way from Joan, and was soon sound asleep.

Joan was the first to awake. She got up with a start and wrapping a blanket around her, went out of the cave. It was just beginning to get light.

Joan went back to Palmer.

"Get up," she cried; and as Palmer did not move for a few seconds, Joan knelt on the ground and gazed longingly at the face of the man she loved. That steadfast gaze and those impassioned thoughts had a greater effect on Palmer than her loud cry of "get up." Palmer opened his eyes. A conscious blush spread over Joan's cheeks.

"I've been trying to wake you," she said, lamely.

"And have succeeded," Palmer laughed. "I heard your voice; you were saying something."

He sat up.

"I merely said: "Get up," Joan told him.

"I can't remember what it was," he said, trying to think.

"Never mind. I've been outside and can see a little way into the woods. It must be late, and La Poupée—"

"We'll go to her at once, as soon as I've made some tea; it won't

take long."

Palmer placed a kettle of water on the fire.

"I hope La Poupée is quite safe," said Joan, munching a biscuit.

"Oh, quite; at least it must be so. Buck, you told me, went straight to her from Rosenberg's."

"I told him to. I hope he got there."

"Leave Buck to dodge the Germans. He's a wonderful fellow; good at most things. I've missed him very much. I must try and get him a commission in the Army also."

"Yes, please do. It is more honourable-"

Palmer held up his hand.

"I don't quite agree with you. There is nothing dishonourable in being a Franc Tireur."

"I'm sorry if I offended you."

Palmer noticed that Joan looked pained.

"'Pon my word," he exclaimed with a laugh, "there is nothing to be sorry about; all can't hold the same opinions. What a world this would be if we could never find anything to disagree about? Married life would be altogether sloppy."

Joan smiled.

"I disagree with you there," she said.

"About what? The sloppiness of married life?" asked Palmer, as he poured out the tea. "You just try it. One of you would always have to be lying. For instance, if you desired an expensive hat and your husband knew he could not afford to get it for you—"

"I wouldn't ask him for it," Joan said with a toss of her head.

"But let us get on to Sancy-"

"I'm ready."

Smoke still hung over the southern portion of the village and Palmer now kne v that it was not mist he had seen on his way to the wood. None of the buildings in the neighbourhood of the Church had been burnt, but there were great black patches of blood on one wall of the Church, and on the ground. Palmer noticed this and hurried Joan on to her house.

Joan uttered a cry of dismay. The Huns had been there.

She swayed towards Palmer: somehow she dropped into his arms. Then he felt her bosom heaving; he knew she was weeping. Gently he lifted the white face off his shoulder. He could not help it: he kissed her. Joan's lips were cold; she did not respond, but escaping, moved a little distance from him.

"I'm sorry for my behaviour," she said. "I hardly knew what

I was doing."

Then Palmer recognised what a coward he had been; he had taken a mean advantage of the girl's helplessness—he was hardly better

than Rosenberg.

Yet he was not altogether sorry; would do the thing again if he got the chance. In truth, how could he be altogether sorry? The sensation had been pleasant and Joan had fitted into his arms like one's hand fits into a glove; and he had kissed her lips.

But this pleasure had been stolen.

"I'm also sorry-" he was saying when Joan held up a hand.

"I quite understand," she told him. "It was out of pity."

Joan thought that Palmer had been taken by surprise, and was now angry because he had, apparently, been unfaithful to Ninette.

Palmer was about to convince her of his meanness when she turned, and passed from room to room, searching, calling, but finding nothing, hearing no voice—La Poupée was not there. Neither was Buck nor the old woman.

Palmer pointed out that it was possible Buck had got away with

the child before the Germans had arrived.

"True," answered Joan. "Let us go to the schoolmaster, over the way."

She talked almost cheerfully as they went along, making a great

effort to kill the awful restless agony in her heart.

The schoolmaster knew nothing. His house had been spared; but could give no reason beyond that the Germans had been called away suddenly. He had seen them; yes, he noticed they were rushing towards Joan's house, at about ten o'clock that night.

Ten o'clock. Buck had had time to get to La Poupée; that

knowledge gave Joan some little comfort.

"Remain here; I'll take you to my wife," went on the schoolmaster. "It is possible the girl and Mr. Buck have found shelter in some house. I'll make a search for them in the village."

Joan wanted to go with the schoolmaster, but he explained that some Germans were still in the village.

"I'll come with you," said Palmer. The old man looked at him. Then"You are in the uniform of a British officer; you had better change--"

"I'll go as I am," replied Palmer.

The schoolmaster shrugged his shoulders, and bowing to Joan, led the way to his wife's room.

When he returned, he introduced himself to Palmer.

"My name is La Billois," he said. "I'm French; I teach French and English in this Belgian school. Not German, no. My father kept a slice of bread—hard as a rock—under a glass case. That crust is still with me under a glass case. My father had it with him in Parisduring the siege. He kept it to remind him that we owe Germany one. We are going to give it, now."

"We will," answered Palmer dreamily. He was at the moment not interested in the historical piece of bread. "Where are you

taking me?"

"To the convent, first; we might get some news there. On the way I'll show you some sights. I saw them last night. When you go back to the Army, tell them of this day."

"There are Germans, you say, in the village?"

"None; I lied to save the good lady horrible sights. She would have seen such horrors. Oh! some of the villains were paid out last night. I was told about it; some Franc Tireurs—"

"Were they here?"

"Ah, yes, Lefebre and some others. The hotel keeper, where the Major was staying, told me. The officers were drinking in the wine cellar. The Tireurs wiped them out."

" All ? "

"No, Rosenberg escaped."
"Satan protects his own—"

"What for? To pile on crime?"

Billois looked up at a house he was passing, and turning to Palmer, asked: "Would you like to go in there? They have not removed the bodies as yet; people are hunting for some official to give orders. I'm afraid I'm the only one of any importance left. They'll come to

me, presently."

He opened the gate. They walked into the compound and then the house. In the hall, close to a piano, were lying a woman and three children, two of them girls—the elder hardly fifteen. All except the boy, were nude. They were lying in a bloody puddle. The woman had her breast and right arm cut off; both girls had their throats cut, and the elder, in addition, her right foot. The boy had a bullet wound in the head.

"These," said Billois, "were a respectable family. The

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

husband of Madame is with the colours; you are not looking. Don't turn your eyes away. It is not wrong to look on these poor womenthey'll feel no shame now-look, man-look," he cried, his voice almost fierce, "for I want you to take a true report to the avenging armies. There, now you see. They were killed, mutilated and-"

"Don't tell me; it is horrible. I can see what has been done."

"Then let us pass on."

"No more, please."

"Yes, more. Before you leave, look at the piano; see the blood stains on the keys? The German murderers actually spent the night playing the piano near the corpses."

As they went along, the schoolmaster stopped at several houses,

but Palmer refused to enter.

"I've seen enough," he assured him. "And when I tell what I've seen, the whole civilized world will cry shame against Germany."

"Is that enough? Blood cries for blood. Wait, Germany's day will come. You have seen enough? Come in there-and there. The good God! Are those men? In there, a German soldier for three hours tortured a child of three years: that child is in hospital—dying. You won't enter—then the convent," and he laughed hysterically. "You will surely enter there."

Palmer caught him by the arm.

"You don't mean to say-"

"Here we are," interrupted Billois. "Enter, Sir."

Billois had rung the bell; the door flew open. They stepped into the compound. Up the walk came an aged woman.

"There is no one here, now," said she. "The nuns-"

Billois signed to her.

"We want to see them," he said.

"Come this way, Sirs," said the woman.

"How many nuns live here?" asked Palmer.

"Two," answered Billois.

"And here they are," said the woman.

Palmer started back in horror.

Both were dead; murdered, according to the woman, after being

shamefully treated.

Horrified, Palmer rushed from the house. Billois followed him. Palmer felt dazed. He could hardly believe that men, professing Christianity, could be capable of such crimes. What, he thought, if the German arms prevailed? The fate of the conquered would be terrible.

Billois touched him on the shoulder.

"Not used to such sights, eh? Do you wonder that many of

our people have gone mad? Some went mad last night. But come, we must find La Poupée."

For two hours they searched; Billois going into the houses alone

while Palmer waited outside.

"She is not here," said Billois when they had gone through the village. "I wouldn't be surprised if the Tireurs had found her."

Palmer hoped they had.

On their way back to the school-house, Billois said :

"I hope the Tireurs will take away nurse Joan."

"Why, for her safety?"

"Yes, and ours. It was she, and another woman, who brought the Germans on us."

"What do you mean?" demanded Palmer.

"One of the Tireurs told me. Major Rosenberg loves Joan, and to capture her, visited the village. Of course, Joan is innocent; but that other one, out of jealousy or spite, I do not know which, treacherously brought the Germans here. She came to Joan as a friendand went back and told Rosenberg that Joan was still in this village. The Tireur told me these things."

"And who is that other woman?"

" Ninette."

When they returned to the school-house, they were told that Joan had gone back to her house.

Palmer went immediately to find her.

"Joan! Miss Carew!" he called aloud when he came to the house; but there was no answer. He searched. In the back verandah there was something lying on the ground in a pool of blood. A sheet covered the figure.

What was it? Who was it?

A great effort, and Palmer was standing over the body. Then he knelt and lifted the sheet.

It was Ninette-cold, stiff, dead.

With trembling hand Palmer pulled the sheet a little off the body. There was a deep wound in the region of the heart. Ninette had been murdered; but by whom?

And where was Joan? Had she come to her house, found this ghastly evidence of a fearful crime—and fled—where?

An object in Ninette's hand attracted Palmer's attention.

He stooped to examine it.

A brooch.

Palmer dropped the hand and staggered away.

The brooch was Joan's. He had seen it on her morning that. The schoolmaster's words occurred to Palmer as he leaned against

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

the wall of the verandah, almost panting for breath. The schoolmaster had said Ninette had betrayed Joan to Rosenberg; could it be that Joan—

"No—no," cried Palmer, beating the air with his hands to drive away the thoughts suggested by the schoolmaster's conversation. And then he fled out of the house, away into the fields, stumbling blindly, scrambling out of snow-filled ditches—going on—on—

Then he fell unconscious to the ground.

(To be continued.)

J. H. WILLMET:

Lucknow.

THE MONTH.

APRIL began auspiciously enough for German submarines. Their greatest achievement was the sinking of the The War. mail boat to West Africa, and for sometime they sank on an average one vessel a day-"only one" said a few optimistic writers in England. It is not easy to build one ship a day, and if that rate had continued for a long time, the loss could not have been treated as negligible. For some reason or other the activity of the submarines was not uniform and persistent: it is believed by some that a difference of opinion arose between the German Chancellor and the Admiralty, and contrary orders were being issued to the navy. The Chancellor was perhaps alarmed by the international complications which the submarines were creating by sinking neutral vessels. The United States, the Scandinavian Powers, Holland and Greece had all to complain. Compared with the loss caused to England and its effect upon the war, the demands made by the neutral sufferers were perhaps much too embarrassing, and possibly the difference of opinion between the Kaiser's ministers was a fact. Rumour indeed asserted that the relations between the Kaiser and the Crown Prince too were not cordial, as the latter had not always carried out his task with satisfaction on the Western front. The French scored some important successes, though the strategic value of the places secured by them remains to be demonstrated by future advances. But it seems certain that instead of the Germans making a rush towards Paris from St. Mihiel, the latter position is itself threatened. Yet it is remarkable that while Russia is keeping so much of the attention of the enemy engaged in the East by her vigorous action in the Carpathians, the progress of the Allies in the West is apparently such as not to cause alarm to Germany as yet. Both the allied Generals have spoken of their readiness to "pound" the enemy, but they complain of deficiency

of munitions. In England the unwillingness of some of the workmen to work for the necessary length of time caused some disappointment to His Majesty's ministers, but at present it seems doubtful in the opinion of many if the British democracy will have to adopt the German policy of conscription and compulsion. The supply of men and munitions that Russia can command has probably exceeded the expectations that were formed in many quarters in the beginning of the war. If the present war is to be the last in the history of Europe, as Lord Haldane appears to have assured an American interviewer, the ambitions of more than one great Power will have to be satisfied. England and France are earnestly helping Russia to realise hers in south-eastern Europe. England has already made rather large sacrifices in that quarter: in addition to the three battleships lost in March, a submarine was lost last month. Whether the forts damaged by the bombardment have been repaired or not, the Allies succeeded in the last week of the month in landing troops at Gallipoli. The repulse of the Turks by Indian troops up to a distance of a hundred miles from Basrah was an event of special interest to us in India. These events, however, do not make the reader's blood flow much quicker as they would have done at the beginning of the war, for one cannot form anything like a definite conception of the final outcome of the war. Though Mr. Asquith declared in March that the talk of peace was premature, people do talk of peace in England, and communications appear to have passed between the Colonies and the Mother Country on the participation of the former in settling the terms. President Wilson's services have not been formally asked, but he has informally heard proposals. As Germany is said to disclaim territorial ambition in Europe, the Allies must not only drive the enemy from France and Belgium, which will, anyhow, be evacuated when other terms of the peace are satisfactorily settled, but the "pounding" must be done on German soil; and that will take a rather long time. On the other hand, experts predicted a famine in Germany after May, and we are in the beginning of that month now. So much importance is attached to the Russian advance in the Carpathians that the Kaiser is said to have gone there to assume the command in person. More than anything else he must now be thinking how to secure the best terms of peace possible.

Suffering generally makes men querulous and paralyses the faculty of calm reasoning and dispassionate judgment. In Europe, a few Russians, when their Indians at army had some serious reverses, complained that the Front. Great Britain was not putting forth all her strength: and a few Frenchmen also were at one time in a similar mood. The Belgians who had been rendered homeless, and who have suffered most in the war, may well be excused for their proneness to blame others for their misfortunes. Perhaps many a Briton also feels inclined to find fault with France for not being better prepared for the war. However, all such querulousness serves no good purpose, and inasmuch as it may embitter friendly relations. responsible statesmen in each country have hastened to deprecate and disown the criticism and assured the world of their high appreciation of the services of their friends. We are sorry to hear that reports about avoidable hardships suffered by Indian troops at the front have been spread in this country and that they may possibly have some effect upon recruiting. No one is better entitled to contradict them than His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior from whom we have much pleasure in publishing the following weighty communication:-

"There is reason to think that in parts of the Punjab and elsewhere, rumours are rife that the arrangements made for the feeding and clothing, &c., of the Indian troops at the front are far from satisfactory. Such rumours, if left uncontradicted, are likely not only to have a prejudicial effect on recruiting, but to do further harm to the cause of the Empire. It seems necessary, therefore, for everybody frankly to state what he knows and

believes about the matter.

"Authentic accounts have already appeared in the papers from time to time, which should satisfy anyone that the military authorities have done everything in their power for the comfort of the Indian troops. Our beloved Sovereign His Majesty King George V, during his visit to France, personally inspected these arrangements and expressed satisfaction with them. His Majesty, I am assured, moved about the field of battle, scrutinising the way the requirements of the Indian soldiers were supplied, making personal enquiries of the men themselves and satisfying himself that they were properly looked after. This practical proof of His Majesty's boundless sympathy filled the men's hearts with

gratitude and created an unprecedented wave of loyalty and enthusiasm, judging by the accounts of the 'Royal Visit' published

in the papers at the time.

"We all have at our disposal, if we will avail ourselves of them, ample means for verifying how well the Indian soldiers are looked after, and we none of us ought to lose any opportunity of acquiring reliable information on the subject. Whenever the opportunity has presented itself, I have met and conversed with officers and men who have returned to India and have invariably received from them most re-assuring reports of the treatment accorded to them throughout their stay at the front. Only the other day, the hospital ship 'Loyalty' arrived in Bombay from Egypt with more than 300 wounded and sick officers and men on board. I had hurried to Bombay on purpose to meet the ship. The 'Loyalty' arrived in the docks at 10 a.m. on 27th March, and I conversed for nearly an hour and a half with the Indian soldiers returning from France and Egypt and made minute enquiries on every point of interest. I am in a position to state that the reports of the men proved beyond a shadow of doubt that on the field of battle European and Indian troops are employed on a footing of perfect equality and there is absolutely no foundation for any rumours about unequal treatment that may have been set afloat.

"It is, of course, a matter of common knowledge that in the present war in France, the troops engaged in battles have had The invalided Indian soldiers related to live in trenches. that on occasions they had to remain in the trenches for a whole fortnight at a stretch, but had nothing to complain of as regards the supply of food and other necessaries of life. It was true that at first when they landed in France, they were supplied with the biscuits usually supplied to all the troops in times of war, but as soon as the Indians brought to the notice of their Commanding Officers that they could not subsist on these biscuits, arrangements for the supply of proper food were made. There has been no occasion for complaint since. In the battle-field, the Indian, English and French troops fight shoulder to shoulder. The report that the Indian soldiers are placed in front of the English is an absolute lie. It is amazing to find that in spite of the excellence of the arrangements and of the care taken of the Indian troops and of the sympathy of the British officers and His Majesty the King himself, such absurd rumours should be set afloat. The Indian soldiers have always been distinguished for their courage and endurance of privations, and they know how to put up with the hardships inseparable from active service. It goes without saying that in war everyone, from the highest officer to the ordinary soldier, has to suffer discomforts and hardships. There would be no difference between war time and peace time if that were not so. The camp of Field-Marshal Sir John French himself, who is in supreme command of the whole British Army, was recently visited by a newspaper correspondent, who found the furniture of the tent to consist solely of one or two tables littered with maps and one chair. It is to this Field-Marshal's staff that H. R. H. The Prince of Wales is attached as A.D.C. and is discharging the duties of that position. Some of my brother Chiefs are also serving in the same capacity. Everybody is aware that hardships and physical suffering are inevitable in war. In olden times in our own country, the soldiers had to pass through unspeakable sufferings when engaged in war. In modern times many facilities, such as the railway and motor, have come into existence for the quick transport of supplies, but in former times, when no such facilities existed, the question of carrying supplies to an army was beset with insurmountable difficulties, a fact of which ample evidence is to be found in the chronicles. In the hard-fought battles of Panipat, the gallant Maratha soldiery had to go without food and drink for days together. In the battle of Arcot, which took place with Tippoo Sultan, the Indian sepoys satisfied their hunger with the gruel of the rice cooked by themselves and gave the rice itself to their officers. Episodes and predicaments like these are not rare. All that any Government can do is to save the troops from all those hardships which can be prevented by dint of money, painstaking care, and perfect organisation. The British Government too have spared no sacrifice to keep their troops in comfort and immune from avoidable hardships. On the confidence and contentment of these troops depends the issue of the war, and it does not admit of the slightest doubt that Government regard them as dear as life itself and are keeping them happy and comfortable. The public must beware of believing in false rumours lest the loyalty and bravery of the Indian soldiers, which are the admiration of world to-day, suffer any diminution. We hope and pray to

Heaven that the people of India may never give credence to such reports as may create difficulties in recruiting and reduce the chances of securing recruits in any number.

Is it possible that when in other parts of the British Empire, such as Canada, Australia, &c., people are giving up all thought of personal safety and comfort and are freely and enthusiastically coming forward to join the army to fight for their Sovereign, our Indian brethren will keep back from any selfish or mercenary considerations? We trust that this shall never happen. It is the bounden duty of every Indian to get himself enlisted at the first opportunity, remembering that life and death are in the hands of God."

分分分分

In England, where controversial public questions are decided by an appeal to public opinion, and those who would Controversial take part in discussions both in and out of Parliament are either in the fighting line or are absorbed Questions. in some kind of activity connected with the war, the postponement of all such questions is a necessity. In India it seems to be more a matter of sentiment than of necessity, unless the thoughts of the high officers, both in the Imperial and in the Provincial Governments, are so much occupied with the war that they cannot pay adequate attention to controversial questions of internal government. The opponents of the proposal to provide an Executive Council to the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces took advantage of the war to suspend the proclamation which would have given effect to the scheme. Though the House of Lords does not appear to have defeated the scheme altogether, but succeeded only in securing its postponement because it was a controversial question, it is probable, when the question is taken up after the war, that the House will oppose the present scheme. H. E. The Viceroy spoke strongly on the subject in the Legislative Council and public meetings have forwarded protests against the action of the Lords. The creation of Council Governments is no doubt a matter of controversy among officials. and technically it may fall under the rule of deferring the consideration of debatable questions; but the connection between such questions and the war is so very remote that the advice of the Lords was scarcely a matter of practical necessity. In the end it is impossible that the United Provinces should be without a

Council or that any province under a Governor or a Lieutenant-Governor should revert to a Chief-Commissionership. Whatever individual civilians may think of the kind of government most suited to an oriental country, the British Government has in the past taught us that a Governor is a higher official than a Lieutenant-Governor, who again is higher than a Chief Commissioner. and as progress always means a movement from a lower to a higher plane, the tendency, as years roll on, will be for the public of every backward province to insist upon falling into line with the more advanced provinces. If it is made a rule that every Chief Commissioner shall be an Indian-and no one expects that big step in self-government in our generation—the movement towards the higher forms of government may possibly be temporarily arrested. But otherwise, the political theory concerning the relative importance of the different forms of government is so firmly established that a reversion from it is practically impossible, and instead of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces being denied a Council, the probability is that that Ruler may develop into a Governor and will necessarily have a Council. The attainment of uniformity in the forms of government set up in different parts of India is only a question of time. All the forces at work in India under the British Government tend to bring about unity and uniformity, and the tendency cannot be resisted. The "practical" man must in the end submit to idealism.

Early in the session which followed the war, the Government announced that the Bill for the Protection of Minors would be deferred, because it was controversial. Later on, when an honourable member from Madras pressed for an enquiry why the vernaculars should not be used as the media of instruction in the High Schools. English being studied as a second language, the Government undertook to consult the Local Governments, but the subject would be considered after the war. Except that the minds of those who would be responsible for the decision are occupied by the war and the maintenance of internal peace, a discussion of a purely educational question—and most educational questions are controversial-can in no way interfere with the duties of the Government or of the people in connection with the war. These questions are indeed not urgent, and we have no fault to find with the postponement of their consideration. We merely record the indirect effects of the war, without intending to

be critical. As regards the educational question, its scope appears to have been misappreciated by a majority of the debators in the Council. As Sir Harcourt Butler explained, it had often been raised, but it involved no change of policy regarding the spread of English education, but only a question of economy of brain power in the acquisition of knowledge, the kind of knowledge acquired remaining the same. As such, it is a question for educational experts, and even they cannot dogmatise without experiment and experience. The statesmen, who quote despatches and political history, can make nothing of it.

矿矿矿矿

NOTWITHSTANDING the belief that emissaries from Germany and Turkey have tried to stir up trouble not only in Africa, but among the Musalmans of India and Afghanistan, it is doubtful whether any hostile Peace. movement or outbreak of lawlessness can be traced to their influence in this country or on the frontiers. A rather serious rising of the Mohmands had to be quelled last month; it might have been encouraged by reports about the absence of troops abroad, and the numbers that took part in the rising may lend colour to the supposition; but no connection seems to have been traced between the unrest among these tribes and the preachings of foreign emissaries. None has been publicly announced. If lawlessness is on the increase in parts of the Punjab, so it is in parts of Bengal. It may require some explanation; the recrudescence of crime when the blessings of peace ought to be more and more appreciated does generally cause surprise and demands an investigation into its mysterious causes. It is not more surprising in the Punjab than in Bengal. The appeals addressed by great officials to the leaders of Indian opinion have not elicited any facts capable of verification. present the hidden movements in certain strata of society appear to be as mysterious as the subterranean activities of the earth. and no one knows the laws which govern them. The permanent settlement of land revenue which, according to certain political thinkers, must diffuse prosperity and happiness among the peasantry, seems only to place temptation in the way of dacoits in Bengal by accumulations of wealth, instead of spreading contentment. As for frontier tribes, the turbulence of a few Kachins on the eastern frontier is evidently unconnected with the war, and that of the tribes at the other end of India may be equally unconnected with it.

央央央央

FROM the reference made by H. E. the Viceroy to his term of office at the last convocation of the Calcutta Lord Hardinge's university, it may be inferred that nothing has been Term of decided about its extension. Elsewhere he once Office. remarked that the decision is not in his hands: presumably, therefore, he is personally not unwilling to remain in India longer than the usual period, and public meetings and political associations have prayed for His Excellency's retention here for at least one year after the war. The Secretary of State must have noticed the general expression of this desire in India months ago. The failure to announce any decision is probably due to the expected superior value of His Excellency's services in some other part of the world from the imperial standpoint. At present the war appears to be the main reason of the delay in coming to any decision. If the people of India should have any voice in influencing it, His Majesty's Government can arrive at only one conclusion.

央央央央

THOSE who believe that evil in the world ultimately results in good, expect some substantial benefit to accrue Temperance. from the European war. The suppression of militarism, if achieved, may be a great blessing. For the present one notable moral reform has resulted from the war. Russia was first to recognise the evil of intemperance in a time of war, and the Tsar's temperance decree, which cost a huge revenue to the empire, marks an epoch in the history of moral reform. England has followed suit, on a voluntary basis to begin with. His Majesty has himself graciously set the example, and we are told that the result of the movement has been very satisfactory on recruitment and the output of munitions. If facilities for drinking are discouraged in England, the same policy must be followed in India. In England, patriotism in a period of national danger has given an impetus to the reformand minimised the chances of popular resistance. In India that motive may be wanting, but temperance reformers assert that several modifications in the excise administration of the country are possible without risk of popular resistance and popular attempts to defeat

the Government's policy. Though the war may not compel the reform in India, we may be sure that the example of other countries will have some effect on the Abkari administration of this country.

负负负负

THE piquant verses, Too Late, published in this issue, will be read with melancholy interest, for their The Late Mr. author, Mr. H. G. Keene, is dead at the patri-H. G. Keene. archal age of 90. Mr. Keene befriended East & West from its commencement, and wrote many charming articles and verses on various subjects, and it is sad to reflect that we shall have no more from that versatile pen. The series of able articles he contributed to this Review on "English Classics" (the concluding portion of which appeared only in our last number) showed that this famous historian had lost none of that grace and historical acumen which made his earlier works, such as The History of India and The Fall of the Mughal Empire so deservedly popular. Though Mr. Keene might be said to have belonged to a generation that is now wellnigh forgotten-for he retired as long ago as 1882-he never degenerated into an "old fossil." There was the warmth of youth in all his writings. He remained wonderfully active to the last and, though deprived of his eyesight continued to labour for the welfare of England and India till the end.

免免免费

We have received a copy of Mr. Roby Datta's English rendering of Kalidasa's famous drama Sakuntala.

Some Recent Competent opinion has pronounced it to be superior to the versions of Jones and Monier Williams, and if English can ever bring out the beauties and suggest the associations of Sanskrit, Mr. Datta, with his masery of the foreign language coupled with his in-born appreciation of the classical language of his native land, has given us an admirable substitute for the Indian dramatist's production.

MR. T. A. GOPINATHA RAO'S Elements of Hindu Iconography promises to be a work of classic value. To the Hindu iconography is not necessarily art. The freedom of the artist is restrained by religious considerations, and the explanations given by the Travancore archæologist in accordance with

Sanskrit authorities will help the modern critic in understanding the canons which the Indian artist was bound to respect. We can no more criticise the Indian epics from the standpoint of Western poetry than we can judge Hindu images by the canons of Western art.

- Mr. J. D. Shroff's little book on the *Holy Fire* is an interesting and learned attempt to explain the esoteric meaning of the worship of that element, than which nothing can be a fitter symbol of the power, purity, and effulgence of the Almighty.
- Mr. N. H. Pandia's lucid and ably written little treatise on the Law of Castes will be found exceedingly useful at a time when caste disputes frequently lead to litigation.

EAST & WEST.

VOL. XIV. .

August, 1915.

No. 166.

THE CRITICAL FACULTY IN INDIA.

N one sense (the popular sense of fault-finding) none of our mental capacities is more highly developed than that of criticism. The popular confusion of criticism with fault-finding has cast some discredit upon the professional critic's trade. We are apt to forget that we must needs always be criticising, estimating ourselves and our neighbours-and more often our neighbours than ourselves. Note that our estimates are commonly matters, of comparison either of one object or one person with another, or with some supposititious standard of ethics, or intelligence, or taste. Since critics can rarely hope to please their victims, save when they abandon their true vocation and lapse weakly into mere eulogy, critics are themselves the subject of criticism, not to say obloquy. You remember what d'Alembert said of critics: "Most critics by profession possess an advantage of which they are not themselves aware, but by which they profit as if they recognised its full extent. That is the oblivion to which their decisions are subject, and the liberty which this speedy oblivion permits them of approving to-day what they blamed yesterday." It is permissible to guess that the writer of that judgment was smarting when he penned his epigram. It does not follow that the verdict which aroused his indignation was unjust. Indeed, d'Alembert himself was aware that his condemnation of the critic's function was too sweeping, for he says elsewhere that "if a criticism is just and tactfully expressed, you must accept it thankfully and with deference. If it is just but harsh, deference is still your duty, but not gratitude. If it is both harsh and unjust, silence and forgetfulness are the only remedy."

Se Yet few writers will really enjoy an honest criticism, since few titers accomplish the masterpieces which are the sole rightful bjects for the eulogies which human vanity desires. Hence men of letters have often regarded critics as mere parasites of their profession, noxious plants that suck the juice of true invention and genius, and turn it to mere malice and envy. Yet, a more just view of the critic's trade (if it be conscientiously practised) is that it is one of the most difficult and salutary branches of literature. It requires learning, since, as we have just said, it presupposes comparison. It requires the gift of style, since only by this means shall the critic avoid giving greater pain than the occasion demands. It needs taste, which is to the critic what genius and inspiration are to the poet. And all these things imply a serious and intelligent preparation. He is a poor critic who merely asserts preference, as who should say, without giving valid reasons, that he prefers curry and rice to roast mutton. A statement of merely personal preference is of little interest or value. A sincere and careful estimate of literary work, on the other hand, is of real importance. Literature advances by much the same means as science; namely, by continual experiments, unceasing improvements in the art of expressing thought and emotion in written words. It is the trained critic who has the leisure and capacity to tell us when real improvement has been effected. In an age of excessive literary production he is our guide to masterpieces. He may occasionally lead us astray. But, as a rule, he is as useful in the city of letters, now a tangled mass of streets and alleys, as the cicerone or the topographical handbook. He has experience and learning denied to common people, denied even to the artists whom he criticises. It was not without reason that Condillac said that "experience shows that good critics come into being long after good philosophers." It might even be argued that critics are the fine flower of civilisation, or, to put it in another way, that the French, admittedly the best critics of modern times, have the most civilised literature.

All this may seem rather commonplace to those who are familiar with the development of Western literature. Criticism of literary and dramatic productions is a recognised part of current journalism, and India, which has borrowed Western habits of publicity and the daily craving for published news, has borrowed also the custom of printing a more or less efficient account of

literary and dramatic work. But may a well-wisher of India suggest that really efficient criticism is not so common as it might be, and that its absence is a real loss to contemporary literature in India? It is a subject to be approached with care, especially by one whom long absence from India has prevented from having much firsthand acquaintance with Indian journalism at the present time. But I see many books in at least one Indian vernacular. On the covers of these are often printed extracts from reviews. Some of these reviews make one doubt whether the fine art of criticism is taken seriously in India. Appreciation of merit is good. But praise should not be extravagant, or it defeats its own purpose. May I quote one example which seems to me to go beyond the limits of honest laudation of good work? I make the citation diffidently. One never knows when a masterpiece may make its appearance. Still, even a masterpiece is most effectively praised in measured language.

Here is the extract in question:

"We have gone through the pages of this work with intense delight, and found to our great pleasure that almost every piece is full of genuine poetical beauties. Felicitous diction, chaste and resonant style, rhythmical melody, sublime sentiments, high imagination, and tender pathos pervade every piece of this delicious poetical work. The author soars high, and gives to his readers the thoughts and suggestions which tend to elevate his readers to a region which is serene, sublime, and eternally beautiful."

It must be admitted that the writer of this appreciation has a considerable command of English vocabulary. But would he have written with such wealth of flattering epithets in his own language? Does not the reader feel a suspicion that the critic is akin to Mr. Puff of immortal memory? Does his probably quite honest praise give us a just idea of the collection of poems he sets out to describe? Is his eulogy a workmanlike and creditable piece of critical acumen? Most readers will agree in thinking that it errs on the side of good-natured flattery. And I appeal to my Indian friends to say whether such complaisance is not too common.

It is probable that Indian literature has reached a stage of development at which sound and sensible criticism is peculiarly necessary. In any case, it can do no one any harm to suppose that criticism is a branch of literary industry which is neglected in India. Perhaps there are other branches which call for a word of support and advocacy. There have been those, for example, who have asserted that humour might be more carefully and fruitfully cultivated. But those who know India best, know that Indian minds have a keen sense of the humorous, and that the common assertion that laughter is rarely heard in Indian streets and fields is a libel. No doubt the humour of India is of a special type, suited to the climate and the surroundings. But it exists. For what is humour? It has been said that the difference between wit and humour is precisely the difference between an enjoyment of the foibles of other people and the amused sense of our own weaknesses. Anyone who has dabbled in the modern literature of India knows that it contains plenty of true humour such as Charles Lamb himself would have recognised as of the first and purest quality. Its existence may well encourage us in pressing the claims of an improved and more vigorous criticism, for humour is one of the most essential weapons of the critic. He must feel and enjoy his own failings if he is to deal gently yet firmly with the weaknesses of his victims. He must be able to write with a smile on his lips. He must not take an exaggerated view of the importance of any mundane affairs, even of politics, nay, even of literature, though that is his chosen occupation.

Firstly, he must, I suppose, form some general idea of the value of literature to the community to which he belongs. And here we in India, whatever our complexion, are handicapped; for we are all more or less bilingual, and deal with at least two conventions of literary expression. There are few of us indeed who, like Sir. Rabindranath Tagore, or the late revered Behramji Malabari, can write equally well in English and in one or more Indian languages. I have already hinted that the criticism I have quoted owed some of its patent defects to the fact that its writer had a greater command of English vocabulary than of English idiom. Like the schoolboy with a new paint-box, he used colours too crude, and applied them too thickly. He had not acquired the art of combining neutral tints, had not learnt that it is only by contrast that the skilful draughtsman prepares his high lights. But let us leave English out of the question. How can the conscientious critic help the growth of the great modern literatures of India? How can he secure for them due recognition? We do not all read Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese. Yet we all know that these languages possess vigorously growing literatures. How is it that, even in India, little is known of the modern Indian literatures? Is it because they have not attained to a European level of accomplishment? Or is it because, like forgotten or ignored heroes, they lack a sacred, a competent

eulogist?

It happens that several meritorious histories of Indian literatures have been published of late in English and other languages. It cannot be claimed for them that they have done much to establish the fame or spread the reputation of the works they describe. To only one quality do they effectively testify, to the industry combined with the inventiveness of Indian authors. These histories, in fact, are little better than glorified catalogues. So far as they are chronological in arrangement, they have a certain historical value. But what is missing is the critical faculty, the power of just comparison, a sense of evidence. The literary historian, if he is to do justice to his subject must be a judge, especially if it be his desire to prove that the literature he describes is, in part or as a whole, the equal of the literatures of Western nations. He will, of course, expect that an Indian literature will differ from its European counterparts, because it has its roots in another soil, and blossoms in another climate. Behind all Western writing, however small its claims to classical perfection of form, lie the literary experiments of Rome and Greece, and the vocabulary which these have bequeathed to modern Europe. So the roots of modern Indian letters must needs be in the soil, once so highly cultivated, of the prodigiously fertile garden of Sanskrit and its dependencies to the south and east of the sacred Midland of Hindu writers. Differences, happily, there will be between Eastern and Western literary expression and thought, as the lotus differs from the rose. But each is capable of being cultivated. Those who sow and tend each can aim at some ideal of perfection, and this is best attained by means of sober, judicial, yet not unenthusiastic comparison. Here comes in the critic's task. He is the gardener's judicious adviser. He has, or ought to have, the leisure to visit other gardens of fancy and speculation. If he does not himself carry the pruning-hook, he can tell, from careful observation of the experiments of others, where it can be rightly applied. He has, in virtue of his office, an impartiality denied to the gardener himself. He will be rightly impatient of efforts to cultivate thistles. His praises of new blooms, fresh in form and odour, will be worth having, since he has seen and loved the most successful improvements achieved by art working on nature. He can admire the flowers of the field and can appreciate beautiful and natural developments of their charm. He will be the more ready to condemn mere ingenious monstrosities, due rather to disease than to vigorous and healthy growth, stimulated by the gardener's art.

I perceive that I am incurring a not altogether unjust suspicion of turning a harmless puff of a probably commonplace book of verse into the text of a rather vague sermon. But I am gradually approaching my real point. We all know that at least one Indian author has won a world-wide fame, comparable in kind and degree with the reputation of the Belgian poet Maeterlinck. I have not the presumption to analyse the mystical verses of these two geniuses, Belgian and Indian, or to comment on the fact, (an interesting subject of enquiry for a professed critic) that the verses of both withstand the crucial text of prose translation with extraordinary success. It is sufficient, for the purposes of my argument, to assume that Sir Rabindranath Tagore is unquestionably the chief of contemporary Indian poets and the most original of Bengali authors. If any Indian critic chooses to question Mr. Tagore's supremacy (I trust no one will attempt a task so ungrateful and invidious,) he will merely strengthen the force of the appeal I am about to make, in the hope of showing what valuable service the critical faculty may render to Indian letters at the present time.

Let us not forget that if the poet's art demands what we call inspiration, a spontaneous and innate gift of poetical enthusiasm, the artistic expression of his emotion is the fruit of cultivation. It is Nature that creates the rose, and gives it a form and fragrance other than that of less beautiful flowers. Yet the latest blooms of our gardens are due to generations of cultivation and selection, and Sir Rabindranath's art, due though it be to his innate desire for beautiful expression of his thoughts, fancies, and emotions, has also a debt to pay to other Bengali poets, his predecessors. He is an incomparable *virtuoso* in metre; he invents verbal melodies hitherto unheard. Yes, but he himself

would be the first to declare that the lovely rhythms suggested by his carefully cultivated ear for metrical music are improvements on verses he has heard in his childhood, more subtly charming because they are not wholly new, since their very novelty gives a fresh delight to more familiar metres. If this is so in Bengali, so must it be in other Indian languages. In all the modern literatures of India, there must be much accomplishment in verse and prose, things that would be recognised as beautiful and moving anywhere. Or if not, (and it is for local critics to decide whether it be so) the more room there is for the right use of the powers of expression, supplied by the copious vocabularies, the vigorous and interesting idioms, of the modern languages of India.

Here the comparative studies of the competent critic may be of use. The Greeks were wont to say, and the saying is a terse summary of my theme, that "Memory is the mother of the Muses." It is not verbal memory, not mere repetition of consecrated phrases, that produces literary progress. Rather let the critic study what has been done by great writers in the East and West alike, let him indicate, if he can, what remains to be done in his own language. Let him, above all, take due account of what has already been done. Let him refrain from excessive praise of imperfect efforts. Let him ascertain, as well as he can, how far failure is due to the weakness of the workman, how far to the nature of the material in which he works. Let him be cautious in admitting that any language is incapable of sustaining the highest flights of literary invention, since it is precisely here that genius puts speech to new and unexpected uses. The nature of the language must be considered, but whatever its nature be, it will present no insuperable obstacle to the born writer. French poets, for example, can use rhetorical expressions which would be intolerably prosaic in English. Indian poets, in some dialects, can use homely and colloquial phrases with charming effect, though such phrases would be deemed below the dignity of ordered prose.

These peculiarities of style are, of course, familiar to all who have tried to scribble verse or prose. Each language has its own merits—and its own difficulties. But the point is that the resulting products can nevertheless be subjected to criticism and comparison. We can speak of Homer, and Kalidasa, and Shakespeare in one breath, though their methods differed as widely as

the languages they used. Their works, being works of art, are fit subjects of the appreciation of the critic, and first-rate criticism is itself a work of art, as revealing and delightful as the original criticised. There is no reason why it should be otherwise, since much of literature is itself appreciation and comparison. Tagore himself is an example of this. His critical essays (too few and too little known) are among the most characteristic and illuminating of his literary performances. The criticisms of Dryden are more helpful to most modern readers than his controversial and satirical poems. Dr. Johnson survives chiefly by his criticism and Boswell's records of his conversation, itself largely critical. Is not this branch of letters strangely neglected in India, and may not this neglect be the reason why the world

knows so little of contemporary Indian authors?

May I give a concrete example of the services that might be rendered to current literature in India by kindly yet competent criticism? Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just published a translation by Mr. Dakshinacharan Roy of a little book called Svarna-latà,* which I have read and re-read in the original with never-failing pleasure during the last 25 years. It is justly popular in Bengal. It has run into some 15 editions. It will, I hope, be widely read in India and in Europe in its new English dress. It is an altogether charming little tale, told with something of the simple skill which belongs to the professional story-tellers of India. Its style is pleasantly colloquial. It makes no pretence to be other than a genial gossiping tale of life in Calcutta and the adjoining districts of Nuddea and Jessore. Within its selfimposed limits, it is singularly successful, both in humour and pathos. In some respects, it follows rather old-fashioned conventions. The bad characters are painted in dark colours, and come to appropriately evil ends. The good characters (and especially Saralá, the charming heroine of the tale) are almost too uniformly good. It is easy, in short, to recognise the date of the composition, the pleasant mid-Victorian period, when virtue was not only recognised but rewarded. Svarna-latà (in the ranks in my mind with, say, Henry Kingsley's Ravenshoe, if only because of its delightful descriptions of children. A story-

^{*} Svarna-lata: Scenes from Hindu Village Life in Bengal, by Tarak Nath Ganguli. London, 1914. Price 3s. net.

teller who can write of boys and girls with comprehension, humour, and sympathy is not common in any country.

I happen to have come across two criticisms of Svarnalatà. One is a brief mention in the late Romesh Chunder Dutt's Little Manual of Bengali Literature. "One of the best of modern novels," writes Mr. Dutt, "is Svarna-latá, by the late Tarak Chandra (sic) Ganguli, a simple and pathetic tale of social life in which the characters are powerfully delineated." That is all, not a word of the fun and humour by which the underlying pathos is illuminated. No attempt at an analysis of the means by which Tarak Nath Ganguli succeeded in making his characters live and move so that the reader classes them among his friends and acquaintances for life. The other criticism I found in a wellknown Bengali Encyclopædia. This appreciation is merely an extraordinarily dull and depressing summary of the plot of the tale, with nothing whatever to explain its remarkable popular success. It may be that neither critic thought the little story worth the labour of a careful and sympathetic examination. The result, however, is a notice about as valuable as an entry in an auctioneer's catalogue. Let any budding critic, if any such should do me the honour to read my too crude suggestions, procure Mr. Roy's translation and endeavour to account for the popularity of Ganguli's tale. Let him describe the characters and the style in such fashion as to put the book in its fit place in Indian literature. In so doing he will have shown what can be done, in at least one Indian modern language, in the matter of novel-writing. For I honestly think that Svarna-latá in the original is comparable with, say, Gil Blas. In other words, it fully deserved the labour, the considerable literary labour, of an intelligent and revealing criticism. In saying this, I obviously lay myself open to the challenge that I ought to write the missing appreciation myself! But I am no critic. I am only an old Anglo-Indian pensioner, who takes a wistful and affectionate interest in all things Indian, literary and other, because he spent all his best, busiest and happiest years in the Indian plains and in the society of Indian friends. Though I am urging Indian men of letters to criticise themselves and one another, I confess I do not greatly care for criticisms of Indian doings. literary or other, by men of other races and creeds. There is bound to be some little substratum of prejudice, one way

707

or the other. When I read criticisms of Englishmen by Indians, I rarely find the intimacy of knowledge which is the only sound and safe basis for just appreciation. So must it necessarily be in the converse case, except in rare instances of intuitive sympathy and comprehension.

One word more, and I have done. Mr. Roy's version of Svarna-latá has the principal merit of a good translation. It reads easily, almost as easily as if it were an original production. Anyone who has attempted the difficult task of translating from his own into a foreign language will acknowledge that Mr. Roy is to be congratulated on having done so much. He has managed to evade the cumbrous expedient of explaining his rendering by footnotes. It must be admitted (I do not blame him) that he has achieved this by omitting passages which would not be intelligible to an English reader without annotation. In other words, he has written a translation and not a "crib." Yet he has omitted one or two things which I, an old admirer of Tarak Nath Ganguli, miss from the familiar narrative, passages characteristic of the author's quaint and homely humour. May I attempt a rough rendering of one of these? It is at the beginning of the admirable second chapter, which gives the key-note to the fun and pathos of the whole book.

"Writers of romances can read all hearts; can, at will, transport themselves to all places, however inaccessible to ordinary men. Otherwise, how did the poet Bharat Chandra Ray discover the hidden thoughts of his hero, Sundar, as he sat under the vakula tree? Or how did Madhu Sudan Datta, in his great epic, put down with such accurate detail the doings of the after-world? Or how did the novelist, Bankim Chandra, gain admission to a spot even more difficult of access, the guarded seclusion of a Mahomedan Zenana, and record the private talk of Osman and Ayesha? Moreover, writers of fiction have another wonderful faculty, that of making the improbable seem probable. No ordinary gift is this, and without it many a starveling scribbler would be at a loss for material for his trade. Vishnu Sarma, the fabulist, for instance, without this divine faculty would have been struck dumb. But, possessing this indispensable property, he could make the learned crow, Laghupatanak, chop logic, and the pigeon, Chitragriva, lecture his less wise companions on morals. It was by virtue of this faculty that Bankim, prince of Bengali

novelists, easily caused a Mahomedan girl who lived two and a half centuries ago to discourse in the accents and tone of a Western young lady of the present day. And if you ask me why I insist so openly on these harmless and necessary tricks of the author's trade, let me assure you that my reason—surely a sufficient one—is the wish to convince you, my reader, that you must not disbelieve any of the statements made in this veracious narrative, even if, as may easily happen, they should not be within the past experience of your own merely physical eyes and ears. An author, who sees and hears with his imagination, necessarily knows more than his readers. Bear this in mind, and read with faith, to your lasting profit."

The humorous intention here is obvious enough, and its statement is an admirable preparation for a chapter whose sly satire of feminine failings nevertheless contains the germ of the tragedy which is to follow. Already we foresee in this chapter the retribution which is to result, not only from Pramada's selfishness, and greed, and insolence, but from the otherwise excellent and amiable Vidhu-bhushan's indolence and want of forethought. It is little touches like this which show that Tarak Nath was a true artist, and none the less so because he concealed his art under a simplicity of manner which gives him access to all classes of readers. He has not the variety and vivacity of Bankim's style. He lacks the subtlety and introspectiveness of Rabindranath's novels. His estimates of character, or rather, perhaps, his descriptions of character, are summary and superficial. But as a sketch is often more striking and successful than a finished picture, so Tarak Nath's little tale leaves a more lasting impression on the memory than many more ambitious works. a better and more acute analysis than I can supply.

I have ventured to compare Tarak Nath to Le Sage, merely as a rough indication to those who have not read his only book. I might have made a happier comparison, but after all, such weighings of one author against another yield only crude approximations. What I set out to say was simply that the great modern literatures of India already furnish materials for careful and learned criticism, for the analysis of matter and manner, for measured judgment and not infrequently for well-earned praise. The praise will be the more valued if it is only bestowed on solid grounds and as a result of sober and serious examination. What

does Dryden, prince of English critics, say? "I must take leave to tell them that they wholly mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is principally to find fault. Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant a standard of judging well; the chiefest part of which is, to observe those excellencies which should delight a reasonable reader." The word "reasonable" here evidently means more than one who is guided by sound reason. It plainly includes the faculty of taste, something which can be improved but not created by observation and study. It is a faculty which probably exists in as high a degree in India as anywhere, since without it Indian authors could not win even their local reputation. The classical writers of Sanskrit are known all the world over, and their works are as eagerly and assiduously studied in Europe and America as in India. They have been analysed and criticised in dozens of Western languages. Are any of our contemporaries destined to obtain an equally widespread reknown? That will depend chiefly on their own merits, but the recognition of these by the outer world will be much aided if there should arise a school of critics in India having the authority of Dryden, and Wordsworth, and Landor, and Coleridge, and Mathew Arnold in England; of Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Anatole France and others equally distinguished in France.

Be it noticed, in passing, that Disraeli's famous quip is more witty than really true. "You know who the critics are?" he said. "The men who have failed in literature and art." Every successful writer must needs have criticised himself again and again, must have written and re-written his work if it is to acquire a lasting polish, and in the process has been fitting himself to criticise the performances of others. Nor is it true that professional jealousy will necessarily colour his judgments. Rather will his own toil of composition enable him to comprehend the hard-won successes of friendly rivals. Do we not all remember the praises Thackeray, in spite of personal differences and temperaments poles apart, wrote of Dickens? The passage is worth quoting once more if only as an example of easy, unforced, colloquial English.

"Have you read Dickens? O, it is charming! Brave Dickens! It has some of the very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him;

and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place, it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the O. A.'s works, has been copying the O. A., and greatly simplifying his style and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and David Copperfield will be improved by taking a lesson from Vanity Fair. Secondly, it has put me upon my metal; for ah! all the metal was out of me, and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past." need not continue the quotation. It is, after all, only a personal sort, an enthusiastic exof the pression of personal approval. Ah, but it is just the successful rival, and perhaps only the successful rival, who should presume to indulge in mere unqualified praise. The professional critic's task is, I suppose, somewhat different. It should be his pleasure and reward to praise when high achievement comes his way. He should praise with as much gusto as a connoisseur who has enjoyed a good picture, a fine song well sung, yea, even a glass of such wine as is not often met with in India. Still, he must remember that it is not less his business to condemn, and especially when he can feel sure that an author is misusing, over-straining, or prostituting his talent. Buffon, a great man of science, but also one of the greatest of critics, gave rise to much heated controversy since his day by his sententious statement that "the style is the man." But surely, in its simplest interpretation, the phrase is indisputably true. He did not mean merely that every good writer has a recognisable style of his own. He probably meant that thoughts, moods, emotions, have all their appropriate expression. The expression will vary with the man, since no two men think or feel exactly alike. The artist in writing is he who feels that he cannot speak his mind adequately in the commonplace words which are vulgar currency, and it is in his choice of words that he betrays not only his intelligence, but his qualities of heart and temper. It is the practised critic's business to seize and display his judgment in language not less sensitive and responsive to thought and emotion than the style he is judging.

One last suggestion. The critic should obviously not be a mere man of books. He should know men, women, and children. Women are often, in conversation, the best, because the most intuitive, of critics. The critic, if he is honest, must needs

admit that his admirations and dislikes are often intuitive in their origin. But his subconscious decision may be based upon reasons which escape him at the time, and it is his business to discover and set forth these for the guidance of his readers. After all, in all the affairs of life we more often employ reasoning for the persuasion of others than for our own use. When a man begins reasoning, it is usually when he is on the point of going wrong. And note that a woman will rarely be at the pains of pretending to reason in such a case, because she has a juster confidence in her own intuitive powers of judgment. Let a article then read widely and well, but let him keep his eyes open also to the spectacle of the life about him, "at ghaut and bazaar," as we say in India.

I must beg indulgence for a too discursive article. The stern teaching of war has brought India and Great Britain closer together in a sense of a common duty and a common peril. My own son, (if I may venture on a personal reference) is fighting in the trenches in Flanders, literally side by side with the brave sons of Indian fathers and mothers. It is a moment when common anxieties and sorrows, to be followed, we hope and believe, by a common pride in a victory justly and bravely won, may well enable us to understand one another better, and so learn from one another. As individuals, we share a common humanity, and are not so very different from one another. But each, the Indian and the Briton, has a separate inheritance, and this we may in some measure share, as a fruit of common efforts, common hopes, and a common loyalty to the King-Emperor who, in his sole person, represents our joint wishes and achievements with a quiet and modest fortitude which deserve all our loyal respect and gratitude. Mere literary criticism seems a small matter at such a time, when all our thoughts are turned to the prolonged struggle at the front. Yet our poets and our journalists are commemorating the valour of our soldiers, and perhaps I have said enough to show that so long as men commit their thoughts to paper, there will be need of just and generous criticism. I hope I may be wrong in thinking that criticism in India lags behind the country's literary achievements in general. If not, there can be no harm in pointing out a road to a literary career which is not without its uses and its rewards.

J. D. ANDERSON.

Cambridge.

AKBAR AND HIS INNOVATIONS.

F we read the past by the light of the present, we find India a mass of stagnation, receiving and stagnating the vital forces of man that, from time immemorial, streamed into it on all sides. The bright sun above saw many a race rush into this sea of stagnation, struggle for a while, and then go to sleep, each on its own bed like the alluvial deposits on the mouth of a river. The dwarfish races cast from the Eastern Islands, the Negro canoemen that drifted from East Africa, the Mongolian hordes that rushed down the Himalayan slopes, and the Aryan shepherds that strayed from the snowy Sulaiman, all met this common fate. The fire of the Pathan was extinguished here, and the calm courage of the Moghul was choked also. The indomitable energy of the Britisher subsides here into a lethargic apathy. It seems that human vitality can only be maintained in India by a constant flow of new blood from the West. Next came the Pathan. His religion prevented his amalgamation with the people, to infuse fresh vigour into the Indo-Arvan. He therefore formed the uppermost stratum of the population until the hordes of Changez Khan and Timur Lang weakened his race beyond the Indus. Feeble and demoralised, he now stood ready to bow his head before the next band of adventurers from the West. They were Chaghati Tartars, led by Babar across the mountains of Kabul. But the heart of the Moghuls was far away in the interior of Central Asia, and his communication with the West was, from the beginning, of the most slender description. He had, therefore. all but disappeared like a flash on the Indian horizon, but for the genius of Akbar which postponed his fate for two hundred years. When the momentum Akbar gave to the Moghul rule in India had spent its force and when, on the immediate West, the hard precepts of the Koran had stilled all progressive restlessness, then a handful of a highly-gifted race that came tossing over the waves of three blue oceans, began to stir the stagnant mass of India as it had never been stirred before. No human power ever held this vast mass in such a giant grasp, none ever so shook it to its utmost depth. A constant flow of new blood from its heart in the West saved this race from the inevitable Indian stagnation. A constant indent of restlessness, engendered in the more favoured soil of England, now moved the hitherto inert mass of India. A disproportion in the distribution of the movement among its different sections, however, causes anxiety lest the more active pass prudential bounds and carry the tender springing life of the whole to dry up in arid uncongenial regions. The flashes of precocity in a child, partly somnolent under the creeping influence of the Indian lullaby, can hardly be a safe beacon-fire to the world in its adult manhood. Submission to the stagnating forces of nature was our lot in the past, their subjugation to our will is our hope in the future. Better that we win the affection of our master and humbly sit at his feet for education and training, than vex him by eloquent denunciations in press and on platform.

Indian influences had already done their work on the sturdy Pathan. But although his waning power was, to all outward appearances, extinguished by the Chaghati Moghuls under Babar, the fiery zeal of the race still smouldered beneath the ruins. In its last flicker it shot forth a flame of unusual brilliancy. As soon as the strong hand of Babar, that held firm the loose fragments of the Empire, was removed, the wise and valiant Shair Khan carried everything before him, and drove the weak and vascillating Humayun across the deserts of Rajputana. The illustrious reign of Shair Khan threatened to disprove the old theory that success should be bestowed on the latest arrival from the West over the one preceding it. But Shair Khan's death at once revealed the fact that the atmosphere of India had reduced the Pathan race to the usual state of Indian stagnation. Humayun regained his kingdom. But yet the Moghul supremacy in India had only got a precarious foothold, tottering, to be swept off by the first breath of a well-organised rebellion. Such in all likelihood would have been its fate but for the child that first saw the light at Amar Kot in the year 1542 A.D., when Humayun was fleeing before his victorious foe. The governing

AKBAR AND HIS INNOVATIONS

principles of the world, which the insufficiency of our knowledge of the history of man as yet precludes the possibility of speculating upon, required at this time the birth of such a child, so far as the affairs of India were concerned. Strange phenomena ushered into the world this Child of Time, as by all accounts they did on previous occasions of a similar kind. The little infant spoke to his mother as soon as he was born. The gifted Khajer Masud, who by communion with God had acquired miraculous powers, suddenly awoke in the dead of night, apprised in his dream of the birth, and at once went to the palace to behold the blessed face. That child was Akbar.

It was necessary that he should now be born to uphold the prestige of the newest arrival from the West, and to save for future generations the traces of Aryan development in the plains of India in religion, philosophy, and the art of language. For, another two hundred years of proselytising operations would most probably have left in India as many traces of Hindu civilization as are left to-day in Kabul. The reign of only one Pathan sovereign, zealous for his religion, was found to be sufficient long to deprive the Hindu gods of all their solidlyconstructed houses in Kashmere, save one which narrowly escaped demolition from the circumstances of its foundation being laid under the waters of a deep lake. Three-fourths of the Brahman population of Kashmere forsook the religion of their fathers. Apart from tradition, history and physiognomy, the appellation "pandit" which his scorn for everything Hindu has not yet prompted our friend Aziz to drop from his name, is now the only sign to point him out a brother in race and once a brother in religion. On this side of India the religious zeal of the Pathan Kings was equally effective. Its active exercise in the North of Bengal denuded the then metropolitan districts of all Hindu population. Further East, the despised castes whom Hinduism grudgingly took within her pale, hailed with joy the light of the new Faith, which promised to guide them out of darkness and to lead them to redemption on earth and salvation in heaven. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God so vividly inculcated in the new faith, and that of the Brotherhood of Man, or at least. to speak more correctly, the Brotherhood of the Faithful, attracted millions of the amphibious people who for generations led a life of the utmost social degradation among the swamps and rivers of the Gangetic Delta. So in the Eastern Districts of Bengal we pass village after village without seeing the face of a single Hindu, or hearing a single blast of the conch-shell to awake at their meal-time the slumbering gods of heaven. Thus in population, Bengal to-day stands first in the list of Mahomedan countries of the world. Pathan zeal has snatched away from Hinduism her Ghakkars who, swift on their naked feet, are said to have created at one time a terror in the camp of Mahomed of Ghor. While millions within the fold of Hinduism bestow love and adoration to Krishna, the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, in the West of India, the Jadubansi Rajputs, who trace their descent from Krishna himself, have long turned their faces towards Mecca for blessings in this world and salvation in the next. The Mewatis have done the same, but of all the sons of Hinduism that have forsaken her shelter to seek spiritual nourishment in Islam, none have shown such ardent fervour in the profession of their new faith as the Rangars of the Jumna Valley. "Was your ancestor forcibly converted?" the writer once asked of a Mahomedan Gujar in the Punjab. "Oh! no," he replied, "my ancestor was convinced of the truth of Islam and adopted it for his religion in the time of Sultan Firoz Shah." In that reign, he said, the hands of several divines were fully occupied in converting thousands of Gujars, Jats and Rajputs who sought to secure the favour of God by worshipping Him according to the precepts of the Koran. No doubt force was sometimes used, no doubt worldly advantages were often held out to new converts, no doubt by a change of religion there was immediate escape from the Jazya tax and from many other worries that dogged the footsteps of the believers; still in addition to these inducements, the simplicity of the new faith, contrasted with the bewildering complexity of the old, made it specially fit to be the religion of the people. Indeed, the fate of Hinduism, the fate of all that remained of Sanskrit civilisation, trembled in the balance when Akbar appeared on the scene; otherwise the conversion of the rest of the Jats, Gujars and Rajputs and ultimately of all India was merely a question of a little further continuance of the policy of intolerance. Up to this time Hinduism escaped annihilation owing to its vast area and vast numbers and not to any innate strength it possessed. Aurangazeb came too late, for the Moghul was then fast subsiding into the usual state of stagnation, and India was then preparing for the advent of a new conqueror from the West. We would have had no Max Müller to-day had there been no Akbar three hundred years ago.

The conflict between the Shias and Sunnis that raged for long on the borders of Persia had softened the minds of the people in that quarter. In what the first heroes of Islam saw wilful rebellion against God, the sage in later times discerned only an unwilful ignorance of precepts revealed through angels and prophets. "Should men be murdered by thousands, and should their women and children be sold in slavery merely for this ignorance?" Asked thoughtful men of themselves. Even the most orthodox followers of the Prophet now lent their ears to the voice of God, that once rang in the desert rebuking Abraham for denying hospitality to an old fire-worshipper in the dead of night: "I have borne with him for a hundred years, for a hundred years my sun hath shone upon him, and my earth hath given him food and raiment; couldst thou not bear with him for a single night that thou didst turn him out of thy tent hungry and weary?" So said the voice of God to Abraham. Men now trembled to usurp the office of God to punish other men for worshipping Him in ways different from their own. The cultivation of arts and science and the study of Greek philosophers further refined and expanded the minds of the Mahomedan literati of the day. Doubt and disbelief were the first streaks of light that culminated in Sufism. The time was ripe for men like Mohamed of Basakhwan to boldly come forward and proclaim their disbelief in words, the mere listening to which would make the ears of an orthodox faithful "vomit" in disgust. But in India no such reaction had yet taken place. Success everywhere proved the truth of Islam, and confirmed the belief of its followers in their divine mission, just as European success to-day all over the globe prove to many minds the truth of Christianity. Often at critical times fortunate accidents for the time being were regarded as instances of direct divine intervention. If charity covers sins, success stifles the conscience. Not the smallest tremour of pang so much as caused the faintest vibration in the heart of the good and pious Firoz Shah when, by an abrupt stroke of his unwise policy, he took the lives of a hundred thousand unbelievers.

In the midst of this universal want of charity which made it a point of religious merit among his co-religionists to harden their hearts against the people of the soil, it was Akbar who first perceived that truth was not the exclusive property of his religion. He held that goodness could be found both in and out of Islam. A man of extraordinary genius, with a mind wide enough to grasp and inaugurate large generalisations and patient enough to study the minutest details, a lover of system and order, an humble seeker after truth and knowledge, pious to the core of his heart, anxious always to do what was right, firm against all evil-doers, and merciful to the weak, Akbar was one of the greatest sovereigns that ever graced a throne. Historians have over and over again recounted his military achievements and his administrative capabilities. While scarcely twelve years old, he commanded the little Moghul force numbering not more then twenty-five thousand men, and bravely led them against the great Afghan army, a hundred thousand strong. That battle, fought in the year 1553, finally sealed the fate of the Pathan Empire in India. In the Imperial mandate, issued immediately after the battle was fought, the credit of the victory was given to the young prince. Three years later Humayun died and Akbar ascended the throne. Although for four years more he allowed himself to remain under the tutelage of Bairam Khan, he always during this period took an active part in the consolidation of the empire. History has amply spoken of his successes as a monarch, but it was his private virtues that won for him the hearts of men. Jehangir, who never spared either himself or anybody else, after saying that his father was an "Ami," that is, "one who can neither read nor write," further writes in his Memoirs that his "manners and habits were quite different from those of other persons, and his visage was full of godly dignity." Born during the most distressful period of his father's life, and schooled by wars and strife caused by fraternal infidelity, Akbar, like many a man of his disposition, learnt how to hate wrong and how to sympathise with distress when prosperous days dawned upon him. His heart bled at the sight of suffering, and he felt for man as well as the brute creation, linked to him by ties of flesh and blood, the feeling of pain and the love for life. The man who in after life could often weep and say-" O, that my body were larger than all bodies together, so that the people of the world could feed on it without hurting other living bodies!" could not in his earlier days remain a totally indifferent spectator of the sufferings

719

of his Hindu fellow-creatures as well. But he is said to have witnessed the death of Himu himself, and on that occasion gave an instance of the nobility of his soul, far beyond his years and far above the tone of the age in which he lived. In the battle in which Himu was bravely fighting with the imperial army, an arrow pierced his eye and came out at the back of his head. He was then taken prisoner, and brought before the presence of Akbar, unconscious, bleeding and dying. Bairam Khan said:—
"This is your first war, prove your sword on this infidel, for it will be a meritorious deed." Akbar answered, "He is now no better than a dead man, how can I strike him? If he had sense and strength, I would try my sword." Upon this Bairam Khan cut him down with his sword.

Incidents like this no doubt worked upon the young and susceptible mind of Akbar and led him to carry out his first soon as he cut himself adrift innovation. As the apron-strings of his wise and revered, but orthodox, tutor and minister, Bairam Khan, he passed an edict prohibiting his soldiers from making slaves of prisoners of war, their old parents, their wives, their children and their people. Formerly, it was always the custom with Mahomedan troops to consider the families of their vanquished enemy as their lawful perquisites. Ruin and desolation tracked their victorious march across the country. The wives, children and dependents of the natives were forcibly seized and sold or kept in slavery. "But now His Majesty," writes Abul Fazal, "actuated by his religious, prudent and kindly feelings, issued an order that no soldier of the royal army should act in this manner; for although evil-disposed men might follow senseless courses and taking up arms against the King might suffer defeat, the children and people belonging to them were to be secure from all molestation from the royal troops and no one, small or great, was to be made a slave..... If the husband pursue an evil course, what fault is it of the wife? And if the father rebels, how can the children be blamed?" At a time when the Moghul Empire was not thoroughly consolidated, it was a bold step for the young Emperor (he was only twentyone then) to take, which deprived his soldiers of what they considered their lawful gain. But Akbar was bold in all things; above all he was always bold in the cause of righteousness. Next year saw another departure from the policy hitherto followed by the Mahomedan sovereigns of India. It was the abolition of the pilgrim tax, which annually brought crores of rupees into the royal treasury. Speaking on this subject, Akbar used to say that although this was a tax on the vain superstitions of the multitude, and the devotees did not pay it except when they travelled abroad, still the course they adopted was their mode of worshipping the Almighty and the throwing of a stumbling-block and obstacle in their way would never be acceptable in the sight of God. These were the noble words which fully showed that even at that early age he looked upon the persecution of the Hindus with anything but favour. His mind always towered above the collective wisdom of his experienced councillors. With such liberal views swaying his mind, it was impossible that the Jazia or the polltax, under the indignity of which the Hindus smarted from the beginning of the Mahomedan rule, specially from the time of Feroz Shah, should long continue to blot the administration of Akbar. This tax was remitted the year after the abolition of the Pilgrim tax. With what horror the Hindus looked upon the Jazia tax may be gathered from the fact that when Firoz Shah imposed it on the Brahmans, who were previously exempted from it, a large number of them gathered round the palace and sat there for days without food and drink. This proceeding on the part of the Brahmans filled the heart of the King with gladness, and day after day with the deepest interest he watched its progress from his window, expecting that at last the leaders of infidelity were going to destroy themselves by self-imposed starvation.

But the greatest innovation by which Akbar shocked the feelings of his orthodox co-religionists was his attempt to found a new religion of his own. Up to this time he was a devout Musalman, and he continued to remain so for thirteen years longer. Whatever liberal measures he carried out during this period and however unpopular they might have been with the doctors of divinity in his court and with the grandees of the Empire, they were entirely due to the human feelings of the young Emperor and not to any disbelief in the precepts of the holy Koran. All these years he regularly said his prayers five timesi n the day, whether he was in the capital or in camp, often himself taking the lead in the worship. The sacred book was every day read to him at prayer time as also on other occasions. Even the learned Badauni, who looked upon Akbar's innovations

AKBAR AND HIS INNOVATIONS

with the greatest disfavour and who has left recorded his disapproval of them in the most emphatic language, bore testimony to the piety of the Emperor in these early days of his reign. "He passed whole nights," writes Badauni, "in meditation upon God and the mode of addressing him as yà' hu, yà' hadi. Reverence for the Great Giver filled his heart. In order to show his gratitude for some of His blessings he would sit many a morning alone in prayer and mortification upon the stone bench of an old well which lay near the palace in a lonely spot. Thus engaged in meditation, he gathered the bliss of the early hours of dawn." Year after year he would visit the tomb of the celebrated and pious saint Hazrat Khwaja Moinuddin Chishti, at Ajmere, in whose power to confer good he had the greatest faith. He would appoint a high officer of the court as leader of the pilgrims, "to conduct a caravan from Hindustan, like the caravans from Egypt and Syria, to the holy place in Arabia." He would pay from the royal treasury the means of travelling to "enlightened men of Hind, Mawarun-Nahr and Khurasan," and also to the pious poor who "Never before had any desired to join in the pilgrimage. monarch," writes gushingly a historian of the time, "provided for the annual departure of a caravan from India, nor had any one furnished means to the needy to enable them to perform the pilgrimage." When Sultan Khoja, one of the Amirs, was about to start for Mecca, the Emperor stripped himself of his royal apparel, put on a pilgrim's garment, and went several steps after the Khoja as a mark of respect for the holy places beyond the Indian Ocean. This act of devotion raised such an acclamation in benediction and praise, as to drown all other voices in court. Nay, the Emperor himself had "a strong desire to go on the pilgrimage, but was dissuaded by his friends and councillors." When Mir Abu Turab brought from Arabia a stone with an impression of the Prophet's foot upon it, he went out six miles to receive it with every mark of honour, and ordered the Amirs to bring it into the city on their backs. He used to keep the anniversary of the Prophet's birth, on which day he gave a magnificent entertainment to the shaikhs, syeds, and the grandees. The 'Id' festival was also duly celebrated. Thus in every respect Akbar conformed to the rules of his religion.

Nevertheless, all this time things were happening which might well unsettle the religious convictions of such a mind as

Akbar's. Religion, no doubt, has been a light to guide humanity to progress. But if light is truly pictured, darkness will be found to form its back. The two are so inseparable as to make one. So religion has its dark side too. Never has there been a subject so fiercely contested as religion among men. Long before the precept of Buddha about love among human beings was systematised in Europe, it was preached and practised in the plains of India. Religion filled the heart of many with hate for their fellowmen from the time of the earliest animist to the modern days of the refined theist. Akbar saw the cruel animosity raging and surging round him, not only between Hindus and Mahomedans, but between Hindus and Hindus, and Mahomedans and Mahomedans. Once he beheld a sight near the sacred tank at Kurukshetra which must have created a deep impression upon his mind about the frivolities of religion. If quarrels could be expected in a religion possessing an endless number of gods with an endless number of books to prescribe endless modes of worship, surely, no such quarrel need happen among the followers of a religion with one one God to worship, with only one prophet to inculcate that worship and only one book to prescribe the mode of that worship? But this hope was not realised. There was dispute about the succession to the Khalipate, there was dispute about the meaning of certain passages in the Koran, there was dispute about the way in which a certain word was to be pronounced, and there were many other disputes even in this religion of oneness. Over and above the old grounds, which created dissensions in the hierarchy of Islam, a new cause for dispute arose about this time. Ever since Islam entered upon its nine hundredth year, a great stir was perceptible in the Mahomedan world. People spoke in hushed voices of the coming millenium. A belief gradually gained ground in the minds of men that the significant thousandth year would bring about the dissolution of the world. Men trembled to find themselves so near the Day of Judgment. All shook with fear at the uncertainty of their fate on that awful day. On that day they were either to pierce the vaults of the nether regions with shrieks of pain or gleefully smack their lips after their first taste of the nectar hoarded in the coral mouths of the heavenly houris. Tip-toe they gazed round for the exalted Imam Mahdi. whose advent at this time was prophesied of old. They were not long kept waiting. A regular crop of Mahdis sprang up on all

AKBAR AND HIS INNOVATIONS

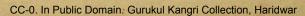
sides, and at this critical juncture the religious exuberance of the Indian soil maintained its old reputation. Indeed, the expectant multitude now got more Mahdis in their hands than they really wanted, and as the article is not exempt from the ordinary rule which decides the fate of the supply that exceeds the demand, it soon became quite a drug in the Indian religious market. Most of these Mahdis appeared during the fifty years preceding the reign of Akbar, but this monarch had much to do with the sequel of the movement. One Shaikh Ali, whose father had settled at Biana, near Agra, soon stood in the front rank of the Indian Mahdis. Seven years before Akbar ascended the throne, when the Afghan King, Islam Shah, was reigning at Delhi, Shaikh Ali gave away all his property to the poor and began to preach the Mahdistic doctrine. He was a man of great learning and considerable oratorical powers. His fame soon spread over the country and reached the ears of Islam Shah. Meanwhile, there was great consternation in the camp of the Ulamas, or Mahomedan doctors of divinity in the imperial court. They formed the State clergy and controlled the ecclesiastical and judicial administration of the country. The decisions they passed were final, and there was no appeal from the interpretations they put on the divine law which was included as well. Kings and princes bowed before their decisions. "" How great this influence was," writes Blochman, "may be seen from the fact that of all Mahomedan Emperors only Akbar, and perhaps Alauddin Khilji succeeded in putting down this haughty set." These doctors of law from the very first viewed the Mahdistic movement with considerable alarm, as one calculated to diminish their influence. They took such prompt measures to nip it in the entitle them to the best thanks of their to brothers of the Inquisition in a distant part of the globe. They advised Islam Shah to invite the Bengalee Mahdi, Shaikh Ali, and to put him to death. Shaikh Ali fearlessly came to Court and with a powerful address so impressed the King with the vanity of the world and the hypocrisy of the learned that, instead of putting him to death, Islam Shah sent him dishes of cooked food as a mark of honour. Here his eloquence effected wonders. for day after day many noblemen joined the Mahdistic rank. But the influence of the divines was great with the King, last prevailed upon to banish he was at and

Bengalee orator. He moved towards south and there soon converted Bahar Khan Shirwani with all his army. Islam Shah on hearing this, repented of his rude treatment of the holy man and invited him to come back to Court. Meanwhile, another powerful Mahdist leader, named Miya Abdullah, was disturbing the minds of the people in the neighbourhood of Agra. He was brought before the King and was ordered to be beaten to death. The King was so enraged with his bold conduct before him that he took a special pleasure to watch on horseback for an hour the execution of the punishment and only left when Miya Abdullah lay apparently lifeless on the ground. He was not, however, quite dead. When the King left, his disciples took him away and with great care brought him back to life. Thirty-eight years after, the kind Akbar gave him a freehold to keep him in comfort in his old age. The punishment of Miya Abdullah took place when Shaikh Ali was on his way back to Islam Shah's court. When he arrived, the King who was partial to his merits and was anxious to save his life, softly asked him to whisper in his ear that he gave up his Mahdistic pretensions. Fully convinced of his holy mission, he refused to do so. The King, to keep up the appearance that he distributed equal justice among his subjects and that he disapproved of all dissenting doctrines, ordered a menial to give the Shaikh a few cuts with a whip by way of punishment. The poor man who had just recovered from an illness fainted away and died on the spot. His body was now thrown under the feet of an elephant, and orders were given that no one should bury him, when all of a sudden to the terror of the whole camp and the King, who believed that the last day had dawned, a most destructive cyclone broke out. When the storm abated Ali's body was found literally buried among roses and other flowers. Everyone then predicted that some great misfortune would soon happen. Three years after Humayun came back and finally subverted the Afghan power. In three years more Humayun died and Akbar came to the throne.

The turmoils of the revolution did not entirely stop the persecution. The Ulamas continued to harass the dissenters with more or less vigour. Among the disciples left behind by Shaikh Ali was a man named Mubarak. Though poor, he had great learning. People then honoured learning more than they do now. In those days poverty with self-respect did not necessarily



condemn a man to obscurity. Mubarak, though poor, had influence. His adhesion to the Mahdistic cause was therefore a matter of sufficient gravity to attract the attention of the court · divines. They persuaded Akbar to give a tacit consent to his death. Mubarak fled and wandered over the country, seeking refuge now here, now there. His affairs soon grew so desperate that he came back and for sometime hovered near the court in the hope of something turning up in his favour. Fortune at last smiled upon him. His eldest boy wrote a few lines of poetry which soon excited universal admiration. They were recited before the Emperor, and their excellence so pleased him that he wished to see the young poet. But the enemies of Mubarak mistook the royal intention, and were in raptures over what they thought was the approaching doom of the family. They hurried a detachment of Moghul soldiers to the place where Mubarak with his two sons was then living. The soldiers surrounded the house, ill-treated the father, seized the eldest boy and brought him a captive before the royal presence. The Ulamas recited verses from the Koran in praise of the Almighty that He in His goodness would not allow the heretical sapling to take root. But there was a misapprehension. Akbar did not order the young poet to be beheaded on the spot; on the contrary he received him with every mark of honour and respect. The poet was no other than Faizi, whose name is so familiar to readers of Indian history. Seven years after, in the year 1574, in the twentieth year of Akbar's reign, the other son of Mubarak came to court. He was formally introduced the year previous through the influence of his brother, but Akbar had immediately to leave for the Eastern Provinces to see with his own eyes the conduct of war then being carried on against Daud Khan of Bengal. the first presentation, therefore, Akbar had no time to take sufficient notice of the young man whose reputation for learning had already spread far and wide, and "the star of whose knowledge and wisdom was brilliant," says Badauni. When the second time he came to court, he had acquired the rare title of Allami, or very learned. A presentment of coming evil had now cast its shadow on the minds of the court Ulamas. "What religious mischief is there of which that man is not capable?" asked Makhdumal Mulk, the head of the court divines, of his disciples, when he first set his eyes on the face of this young man. The name



726

of this young man was Abul Fazal. Indeed, the introduction of Mubarak's second son to court happened to be the turning point in Akbar's religious convictions.

S. QUTBUIDDIN AHMED.

Behar.

THE FIRE ETERNAL.

Spluttering sparks from the Flaming Flare Made by the One Eternal!
Borne on the Breath Existent e'er—
Borne from the Fire Eternal!

Hither and thither—and thence beyond— Cast by the Fire Eternal! Then and now—and yet beyond— Such is the Fire Eternal!

Flames all bright from the Flaming Flare—Shapes of the Might Eternal!
Seen—unseen—and everywhere—
Shot from the Great Eternal!

Smouldering mass of the Inmost Fire—Body of One Eternal!
Sticks or straw—or incense rare—All in the One Eternal!

Wond'rous glow of the world's Great Soul—Glow of the Fire Eternal!
Source—and All—and Heart—and Whole—ONE is the Fire Eternal!

ELIZABETH ARNOLD.

Lahore.

NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION.

T was during a debate that the Member for Muddleton—to his credit be it recorded—fell fast asleep.

In his dreams he was strolling along a crowded thoroughfare in the West End of London, and finding himself close to what looked like a restaurant, paused thoughtfully. This, however, was not due to hunger, for always well fed, anything like a good appetite was a rarity with him; nor did he feel fatigued with hard work, for Parliament was sitting and both mind and body were quite at ease.

His constituents seemed perfectly happy, that is those who had honoured his party by voting for him, and never sent more letters than a clever secretary from long experience was quite competent to deal with, whilst the other voters knowing, perforce, that nothing they could say, or ever had said, would have any

effect, very properly left him severely alone.

No, the member for Muddleton was neither hungry nor tired; but he paused since a most extraordinary aroma attracted him. He was interested, for in the course of his political life he had practised experimenting in lunching at different places in the city and West End, and prided himself that through the knowledge thus gained, by the very scents wafted from doorway or grating, he could judge accurately of the refreshments supplied within.

On this occasion, however, there was something so strange and indefinite, he felt bound to make particular enquiry. What could this new table d'hôte be like? So stepping within he seated himself in a corner which, as he rightly supposed, was

not far from the kitchen.

"An extremely pungent and uninviting atmosphere!" he remarked. "The scent of—not mutton is it? Fish—vegetables? What on earth can it be?"

Whatever might be the cause, it was strong and stupefying, and had all the soporific effect of a debate, or a speech introducing

a Government measure.

Presently, a man dressed like a chef appeared solemnly

before him.

"Is anyone reforming you?" was asked in a grave tone, exactly like that of a professional gentleman our Member had consulted in Harley Street when suffering from gout and dyspepsia and that ennui so well known to the blasé pleasure-seekers of Westminster.

"Reforming!" he cried. "Are you a lunatic? I thought this was a restaurant, and came in to get something to eat, not

to be insulted."

"Have patience, my good Sir. But first tell me, what attracted you?"

"The strangest, I might say the most uninviting odour

that assailed me right out in the street."

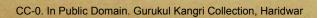
"Oh that's nothing," calmly remarked the cook. "If you come into our kitchens, I will show you what we really believe may do you good."

"Kitchens indeed!" cried the Member of Parliament. "I should say one kitchen would suffice for all the custom you are

likely to secure. But if you won't poison me-"

"Why, surely, you are immune," said the chef. "But we will see."

Here apparently by some automatic action the room changed suddently into an immense kitchen, filled with a crowd of labouring, perspiring cooks, busy over huge caldrons which sent out steam and fumes that made the air heavy and stifling. Besides these cooks an army of assistants, in endless processions, supplied them with ingredients which, without any examination, choice or care, were plunged into the huge pots, there to boil, splutter and crackle, adding increasingly to the unsavoury odour permeating the whole room. Lumps of beef, pieces of vegetables of all kinds, weeds, offal, fruits—ripe, unripe and over-ripe—coals, cinders, bones, books, rags, vermin, game, fish and even stones and scrap iron; anything and everything went into the caldrons;



NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION 729

whilst to keep the mixture fluid, all sorts of liquids were added: beer, whiskey, the cheapest of wines and the most expensive liqueurs.

"Here's some champagne," called out a noisy man with a

foreign accent. "Where shall it go?"

"Anywhere!" shrieked one who seemed to direct operations, if that were possible in such a pandemonium. "It matters not. In with it, bottles, straw and all! Tar did you say?" he cried out to another. "What are you waiting for? In with that too; palm oil; printer's ink! Come along and hurry up; John Bull and all the visitors to his island are waiting for their soup, so be lively!"

Besides the terrible confusion and choking smells there was a horrible racket. People of all sorts and every section of society came and went, laden with their miscellaneous contributions, chattering, shouting, yelling and even fighting for precedence, so that the deafening cacophony was unbearable.

"You don't look happy," the chef remarked to his customer.

"Are you not well?"

"Oh yes, fairly so."

"Your general health pretty good?"

"Yes, yes, at least-well I seldom have any appetite."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Considerable lassitude, and disinclination for work I presume. Well, have a hair of the dog that has bitten you. Here!" he called out to a waiter who was hurrying past with a large tureen, filled with the contents of one of the caldrons. "Stop a minute and let the gentleman taste some of his own pet democratic soup."

"Taste that!" cried the customer in dismay. "Not if I

know it."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the *chef*. "So you don't believe in homeopathy after all. Why, that is the very stuff you recommended people to swallow at the last election. Try some yourself. Come on!"

Seizing a ladle that bore the plain inscription Vox Populi, he promptly took hold of the enraged politician who, before he knew what was happening, found himself swallowing some, and rejecting and spluttering over more of the detestable mixture.

"You execrable villain!" he cried.

"Why, don't you like it?"

³ CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

"I'll have you arrested!"

"Oh, ho! Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches, as Carlyle would say. You have deluded your unfortunate gullible electors too long and must be stopped. That which you compel them to swallow, you like not yourself."

"The taste was revolting," shouted the spluttering

Member of Parliament.

"And what did it taste like?" asked the *chef* with apparent innocence.

"How dare you ask! Why, it tasted of everything in general

and nothing in particular."

"Precisely, and so do members of Parliament, chosen by the will of the people on your delightful lucus a non lucendo principle, acting in their choice they know not how, choosing they know not whom, to do they know not what! Such is your system of misrepresentation! Away with it. Je demande l'arrestation des coquins et des lâches!"

"But what better way can you devise?" asked the Member for Muddleton, wiping from his mouth the undefined flavour of something very nasty still lingering there. "Tell me, if the people are not to choose, who on earth is? Perhaps you will recommend extending the franchise to women. I notice,

however, that all your cooks here are men."

"When the franchise is worth anything at all, except as an admirable means of confusing the enfranchised by the idiots who call themselves men, I might possibly think of it; but as things are at present, let us not insult women so far as to ask them to join in this mad culinary operation. There is, though, another way."

"What can you mean by all this?"

"Simply and in plain terms this: when all people vote, or at least as many as do in this year of grace, without any classification, and for any fools—I beg your pardon—who ask them, does it not stand to reason that whatever powers of comprehension they possess as members of a class, as types of citizens, are wasted? There is no attempt even approximately to appraise, least of all to reach, the integral factors of national life. All is confusedly thrown into the melting pot; no man feels his individuality is counted nor that as a man, as the particular man that he is, with all his life's thought, labour and experience, does he



NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION 731

help the State by his vote; but as a resident or lodger in Muddleton forsooth, he is allowed to throw his voice to the winds of chance and political sophistry. Hence all this taxation and legislation is the result of misrepresentation! You did not like the democratic soup, nor being fed with the 'vox populi' spoon, and no wonder, for you could not tell, nor could all the economists, theologians, historians, sociologists, scientists or savants of whatsoever kind tell you, nor could I, what you were getting for your money. There was no real flavour; for as too many cooks spoil the broth, so did these myriads of kitchen knaves with their devil's own recipe for confusion, concert a dish that only swine could relish. But to show I am not anxious for you to go away hungry and unsatisfied, I shall take you with me to another kitchen."

In a moment all the horrible scene had vanished. They stood in a large airy hall that bore no resemblance to that other place of unhealthy disorder.

Brightly polished stoves and shining utensils carefully tended by intelligent masters of their craft, tables with small heaps of different meats and vegetables stood in orderly array; whilst everything spoke of discipline and method.

At one of these tables was seated a man who had all the solemnity of a judge, and before him other men were ushered, delivering baskets of vegetables that he examined with much care and evident experience.

"Are these the best that you can elect?" he asked one

who had just deposited his load before him.

"Chosen by the Board of Midland Gardeners, your Honour," he replied, and presented a certificate, which after a sharp scrutiny was duly signed by the one in authority, who nodded approvingly.

" Pass on!"

So with the other tables, where different samples of comestibles and viands were presented for acceptance, and in all cases the choicest of their kind were alone to be seen.

"This makes me feel hungry," said the Member for Muddleton.

"Come with me," cried the chef gaily; and the next moment his guest was seated at a table in a sumptuously furnished room, eagerly studying a generous menu.

"What will you take, Sir?"

Looking up in a half ashamed way he whispered—for it seemed akin to profanity to raise his voice in such peaceful and refined surroundings—"Roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and a glass of Burton's very best, if you please."

"Your choice is excellent, my dear Sir; spoken like an Englishman; only for Heaven's sake don't be so bashful and if you believe in strengthening meat and drink, why be afraid

of confessing it?"

After a very few mouthfuls a sigh of relief came from the satisfied representative of the electors.

"Do you feel any better?" questioned the cook. "Is it

to your liking."

"Excellent in every way. It is far superior to that wicked mess you gave me with the vox populi ladle. Then I could taste nothing that was nice and yet had no means of finding out what made it so nasty. Now it is all very different."

"In what way?"

"Why, chiefly because I know exactly what I am eating, and

before only knew that I was nauseated."

"And for a very good reason. When all things are put together indiscriminately and not previously tasted, weighed and handled, accepted as good or rejected as useless, what palate could ever detect the true flavour of anything, and what digestion stand such mockery of the culinary art?"

"Most preposterous of course," assented the Member for

Muddleton.

"Say you so! And yet you can tolerate this system by which you have attained the indignity of adding M.P. to your name."

"I do not quite see the analogy."

The chef laughed until all the attendants hastened to see

what could have caused such uproarious merriment.

"Look at him!" he continued, with playful scorn. "He was nearly choked and quite incensed when we tried to feed him with democratic soup, and yet has the temerity to consider himself a sensible being when representing a constituency under the present system. Whom does he represent, tell me?" he cried, apostrophizing the crowd that now danced and yelled with sardonic glee round the table where the astonished Member was seated.

NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION 733

"Not the people who did not vote for him, that's quite

certain," said a man brandishing a frying pan.

"Nor did he represent the people who did," called out another. "How could he? For some were cobblers, some tinkers, others clergymen, a few were artists; he even had votes from scholars, bargees, butchers, drunken casual labourers, and sober gardeners, fish hawkers, thieves, and Heaven knows whom!"

"It was all a muddle, no one knew what he was like and he knew nothing of the fools who voted for him," added another.

"Oh yes, I did," returned the gentleman with much unction, "I shook hands with quite a number and spoke to the wives of several and—"

"And out of all this meaningless hash you managed to get into Parliament," shouted one more speaker who could hardly make himself heard above the rising tumult.

"I had the encouraging majority of 1,427," said the Member

for Muddleton, blandly folding his hands.

"And à plus forte, should be heartily ashamed of yourself and the whole business," added the chef. "Come now," he continued, "what do you think should be the raison d'être of an election?"

"That the people may give expression to their views," was

the grandiloquent answer.

"But people, qua people, never have any views or visions at This is but a figment invented for the requisite faith in your fallacious hypothesis; you never can get so much as a voice from the people so massed, entangled and lost as at your elections. Only from individuals, or typical groups, can this be possible. A further absurdity of your system is this; they owe their position as voters, not to the fact that they are individuals even, but residents of different towns, cities or counties. What on earth does that matter to the State as a whole, unless along with this qualification there is the power of local government? The voice of a person or a multitude of persons is surely, at present, not particularly valuable, unless it comes as from a specified, known and clearly marked type. If this were the case, we might know and realise what we heard, and not have simply vox et praeterea nihil! How can a costermonger understand you, or you the costermonger? Has an artist any conception of your feelings or do you comprehend the character of a man of taste? Do you not see that from its very basis, this idea of representation is a contradiction in terms? How can a nation be expected to get any sense out of its people when the method of securing an opinion rests upon so false a foundation, and is *ab initio* of such a nonsensical character?"

"But surely, you would let the people have a free choice?" asked the bewildered man. "You would not return to obsolete

autocratic tyranny?"

"Free choice! Hear him!" was the scornful reply. "As a result of this freedom, is it not a fact, as George Bourdon says, when speaking of another matter: "Elle est touteen incoherence, en boutades, en brutalités; elle manque de direction et de continuite; elle épurpille la force?"

"But we do afterwards crystallize into parties!"

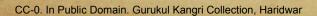
"Yes, and your abominable party system absolutely congeals and freezes up our very life's blood—let the hearts of the nation beat true as they may."

"I do not see any remedy, but do know that in the course

of evolution, the people will-"

"Come," interrupted the chef, "you enjoyed the meal I have just given you. Do you not see that its flavour and quality were due to the fact that all ingredients being chosen and brought by people of authority and skill in their several departments produced this satisfactory result? Now, for the State, is it not true that all which is best in it is the result of careful study and skilful working of component parts, by those who respectively understand and attend to them? Surely, if an expression of opinions be required, it can only be obtained on the same lines as those upon which the State has been built, and moreover those are the only lines which it should value, as those are the very materials of which it is built. We have a community not of people, but of many kinds of people; that we live in Manchester, Lincoln or upon the Chiltern Hills, is as nothing compared with the facts which have given life, energy, function, strength and virtue to that composite complex body which we call the State. Do you wish to hear the voices of the people? Write out then the score of the full chorus in well balanced parts, if harmony and not senseless jangle be desired. First of all divide your population into their own real natural groupings. Marshal them all under





NO TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION 735

some such standards as these: Learning, Education, Art, Literature; separate the strong and sober workmen of the land from men of business and finance, your Lawyers from the Church and all things else, your stout yeomen mark as distinct and British sailors as a class. Form the people into battalions first of all; and, that common sense be not divorced from politics, give a fair, far-reaching division of the nation's true component parts, those organic parts upon which its life depends. Let these be your constituencies, such as these; that they may speak, as for themselves-and of what must represent the best in every race of men, the knowledge, the art, the literature, commerce, labour-not the idleness, though I would not exclude the sports and pastimes—and in a word, anything that might voice the true wishes of all true men and women in the land. Then let your electorates, with a fairer chance of eclecticism, choose of their very best and give these to the service of the State. Believe me, there would then be some near approach to the ideal; we might have faith that vox populi was truly worthy of its other name; party politics would be destroyed, since with so many parties—and the more the better-that dangerous ex parte element of the pseudodemocratic system would be swept away; nay, trust me further, there would be better, fewer laws resulting from this first sane step in electoral reform.

But here the Member for Muddleton woke with a prodigious snore, to find that a 'division' was taking place, and with a real disappointment he knew as well as I do, that this was but a dream.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

SANKARA: HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS.*

AT the beginning of the 9th century, A.D., Hinduism had wandered far from what it was in the glades and sylvan solitudes of the Ganges when the sages of the Upanishads had attuned their spirits in profound meditation to the ineffable majesty of the oversoul, the Atman, brooding over all. The days of philosophy and art were being rung out for ever, as it seemed. It was 60 years since the tragedian Bhavabhuti closed with himself the ethereal melodies of the Sanskrit stage, the old ideals of Hindu life were fast receding from the social life of India. The Brahmin had long become the champion of ceremonial and pomp in religion, utilizing his genius to invent new creeds for men to wear. From the heart of better India had risen, long ago, its own reformatory strength in the Saviour Gautama. But a thousand years sufficed to turn Buddhism into a tissue of superstitions, serving to reinforce those of the old religion, which however assimilated the rejuvenating spirit of the Buddha. serene, vivifying gospel was easily twisted into strange and mischievous forms of Atheism, fathered shamelessly on the great Teacher. Immorality was the natural outcome of monk and nun vegetating in the same Vihara. It was then in India, as in Europe, the reign of the Dark Ages, dark in a real and tragic sense. The stagnant national life of those days brought into existence awry shapes of religious faiths which drew their ruinous license from garbled passages of Vedic texts. Ganapathyas, Bhairavas, Saktas, Kapalikas, Kshapanakas-oh, their name was legion! All conspired in an equal degree to poison the Indian religious atmosphere with pestilential miasma. The Bhairavas

^{*} From a severely critical study of the Sankara Vijayas of Madhava and Ananda Giri, emerge a few incontestable historical facts about Sankara, and these are woven together in this essay. Of course the main material is none other than the lifework of the great Master himself.

737

were bloodthirsty, and the "Karadis" smelt human blood from afar. The blessed singer of the Gita promised, for stumbling and despairing humanity, the infinite grace of God through an Avatar, whenever righteousness decayed and unrighteousness was rampant, and the glorious hour was striking for the advent of an Avatar.

The linked backwaters of Travancore, though scenes of busy traffic by the tiny and primitive canoe, are cut off by landridge from the mighty ocean roaring away in the distance. Even so mighty storms and cataclysms shake the life of India outside Travancore, but the hill-enclosed Kerala knew only its own even tenor of Aryo-Dravidian life, ever since it heaved up from the bosom of the sea, raised aloft by Parasurama's axe. The Nambudiris, the most conservative in that conservative land, preserve in their religion, as if in a fossiliferous stratum, the stamp of Vedic lore disfigured by a tenacious obscurantism peculiar to themselves. Amidst such surroundings, in the village of Kaladi, was born the myriad-minded Sankara. His 32 years' crowded life-history are easily told, for like some of the world's greatest men, he had the good or the ill-luck to be born inconceivably great among people with little or no historic instinct. To be a very great man in India is to be a Superman, whose votaries see him often through the charged medium of exaggerated emotion. Sankara thus was saint or upstart as the biographer was friend or foe.

But the life-work of our Teacher is his grandest and most eloquent autobiography. Nearly 1,100 years ago was born to a god-fearing devotee Sivaguru, by his most pious and loving wife, an extraordinarily precocious prodigy of intelligence, after long years of prayerful waiting. The God Sankara had heard their prayers, and the parents called the boy after the god who gave him to them. The boy grew daily in stature and in wisdom, though he lost his father early in infancy, and soon astonished all by his marvellous scholarship and genius. Great mnemonic and intellectual powers, the result of centuries of training, have resided in the brain of the Hindu, and no wonder they should have been intensified to the degree of the marvellous in the young genius who could, on the threshold of manhood, when he was scarce 16, have learnt enough to realise the highest end of Vedanta, and yearn for the saffron robe of the Sanyasi at an age when life dances

with joy to the tune that love warbles in man's breast. But the mother could not bear to see her boy sainted and cloistered and torn away from her bosom just when he was growing up and promised to be the prop of her declining years. But the mother's feelings were overcome by the most timely interference of an ever-vigilant Providence, shaping man's ends to strange issues. It was the same higher destiny that turned St. Francis into a monk on the sick-bed, and it was the same inscrutable power, probably, that became a Crocodile when Sankara was bathing with his mother, and forced the mother into permitting the boy to become a Sanyasi.

On and on, over hills and dales, trudged this sturdy and youthful Sanyasi, in the patient search of a Guru. grass his bed, the sky his roof, and food well cooked or ill, that chance threw in his way supplied all his earthly wants, until at last after long days of travel, not to speak of the inclemencies of the tropical weather to which he should have by this time become inured, he came to the banks of the river Narmada which proved to be the abode of the initiating Guru. That Sankara should have travelled hundreds of miles without finding even one Master able enough to lead him, and at last found in Govinda Acharya, the teacher of his heart, is enough praise for that great Sage. All through life, Sankara boldly called himself Govinda-Bhagavad Pada, one who is devoted to the feet of the blessed Master Govinda. After sitting at the feet of the great Master, he was directed to go first to Benares, probably for the reason that it was the centre of learned and philosophic orthodoxy. Here joined him his first great disciple Padmapada, a Chola youth of Chidambaram, who when called upon by Sankara to walk across the Ganges, boldly stepped forth and stood the test, lotus blossoms springing up suddenly on the river to support his feet. In Benares many a doughty philosopher liked to break a lance or two with Sankara, and the disciplinary value of these intellectual bouts must have been indeed very great on him, as he found himself a hero of a hundred fights whetting his wonderful dialectic powers. It was this power of close argument and relentless logic that made him in the future the unchallenged victor over a hundred warring creeds and creedmakers. Well might simple and pious folk believe that Sankara even dared to argue with Vyasa, the author of the Vedanta Sutras,



who probably came back from the other world to test his commentator's strength. The fame of our bold teacher of Vedanta soon spread abroad, and the King of Benares tried in vain to monopolise the philosopher for himself.

But Sankara, pledged to find out his flock and lead them on the way, pursued single-heartedly his mission, leaving Benares for his peripatetic ministry. He crossed and recrossed the length and breadth of India, preaching religion to the masses in soulsubduing hymns, and educating the learned with the power and clarity of his teaching to dwell more in the highest conceptions of the Upanishads than content themselves with roaming in lesser spheres of thought. He threaded his way on from Prayag to Mahishmati, the sometime historic capital of Magadha, thence onward through Maharashtra to the banks of the Cauvery, to the sacred temple of Kanchi, and all the great centres of busy life in the South as far as Thiruchendur, where ended the long southward march. But the circle was only half complete, and he marched on, until all India was under the banner of Advaitha; and so the sleepless teacher struck North by the Eastern Coast, city after city, to Jagannath, and swept all Northern India, reaching first Ujjain and Dwarka on the West Coast, and after a little deflection of a few hundred miles in a flying visit to Kashmir, retraced his steps to Bengal and Assam, ending the long 16 years' travel in the sublime solitudes of Kedarnath at the foot of the Himalayas. It must have been a grand march, for Sankara toured with a number of disciples, sometimes with stately paraphernalia bestowed on him by princes. At Prayag, Sankara is said to have met the last great champion of ritualistic religion, Kumarilla Bhatta. Bhatta, after a long career of exhaustless energy wasted in a rather fruitless and misguided cause, burnt himself to death for having in his imagination violated the Smrithis at one or two points. Sankara could not save this bigoted teacher of Hindu levitical law from the fury of the flames, and had to content himself with the next best achievement of reclaiming Bhatta's brother-in-law. Mandana Misra, for such was his name, lived at Mahishmati a fine palatial house, seeking God, in spite of his learning, through symbolism and ritual. Having married the most accomplished and cultured lady of the day, Bharathi, he had nothing more to desire in his earthly life. Ritual and symbols are always means, and never ends, and to teach them as a philosophy

is pernicious, though it was exactly in mistaking the means as an end that Mandana found his life's salvation; and hence Sankara hastened to initiate him in the science of the spirit, bidding him fling away the baubles which he had so long cherished. But Mandana would not relinquish his ground without real intellectual conviction. For many days they fought tooth and nail, but the old effete forms gave way to the impact of the power of the spirit, and so as ancient custom decreed, Mandana accepted the yellow robe and became one of the most trusted of his disciples, known henceforward as Sureswara. Bharati was a very learned lady, nay as much a scholar as Gargi and Maitrevi of Vedic India, and what was more a sturdy disputant, and she threw down the gauntlet to the great Swami. Though apparently closed up within the four walls of her house, she boldly stepped forward and contested the ground with none else than the great Sankara who had probably by this time acquired the name and fame of a prophet. "To conquer the husband alone," said she, "is but to conquer by half." Sankara was hard beset indeed, but he admired the lady for all that nature had endowed her with, meekness and submission, intrepidity and tenacity, the learning of the foremost scholar, and the intellectual grasp and daring of the sublimest philosopher. But once she had the honour of a defeat from Sankara, she became his disciple as an ascetic, and probably devoted all her energies to spread the philosophy of her Master, ending her days at Sringeri, though tradition sends her all at once to heaven, transformed as Saraswathi, soon after the controversy. Bharathi belonged to an age when learning among women was more common, and they enjoyed greater freedom than during the centuries following the establishment of Mahomedan rule in India. For it was one of the greatest achievements of Buddhism to educate women for the profession of religion and make them go forth as nuns and peripatetic preachers even to distant lands. The reader will easily recollect the case of Sangamithra who was thus sent to Ceylon. And this spirit of Buddhism, living as it did for centuries in close contact with Hinduism, must have communicated much learning and enlightenment to Indian women of all ranks and stations in life. So that by the 9th century, learning among Hindu women, especially those of high social standing, must have become a fairly common phenomenon.









SANKARA: HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

741

Sankara then hastened on to Maharashtra, the den of the sanguinary 'Kapalikas,' the ferocious 'Karadis,' the animistic Mallaris, and many other murderous sects. "The Kapalikas were worshippers of Bhairava the Destroyer," says Mr. C. N. K. Iyer, "who had a peculiar fondness for the heads of learned Brahmins; the more learned and pious, the better!" Sankara himself had once a very narrow escape from one of these. The 'Karadis,' again, caught stray pilgrims from the South and fattened them a whole year for the propitiation of their man-eating goddess. The Mallaris were comparatively innocuous, merely satisfying themselves with seeing their god ride on a dog.

But with his relentless logic of Vedanta, and sometimes with the more convincing argument of the sword supplied by Kings, Sankara effectively stamped out these venomous and frightful sects from the land. He wanted to create strong centres of spiritual culture and teaching, and so like the conqueror who secures his subdued territory by fortifying it with garrisoned fortresses, Sankara ensured the march of philosophy and religious sanity by establishing Mutts and instituting orders of Sanyasins pledged to the work of teaching and guiding the erring folk of far away hamlets and villages. The first of these was the 'Mutt" of Sringeri, with the contiguous temple of the goddess of learning, which are even to-day the most richly endowed and the most widely honoured of South Indian religious institutions. Then followed others at Dwarka and Govardhana, the spiritual gateways of the East and the West of India. Throughout his tour, he sent the most efficient of his disciples to all the important places of India, infusing in them the spirit of his higher teaching. Wherever he went, the Kings were willing to help him with the means necessary to purify temples, like those of Kanchi, of their Sakta abominations.

Thus for 16 years he wandered, teaching and preaching, arguing, reforming and contemplating all with the serenity of the self-controlled sage that he was. Long hours of morning and evening were devoted to prayer and communion in solitude. Many hours of the day he spent in exhorting foolish worldlings, with the earnestness of the prophet, not to get stuck up in the mire of the world, laying waste their powers and resources. It was probably in the uncertain leisure hours of the afternoon that the Master strained his tireless fingers over

the palm leaf, evolving those encylopædic commentaries of the 12 Upanishads, the Vedanta Sutras and the Gita, not to speak of the hundreds of inimitably grand songs that make us pause in worshipful wonder at their author. Our intense admiration for these commentaries is divided between the colossal intellectual force and acumen displayed in them on the one hand, and the vastness of the production on the other. In these commentaries we breathe the very air of logical reasoning in a domain of thought lit up by the language of lucidity itself. The metaphysical flight is performed on dizzy heights, but the motion is free, easy and emboldening. When Sankara was thus packing into 15 years the work of an age, he had to heed a more personal, but sacredly imperative, call of duty. His own mother was on her death-bed at Kaladi, and Sankara hastened thither, but only to experience the heartless animosity of his own kith and kin. His bigoted relatives protested against a Sanyasi prostrating before his mother, and strove to prevent him in all possible ways from performing the last rites to one who gave him birth. The last scene with the mother is a touching and sad one; he consoled and nursed her, and as she could not understand his high philosophy, sang to her of the All-father Maha-Vishnu, and the old blessed mother passed away peacefully. The relatives of Sankara held cruelly aloof, and in spite of all entreaties, they neither helped him to remove the dead body, nor, as tradition pathetically adds, let him have fire to burn it with. But against all opposition and apathy Sankara patiently discharged his last debt to his mother, and hurried back to his life's mission. Tradition tells us of the many hardships that Sankara endured in this rare act of filial affection. "Indeed there is a high moral beauty and sublimity to be found in the noble duty of a man having to honour the sacred memory of his mother."

Sankara then took the last turn to the North along the Eastern Coast, as described above. His last attempt was to baptise, in the fire of his philosophy, the rabid Sakta, Abhinava Gupta, in Bengal, who revenged himself for his defeat by bringing on the victorious Guru a most dreadful and fatal form of hemorrhoids; he was however temporarily cured of this venomous disease by his watchful disciples.

Longing to take his last rest on the crags of the sublime Himalayas, he jogged his way on to Badari nestling amidst ice-



riven rocks. He then built a Mutt on these sacred Himalayan altitudes and consecrated the spot by dedicating a shrine to Narayana. This is the great temple of Badari Narayana to which, in the freezing months of December, thousands of pilgrim footsteps are directed in reverence and prayer every year. But the last venomous roots of Gupta's fell craft martyred the philosopher-prophet who passed away in silent contemplation amidst the awe-inspiring and serene solitudes of the Himalayas. Thus amidst the sublimest of mountain ranges passed away one of the profoundest of Indian teachers.

But Sankara lived more in thought than in deed. The Indian lives in and breathes the atmosphere of his philosophy. The briefest and clearest statement of it would require more pages than are permitted by the scope of this essay or the indulgent patience of the reader. But I shall only dip my wings and skim away. At the heart of all things is the eternal essence as the immanence of the universe which no language but the mighty eloquence of silence can catch a faint echo of, which can be apprehended only as knowledge, supreme, ineffable and allconquering joy, and as pure existence. That is the changeless, birthless and deathless Atman, the root-cause, the Noumenon behind all phenomena. How then came the multiplicity, the countless variety of the phenomenal world? Over the heart of things is the pall of Avidya or Nescience, the cosmic ignorance which, producing all these kaleidoscopic figures on the surface of things, is only as real as its creations. As Max Müller puts it: "This ignorance cannot be said to exist, nor can be said not to exist just as our own ordinary ignorance, which though we suffer from it for a time, can never claim absolute reality and perplexity. This phenomenal world, called forth like the mirage in a desert, has its reality in Brahman alone. Only it must be remembered that what we perceive, can never be the Absolute Brahman but a perverted picture only, just as the moon we see, manifold and tremulous in its ever-changing reflections on the waving surface of the ocean, is not the real moon though deriving its phenomenal character from the real moon which remains unaffected in its unapproachable remoteness. The entire complex of phenomenal existence is considered as true, so long as the knowledge of Brahman and the Self of all has not arisen. just as the phantoms of a dream are considered to be true until the

sleeper awakes." Thus this great unreality is the great training ground of the soul for realising its oneness with all created beings and so long as that goal is not reached, Avidya is a reality. All this is the teaching of the Upanishads through the grand philosophical system of this mighty thinker.

Having pointed out to man the fundamentals and the ultimate basis of the relation of nature, man, and God, Sankara permitted men to follow their own humbler ways of seeking God and only insisted on their realising the spiritual essence of things. One may tread on the path of spiritual evolution by worshipping God in any noble form he liked, provided he tried to recognise the form as such. He preserved all the saving forms of religion which serve to remind man of the nobler essence behind them all. The highest truth is the Brahman, and man in essence is identical with it. though the smoke of ignorance clouds the spark of our nature. Trailing clouds of glory we come from our Father who is one with The reality once known, man should try to realise it along the path most suited to his spiritual calibre. The emotional man may begin with love of God or Bhakti, the man of action in resigned and patient work, the meditative man in calm and contemplative moods. A Browning may find the sheet-anchor of his life in love, faith, and charity, a Wordsworth in the deep power of meditative joy, and the profoundest sage in the waveless Dhyana of the All-pervading Soul, until worshipper and worshipped blend in one. We see here the essence of the world-embracing religious doctrine that Sankara preached.

No great philosopher in the world has been an equally great poet. But Sankara was. His lyrics discourse the sweetest music even in the mouth of the most unmusical. The verses are the children of music; and yet as one sings them, one is enticed into the fairy halls and corridors of Sankara's philosophy. They woo us and court us unconsciously into the primal cause of things. Even the language of hyperbole limps behind in describing the experience of the singer. But these are a twice-told tale, to one who has felt the soul-subduing strains of the God-intoxicated Sivananda Lahari or Ananda Lahari. They are the language of sheer spiritual trance.

0

But Sankara was much more than a prophet, philosopher and poet. He was one of our foremost men of action, the keenest and most dispassionate debater who challenged and sought

SANKARA: HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

745

opposition and met it with the native confidence of strength. For he knew that all prejudice would scorch itself in the blast of debate. He conceded much and everywhere preserved all that was good in the faith of the people. His work was easy because of the spirit of compromise, which gave his teaching its ecumenical basis. But a mere debater cannot do much in the reclamation of fossilized and stagnant people. The utmost caution and the foresight of statesmanship were required to be the spiritual ruler of India. Sankara used the aid of princes wherever it was necessary to put down lawless sectaries. But the greatest strokes of statesmanship and diplomacy were unconscious; Sankara no more courted the favour of princes than did the great Buddha. The organisation of the Mutts as centres of culture and the institution of the order of itinerant and teaching Sanyasins recruited from all castes, required the skill of a great organiser. The missionary spirit has always been lacking in India. Even now thousands in India require the saving influence of Hindu missionary effort, the lack of which is a great curse on the land. Even to-day in spite of the noble endeavours of the Sanyasins of the Ramakrishna mission, people cling to inane and meaningless forms regardless of the Inner Essence. The spirit of Sankara to teach people Jnana or true knowledge is absent, with the inevitable triumph of Pharisaic sanctimony coupled with rooted caste prejudices. If there were intrepid workers like the great Saint who could, on hearing his disciples scold the wise Chandala for approaching too near, break forth into the melodious and solemn declaration: who comprehends the world in the light of the highest knowledge is my Guru, be he a Chandala or a Brahmin," we should have by this time attained a far higher social unity. An instructive and by no means unbelievable story is told how the Master once even sat at the feet of a Pariah to learn some art which he himself did not know, and ever after regarded him as another of his Gurus. But we, at any rate, are not left rudderless for want of the inspiration of noble examples. Sankara's active and restless life is glowing with the records of deeds of mercy that are chronicled, unfortunately for us, in the form of miracles in which most pious Hindus believe, as the Christians do in those of Jesus. The miracles attributed to Sankara show the overflowing mercy of the great philosopher. Hasthamalaka, the dumb lad, was released from the seal that closed his lips and made one of his

foremost disciples. As a boy, Sankara had to beg his day's meal from door to door, as he did indeed all his life; and every Brahmachari in India, all through the centuries until very lately, has depended for his sustenance on the alms-bowl. A poor matron, finding nothing to give the begging scholar, presented him with a gooseberry. Sankara rewarded the woman's love, says tradition, by making the heavens rain pearls in her house.

There is yet another aspect of Sankara. He reverenced Bharathi, the learned wife of Mandana, for her great wisdom, and it was partly in memory of her, that he dedicated a temple to Sarada at Sringeri. That he thus consecrated a temple to the Goddess of Learning is in itself one of the most eloquent comments on Sankara's teachings. He laid all his emphasis on Inana or true wisdom as the salvation of man. Even the existence of such a goddess in our Pantheon has not opened our eyes to the miserable illiteracy of the sex to which the goddess belongs. And yet, it was the Goddess Sarada that Sankara bade all men look up to for guidance. But he would never countenance mere inactive learned repose. Sankara makes us stand in speechless wonder at his superhuman activity, for he begged, meditated and worked all his life. Verily, one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name; and 32 years of such a life are worth all the 1,000 years that have rolled over Sankara's grave.

We have said enough to show, in faint outlines, the profile of the unassailable great figure of our sketch, in whom a thousand claims to reverence arose, as reformer, poet, philosopher, saint and prophet. The noble words of Sister Nivedita will compensate for much of my omission:-" In the course of a few years, to have nominated the founder of no less than 10 great religious orders of which four have fully retained their prestige to the present day: to have acquired such a mass of Sanskrit learning as to create a distinct philosophy and impress himself on the scholarly imagination of India to a preeminence that 1,200 years have not sufficed to shake; to have written poems whose grandeur makes them unmistakable even to foreign and unlearned ears; and at the same time to have lived with his disciples in all the radiant love and simple pathos of the Saints-this is the greatness that we must appreciate but cannot understand. We contemplate with wonder and delight the devotion of Francis of Assissi, the intellect of Abelard, the







SANKARA: HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

virile force and freedom of Martin Luther and the political efficiency of Ignatius Loyala; but who could imagine all these united in one person?" But they were so united in Sankara.

R. SADASIVA IYER.

Madras.

TO MONT BLANC.

Hast thou, O sov'ran Blanc! thy aerial peak
With vapours thick, hid from the thrilling sight
Of man's unmanly deeds beneath thy height,
Afar and near, where human blood doth streak
Green Nature's tender limbs and tenderer cheek?
Thy fair indwellers, awed, have taken flight,
Eastward, on trembling pinions flutt'ring light,
And left thy caves all desolate and bleak!
Ascend, ye mountain, as a messenger
From earth to heaven, and moan forth piteous plaints
Against the meaner impulses that stir
Man yet to mutual strife that vilely taints
His essence pure, wherein soft germs of love
Lie but to blossom out, dropp'd from above.

MONINDRANATH CHATTERJI.

Central Hindu College, Benares. 747

OF DEBT.

O what an amorous thing is want: How debts and mortgages enchant,

HUDIBRAS.

NDEBTEDNESS is the badge of all phenomena. Truly, it is phenomenal. It is stamped deep in the Alles Vergangliche. All nature is a ceaseless lending and borrowing. All mankind may be divided into two classes, one of which believes that it is better to give than to receive, and the other that it is better to receive than to give. As these two classes mutually support each other, not only as correlative contradictory metaphysical entities, but as fact, mankind as a whole is always solvent. Absolute bankruptcy has no metaphysical existence—the noumenon knows it not—it is a mere transfer of property, which some like, and some do not like; a mere metastasis, a glandular filtration, which leaves one part empty, while another is bursting with a plethora. Indebtedness therefore is one phase only of the universal law of compensation and polarity. The moon shines with a reflected and borrowed light. The seas borrow from the rivers, and vice versa, and both lend to, and borrow from the clouds and the snow. The animal borrows from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the dead exhalations of the living, and from the decayed carcase of the dead animal. It is a cycle of indebtedness all round, like the curious circle of the American Indians, where each redskin sits on the knees of the one behind, and is in turn similarly sat upon by the one before. The bee borrows from the flower, and repays by scattering far and wide the fertilising dust. The ocean borrows from the land, and the land silts up, and takes back from the ocean. Holland has been wholly borrowed from the ocean; and once when she was on the point of subjugation, and fighting against overwhelming odds, the great Stadtholder gave out as order, "pull down the dykes, and give Holland back to the sea,"-a sort of heroic method, and vast national land liquidation of all liabilities en masse. Each force borrows from

every other, and together they trace out the great mosaic of the appropriation and agglomeration of atoms. Man borrows from all. But, unlike the rest, this Papin's digestor, does not like to repay. Hence, perhaps, it has been said that he is the darling of Nature. To him alone she seems to have laid herself out on loan, and he takes full advantage of this credit by drawing great cheques on her bank. Her entire arsenal of forces, her entire storehouse of atoms and molecules has been hypothecated to him, and he harnesses them, attaches them, hitches his car on to the very tail-piece of old Boötes, and he lives on the usufruci. All her riches flow out to him, and never once does this benign judgment creditor issue a garnishee order. But one thing she does not, will not give up, or loan, or hypothecate, and that is the "secret of life," the true palingenesis; and it is the keeping back of this little iota that constitutes the great debt of debts, the debt of Nature. But she stands a great deal, and two things only she seems not to like at all, viz., pride. and lying; and whenever these make their appearance against the name of anyone on her books, from that moment she seems to stop his credit outright-and let such an one loom ever so big in the eyes of his simple fellowmen, he is but a tumour, a blown bladder, a parasite, a false growth, a polypus, a bubble which a pigmy's straw may pierce-or, like the frog in the fable, she lets him burst in the end. If he keeps clear of these acts which damage or impair his security, and if he keeps within the broad lines of her account, she overlooks many irregularities and overdrafts, and never dishonours his bills.

Among the affinities of nature, the links that bind, the vinculi juris natura, debt occupies a very prominent place. If nature is dualistic, as the best and most reliable philosophers have maintained, then there must be debts. If there are no debts, there will be no credit,and alas, if there were no credit, who would be in debt? Then there are debts which are not debts, and there is a credit which is the very flower and the fruit of debt. There are debts which a profound shopkeeper allows to remain on his books for ever so long. They become an asset, for it is from these that he derives a reflex credit. All the others say, "he must be somewhat for such a great one to deal with him"; much the same as when an aspiring, or a declining, man of law pays a large income-tax on an ostensible income: he finds it handy, and he negotiates his practice on debits. The whole beautiful fabric of the Civil Law has been raised on debt of some sort; and who, if there were no debts, would have suspected the exquisite complexities of the law of limitation. The black thumb is not more indicative of the rich cobbler than the long tailor's bill is of the fine gentleman. There is a very solvent man, with good assets, and with a cheque book in his waistcoat pocket, but not a hawker, not a pedlar will sell him a pice of credit-he cannot go

on tick. There is another with a constant minus balance, who demands and gets credit at every shop he enters; all the hawkers and shop-keepers look at him, and with the keen glance of business instinct they at once see, and seeing, say, 'we have great comfort in this fellow, he hath no drowning mark upon him'—he goes on tick. The genuine debtor indeed is born, and not made. Credit goes by face value. Debt goes by algebra, where two minuses make a plus. Credit is often superficial. In debt there is something intrinsic. How like a West End watch, or a Regulator clock, yea, a very grandfather's clock—and for ninety years at a time—doth it go—tick-tick-tick-tick.

Nature is a great unlimited joint stock company. She likes good debts, for like a bank, she accumulates her enormous dividends, not by lending money, but by lending credit. But bad debts and bad bargains, she calls in at once, with the help of that lean old bailiff who, mounted on his pale horse, is strict in his arrest. Nor is it anyone, and everyone, who can become a bankrupt. The jus civilis, which is but an intoxicating wine three times distilled from the very laws of nature-so they say-provides, firstly, that only those who can make a binding contract may become bankrupt; and also, and secondly—a most consoling thought—that a "dead man" cannot become bankrupt. The whole force of nature, and the constitution of society cannot make a live beggar a bankrupt; and as for a dead beggar, why, he is but a "dead man," and so exempt. Is it this why the great world cares so little whether a poor beggar is alive, or dead? Is it any wonder then that there are so many beggars in the land, this fine land of India? How they go about, on a bright Sunday morning; how they go, and come again-or come, and will not, will not go; will nothing melt you then? And how they carry about with them, wherever they go, the same cheerful and profound look of universal proprietorship, the true meeting point, the de profundis of complete indebtedness, and complete solvency. Consider them well, you shall not see them again till this day week; they owe the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume—they are sophisticated -they are the thing itself. Did you think the world itself had contained so many beggars; the cry is still they come. Have they surmounted space and time? Do they not dwell in houses like the rest of the kindly race of men? Have they names only, and no local habitation? Fathers, none; mothers, ditto-seem never to have had Are they born? Are they made? Are they mere lath and plaster, or have they been plastered up with mud on the banks of holy Ganga? A nickel anna they accept joyfully, and of course—one pice also is not bad; half a pice also will do. O India, India, thou land of absolute existence, and old philosophy! Do they live then by sheer





OF DEBT

metaphysics, and the aftermath of dry consumable matter, and convert the 'onta' itself into living tissue, by a process of metabolism peculiar to themselves; or can the peristaltic movement lay hold on the Reinen Vernunft, or extract sustenance from a kind of wide co-operative debit? But alas, all cannot be beggars, and for the ordinary man it is well if he can always take up his position somewhere in the middle, in between Alexander the Great and Carnegie on one side, and Diogenes of Sinope and the unemployed on the other; and a few running accounts, a bill here, a bill there, and a little of not bad debts, will even give him a wonderful elasticity of step, and also keep him in sympathetic touch with the thick rotundity of the world.

That broad road, and the long street yonder, lined on both sides with glittering shops, and business houses-what a display of commodities is there in the show-rooms—does no one buy them there? they never empty? Such things, some of them; will they ever find a buyer? And the glass doors and windows stuck over with advertisements from every quarter of this commercial globe of earth: the whole inside and outside of man catered for here: all compressed and jammed into this little nook and cranny of this great round-about: all these things are there from day to day; yes, and the same hawkers are there, and the Boris, and the same mitred Zoroastrian man of goods, all merchants and all 'general', whose names have been household words from the far off days of childhood. They are all there to this very day; and you walk, and you cycle, and you drive along the same road, the same street, every day of your life almost; you also step in at times, and buy a thing here, and buy a thing there, and you pay up in hard current cash of the realm. As yet you are still on the outskirts; they see you only as on the far horizon; you have not made any sensible impression on them. To them you are but a passer by, a mere one who might buy, and always pays in cash. Your purse is yet round, and, on pressure, still retains its rotundity. They see it, ah! they see it, but they heed it not. It is only a thing that contains 'wherewith,' and you are only the other thing that pulls in out. What are you to them more than Hecuba is to you? You find as yet no purchase, you quite glide off, as on a banana skin; it is as yet mere business. 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. You have yet not got any hold of their egos, nor they of yours. It is as yet mere physical juxtaposition, and the true personal contact, the personal equation, is wanting: that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. there comes a day,-not exactly the Ides of March,-or the days specially appropriated by Clotho, or Lachesis, or Atropos,-but a day it is, -perhaps the last day of the month, or thereabouts; or it is somewhere in the last week of the month-towards the dry end,-well

in among what the Indian Shastric Nakshatra calls the Sudi, or the dark half-not certainly of such importance as to be marked off in red chalk, or white, not even sufficiently remarkable so as to become an individual landmark, or point for computing time from, but a day nevertheless. Many good people have had such days,-many bad people have not had them, and many good people, who have had a long run of them, say it is only the bad people who never have themand it serves them right-in short, there comes a day when you are-'hard up'. It is then that you enter one of these shops. The hawker knows you, for not to know you argues himself unknown. The little packet of things of crying necessity is soon made up, price so and so, it is not much-but-may you sign a chit; of course-the good man wonders what crime, and under what section of the Indian Penal Code, he could have committed, that it took you so long to find it out. He knows you well, knew your uncles, and grand uncles before you. they all dealt with him-when you were yet playing marbles in the school yonder. Those marbles,—they were all bought from him; they would never deal with another-points out the very tamarind tree, now grown so large,—then a little thing—where he saw you playing jackthe-monkey; happy days of childhood,-will they never come again? Your billet—and what screw,—by the way he has heard of that also, and in naming it, places you three grades higher. Yourself?—an Anglo-Indian; -oh, of course, -knows the whole race; likes them; believes they were specially made for hawkers and marwaris; and for yourself in particular, he has no doubt whatever but you will do credit to your job, and soon become a Deputy Commissioner of some sort,for if one of your abilities is not made a Deputy Commissioner at least, and in a very short time, he would like to know who will; has indeed set his whole heart and soul on trying to find out who will. What a delicate psychologist is here,—a gentler than Will Honeycomb. discourses direct to your thoughts,-your words are mere nothings. Thus with the fine and sure touch of an upholsterer, and also a manmilliner, he quite rigs you up, and you think to yourself: but yesterday, and not a pice in my pocket, - hard-up, -and here I am to-day dealing in actual tick. Your credit is rehabiliated, and your sinking spirits reassert themselves in rem and in personam; you are again in fashion with yourself, and the world at large. You begin to think with confidence, and, dipping into the future, far as human eye can see, you see promotion following upon promotion, with the steady regulated pace of a steam roller, and you see yourself at last driving along this very road in a motor car-your own motor car-and paying your way along, not, as now, in mere signed chits, but in tough, translucent, crackling damascened cheques drawn on the Bank of Bengal. It is here that one







is tempted to exclaim: Can a Croesus, can a Rockfeller, can a Vanderbilt go higher? No, for with all their millions, they have not the power of contracting a small, but genuine, debt, the like of this. From that moment you are a made man; and if, on a subsequent occasion, and, as loth to place too heavy an obligation on one good man only, you make a similar transaction at the shop yonder, -why-you are but so much the more. Both of them now vie with each other in advancing, in pushing you up the giddy rungs of the long ladder of worldly prosperity till, having at last reached the last rung, and looking down from there, you say-'Truly-man is a shadow, and life is a dream.' They curb and woo to you for leave to do you good, and if you happen to be made of penetrable stuff, if the generous and open vessels of your heart are easily distended, you quite succumb on the spot, and—go on more tick. See now with what a tender solicitude they enquire after your health, and prospects, every time you pass by that way, till, cloyed with too much sweet, you change the roads and the direction of your 'constitutionals'. They have now just heard that you have been promoted; that you are under orders of transfer. Dejectedly, and in unison, they cry: 'Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.' Of course it is not so, -it is but a figure of speech,-for with a tenderness, gentler than that of a Life Insurance Company, they have taken you and your welfare over at large, and it is from them that you shall henceforth know every change and turn in your career, sooner, and more certainly, than from the notification in the Gazette.

Such are the soft and sweet amenities of small debt, of little bills. They are humane. And it must have been some such experiences, and reflections, that made Napoleon, when looking back upon the romantic vicissitudes of the life he had left behind him, say, that the happiest period of his life was when, as a young man, unknown, and practically without a job, he promenaded the streets of Paris, in search of a hotel, where he might get the cheapest dinner. He was surrounded with the splendours of St. Cloud and the Tuilleries when he said this.

A moderate competence, a little debt, a few little bills in esse, repayments well in posse, solvency just permanent—it is this that may be said to be a lot truly enviable; and indeed it is, one within the grasp of any ordinary mortal; for tiches after all, are like Truth, which Malebranche has said is better in the pursuit, than in the having; and if fortune, suddenly roused from her long slumber, should get up on a bright sunny morning, with a cappriccio in her head, and, vying with these same hawkers, should push me up the rungs of that same ladder, where everything shall thenceforth go in four figures at a time, yes, even then I shall rest contented if, but once in a way and remember-

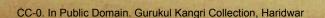
754

ing the days when this joy within me dallied with distress, and hope grew round me like the twining wine, I may, flinging aside the empty trammels of affluence or elegance, get into a plain white drill suit and peak cap, and walk along that same road, and that same street, and taste again, and in as full measure, the soft amenities and the simple joys that lie in the way of going on a little tick.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.





PHOTOGRAPHS.

IN a remarkable trait (not acquired however) I resemble one of the strangest, if not one of the greatest, men of all times. Brougham (of carriage fame) could never sit still for a photo. more can I! Reader, I am speaking from painful experience. The incident that I refer to happened when I was at College. A groupphoto, that parody of impossible amity, was proposed and decided upon by the busybodies of the class before the rest of us could have our say. I experienced some premonitory tremblings. But having no desire to be considered unsociable there was nothing for it but to prepare for the event with affected gaiety when the fiat had gone forth. Well, my day of days arrived, and the focus drove out what little natural resolution I had. I do not know what possessed me; but at the very moment of the call to attention, probably the spirit of "contrariness" proved too strong for my good sense. I was not going to be ordered about by a beggarly camera-operator, and I gave my head an emphatic shake. The consequences of that momentary wilfulness I shall have cause to remember to my dying day. And perhaps some of my quondam friends may send forth my shadow to distant posterity. Ah! What a profusion of ears was there (and mine is a capacious one at that)! What a pearly array of endless teeth! A line of snub noses extended gloriously along, like sand-dunes on the beach, only more regular. But the callous philosopher who had impaled me on inglorious immortality had relented in one respect. A happy blur enveloped the whole in a kindly mist. But he had, all the same, gained the main point. He had achieved the impossible. He had created something-a great thing-out of nothing. He had given the scientist the emphatic lie. He had added to the priceless possessions of the world. He had produced a unique work of Art, a consummate study in ugliness, a lovable monstrosity-a hint of Divine wrath. It was the triumph of the photographer's art. And like all great works of art it was the happy inspiration of a few unguarded, ungarnered moments. The

756

shades of night were kindly gathering over it, and it reposed in inscrutable, impenetrable gloom.

At this juncture a few reflections require to be set down. It is quite evident that Brougham and I could not sit for a photo. There are many who would not. Maeterlinck is one. He is a wise man. Our Hindu elders (the conservative section) also hold rigidly to that resolution. Faith forbids them to do otherwise. They believe that every such sitting takes off an occasional inch from the short span of our mortal existence—a thing we can ill afford. These facts are significant. The above-mentioned persons are really afraid that a fraction of life would be imprisoned in the photo. And with cause enough, it seems; for the American scientist claims to photograph the vital spark as it separates from the dying man. By the way, I suppose that is why you don't have a living likeness in the photos of mortality. It also accounts for the fact that only very clever photographers are able to present you with a living, speaking likeness. It is only in their hands that a breath of life is unwillingly drawn towards the sensitive plate and confined in light and shade—the abstraction of the concrete and the concretion of the abstract, a living irony.

But this same "life" is tricksier than Ariel and a good deal quicker. If you give it even the least hint of your intention, off it goes and there is no coaxing it back either with fair promises or with black threats. It will not allow itself to be defined by such materialities as the camera and the camera-man. It screens itself behind an imperturbable stolidity. Life is envisaged by a lifeless mask. It retires behind a pose. You are posing for the photographer, not sitting. You are acting your life even in these filmy records for posterity. The shadow of individuality which you wish to leave behind has some thing universal in it. It levels all distinctions. It gives room for no invidious personal charm to create unseemly dissensions in the regions of the happy dead. All photographs bear the impress of the same stamp—a certain bovineness of outlook. Haply, your degenerate descendant of some years later, trying to single out his honourable progenitor from the common herd shall, with just cause, exclaim: "What glorious freedom enjoyed ye, fraternity of old, what princely equality !"

But, for those perverse beings who never cease to believe in themselves, who are not a whit abashed at the non-fulfilment of their high hopes even at the end of their mortal career, but cling with unbated trust to the kindly verdict of posterity, the only good photographer is he who steals a march upon them, who takes them unawares and fixes their unconscious and true self in black and white for all time (paper and colour enduring). 人。





This active photography has been, of late years, used with some measure of success for a kind of investigation to which, at first sight, it seems singularly inappropriate. I, of course, allude to its Scotland Yard vogue. Your true robber, not the night-walking owlish burglar nor the mean sneaking footpad but the apt devotee of shop-lifting and such like open pursuits—the real honour to the profession is a very healthy specimen of humanity. Imprimis, he is a gentleman. What is more, he is a hero. The larger the number of "plain-clothes" on any public occasion, the greater his promptness and the more admirable his ease. He is the pink of sartorial perfection. parochial gold watch and chain sits with peculiar grace upon his supple, sinewy frame. He lightly treads or glides on the surface of society. But, like all heroes, his discretion deserts him at times, and his unaided valour plays him into the hands of the detective, who then plays the clever photographer on him. Mark you, our hero, though baffled, does not give in. He is at bay to the limit of his time. His fortune is in his heels, and he puts an appreciable distance between his pursuer and himself. But the vile camera had done its work; and when pressed to it, he gives himself up to the minions of the law with a grace which makes them blush. After all, what does it matter? He has had the last laugh.

What is more to our purpose, his is the most life-like representation possible to the keen photographer under the stringent conditions

of the world. There is no forced sitting here.

The rare moments of self-examination leading to unclouded selfknowledge which occur not often in the life of every man are the moments of perfect felicity, of happy and joyous inspiration to the photographer, if Fortune be kind to him. But it is very rarely that the jade looks with friendly eyes upon the poor artist. For men do not generally make these intimate examinations before all the world. Nor is it every man that lets his thoughts be seen in his face.

of us keep a well-instructed, cautious physiognomy.

Arguing from this point of view, it would appear that even a hand-mirror is the ideal photographer. No one is ashamed to admit it to his inmost counsels, to ask for its advice and act by it. Every man lays bare his heart and his face to its gaze and, looking into it. knows himself (to a certain extent). He delights in twisting and screwing and pinching his face into a thousand hideous contortions, and gazes upon their reflex with smiling complacency. Imperative is the need for such a secret confession. It eases his conscience which is straining under the heavy load of posing before men, almost fit to break. He has thus unburdened his soul and feels more at ease. Thus the hand-mirror is the ideal photographer, because it faithfully delineates the unaffected human physiognomy in its minutest details. But, alas! it ensures no immortality. Its impressions are as fleeting as the stuff our dreams are made of. Truly, perfection is not for this world.

There are some lovable studies to which the photographer alone can do any justice. For the great masters of pen and pencil have tried their hands at them and acknowledged themselves beaten. Such a one, for instance, is the painful, deprecating smile that steals with sympathetic suggestion to the face of one who is eagerly watching for the first signs of a friend's doubtful triumph on some important occasion. Its timorous faltering twitch bespeaks your indulgence for him; it draws off your attention with eager reticence from the pale gleam of the eye which speaks volumes of feverish anxiety and the soul's high-strung tension. When the probability of success becomes more defined, it flits from the face with a sigh of relief, and the muscles are relaxed with a distinct feeling of joy and of satisfaction. of the greatest painters have tried to represent this, with but little success. The criminal's hunted look, the madman's meaningless delight, the saint's ecstatic hope, the lingering agony of death-all these live for ever at the point of their brush. But this smile that is no smile is, frankly, too much for them. As for the wielders of the pen, you have seen at least one writer fumbling about in a distressing manner for words to convey but a shadow of his meaning. I may honestly say that others have not achieved any greater success.

Another great theme of this nature is the rare smile of the child. The joy of the Supreme in His creation breaks upon children's lips. And looking upon it, your doubts cease. The smiling radiance that suffuses with rosy glow the face of the sleeping child speaks of happiness far above anything that imagination has conjured up for fifty centuries. The soft vivacity that bursts upon the face of the little infant that, toddling round the tiny corner, meets the loving eyes of its mother, indicates expectations far nobler and more profound than those ever entertained by the most august of the sons of men. To give the faintest idea of this most divine happiness is possible (at least, theoretically) and the contraction of the sons of t

theoretically) only to the photographer.

So far we have entertained ourselves with sundry speculations upon the Art itself. Shall we not see the man? Yet it is with some reluctance that I approach this portion of the subject. Truth to say, the photographer is a poor specimen. He is not very interesting; I, of course, refer to the sort of interest that clings to the outer rind of humanity. Two explanations of this fact are possible. Either he is the supreme objective artist who retires completely behind his work and would give no account of himself to the outer world. Or, which

759

is equally possible, he has identified himself so thoroughly with his work and has literally pieced out his soul into his various productions so absolutely that not even a particle remains in him that should attract our attention. Personally, I incline to the first view. For of all artists, he has the greatest temptation to put himself *into* his work; he has only to stand before, instead of behind his camera. Yet see his strong reserve and sovereign self-control! Anyway, he does not repay perusal. And he himself does not solicit attention except, of course, in the way of business.

But this much at least let me tell you, that his is not a very comfortable life in its outer aspects. He is ever at the mercy, a very tender one, of grasping stolidity. He cannot catch life—that is for more fortunate people. He must be content to earn his bread by demeaning his high employ, by copying lifeless lumps of flesh. Like all great imaginative productions, his really inspired works, the offsprings of moments of perfect bliss, are valueless, unsaleable; libelled as 'the work of idle moments' by the author himself in bitter irony, by the

rest of the world in perfect simplicity.

But the true photographer is the most favourable example of unfailing optimism. It is with gallant defiance of the unappreciative world in his heart that he affixes to his masterpieces quis sculpsit of the photographer—the printed emblem of a chequered career of hopes and fears. That is his only consolation and his supreme ambition. It is his only chance of posthumous fame. In this, again, he is the true artist, that he lives only for two things: his work and the applause of posterity, whether of choice or of necessity it becomes us not to enquire.

But photographs are, in a special sense, "emblems of mortal vanity," as Browne would say. Their originals become in a breath one with common clay. And photographs do not survive their originals even by forty years. Assuredly, they last not three oaks, any more than arches and obelisks. Burrowing one day in a lumber-room I discovered a tattered piece of paper covered with faint smears, which on examination proved to be a photograph of a judge and his staff. Time had executed justice on him with a vengeance! Alas! when all is said, the photographer and photograph alike must mingle in the dust.

M. RAGHUNATHAN.

Madras.

WORLD POLITICAL ECONOMY.

If Christianity contains within it the essence of all wisdom with the example of its practical application in the life of the Founder, we may expect that profound thinkers and world-workers, whatever the form of their theology, will from their experience of life and work, ultimately come to think with Jesus in all things, even without the consciousness of it.

This thought suggests itself from a perusal of Mr. K. K. Gongulee's article, The True Import of Independence, in the May number of East & West being a Hindu view of "self-government" of the individual (Swadhinata.)

He shows with complete exactitude the disposition of every human being to be independent of all authority, but says that the real importance of independence is a state where one is quite under his own control, and when that control is exercised over the *inner self*. If that state of control is attained, it removes all trouble to the mind by the will having to work in subordination to another will, for a common object. And more than this, it enables the will to command "desire," and limit its action to useful proportions, approved by the world.

If we realise personal self-government and the conditions of our "being" in respect of the creation and society, we shall have no difficulty in leading others, or following the divine inspiration in all worldly matters.

In proceeding from the spiritual to the practical side of our present position, EAST & WEST also gives us a paper on "The Pacificists and the War," by Mr. William Diack, Editor of the Aberdeen Evening News. The drift of the article appears to be that—"very subtly and insidiously have militant doctrines been propagated in Britain in recent months; and that in an influential section of the Conservative Press the voice of unblushing conscription is dominant." The writer warns us against the idea that the militarism against which we are fighting will ever be crushed by militarism, but by the gradual



WORLD POLITICAL ECONOMY

adoption by all nations of the world of the pacificist maxim: "Lay down your arms."

This is all very well in theory; but reforms are gradual processes owing to the inertia of the masses working under existing organisations.

If everything in creation has its uses—even militarism—then where force is being used for purposes disapproved by the majority, the only way to correct the abuse is to bring superior force to stop it.

Nor is militarism the only force we have to deal with acting in insidious ways; the effort to govern others by exciting hatred against them, and imputing the evil motive, only leads from one error of

management to others, which delays the practical remedy.

The possession of a vote, without a defined, authoritative sphere of usefulness for its action, where truth and intelligence can work with certainty of satisfactory results, merely leads to government by insidious means, utlimately culminating in mob rule and the triumph of error. We have to reckon with all such extremes in devising administrative measures. The happy mean is being restored everywhere by the experience of the war; we have now to apply the universal intelligence to devise co-operative measures in the lump and in detail, for working on sound principles.

The question of the day and for the future is:—In what authority should the direction of the deciding superiority of force be vested, how constituted and moved; and on what moral and business

principles should world-government proceed?

For one nation to lay down its arms on a mere theory of their inutility for regulating world political economy and international trade and commerce, as democracy suggests, while its neighbour, working on an autocratic organisation, keeps the entire nation in arms and rejects the democratic theories of morality, as England and Germany have respectively been doing, we are largely indebted for the incidence of the war and its probably long duration.

So the time has evidently arrived when there must be a reform of the system on which Europe and the world is governed and working, if militarism is to be reduced to its proper sphere of action and econo-

mical development is to be universally encouraged.

It is not what we would like to do that always matters; but what the actions of others compel us to do. Then let us consider

the forces in action with which we have to deal.

First, there are the inevitable "needs" and "desires" of humanity pressing the mass. The first "need" is food. The "desire" to assimilate and possess things beautiful in Nature, or Art, such as delight the senses, is almost unlimited, and comes next. The impossibility for all to have everything they covet or desire tells

us that there is a useful limit to the license allowed to desire; but in addition to this knowledge, we possess the experience that by co-operative organisation, and giving up some of the desire for "perfect freedom," we may collectively and individually realise material comforts and even luxuries, which would be impossible of attainment by our own independent exertions.

If Christianity is an essential doctrine of the "useful limit" to freedom and the indulgence of "desires"—and not a demand for their "extinction"—it may be inferred that the moral codes which give expression to it are the test of the value of results of every form of organisation invented by humanity for enabling the whole work of the world necessary to existence and pleasure to go on. But no religion gives definite instruction for such organised methods of government, which must necessarily differ with local circumstances everywhere and be experimentally adapted to the character of the people and their work at varying times.

As long as a nation can supply all its own wants without the assistance of any foreign nation, and does not interfere in their concerns,

things are simple enough.

But when nations depend on others for mutual help, there must evidently be international law established to regulate business and secure justice, the enforcement of which is a first essential of

continuity of progress.

Then what are the forces at work which may lead to injustice and strife and the necessity of coercion of the evil-doer? These are pretty well-known in individual cases, and are the subject of special treatment in the religious codes of morals. It is needless to say that the superiority of collective action over that of the individual depends almost wholly on the "motive" and the morality by which it is supported. Both being good, the power of the initiative is often beneficially exercised from a centre that not only hastens the realisation of good results, but leads to great efficiency and economy in the process of acquiring them.

Apart, then, from questions of morality, let us notice briefly how we have been working to supply humanity's needs and satisfy to a reasonable extent its most cherished desires. We must look for the material means through the working organisations that have been in

action.

It will occur to the memory of the oldest amongst us that the end of the Napoleonic wars was the opportunity for peaceful economic development which took a particularly brisk turn, with the introduction of steam and machinery, and which made such rapid strides in the reign of good Queen Victoria. The world had had enough of French

Imperialism and its wild dreams, and all wanted to settle down to try and recoup the vast expense of the wars.

In England the ruling thought that wars were made by Governments, through their power over the foreign policy and the authority over the army, led to the authority for initiating war being shared by the Parliament, militarism being tabooed. The long peace which followed was mainly employed in developing trade, allowing the freest scope to *individual* private enterprise; and the foreign policy was directed to keep the country out of foreign complications.

England thus built up a good trade, while other nations were always contemplating attack or being attacked; and the Government of Europe was left in a state of unstable equilibrium that led to general conscription for defensive purposes, which were in turn misapplied to offensive operations, with the motive of destroying the

neighbour and seizing his possessions.

The war between France and Germany, that ended in favour of the latter and the establishment of the German Empire, has been followed by remarkable progress in Germany, which can fairly be traced to the example set by Great Britain in pushing trade and commerce under the competitive system of private enterprise—a competition in which the German Empire entered with the proceeds of the 200 millions sterling derived from the French indemnity.

There seems little doubt that Germany with her autocratic regime, and all policy directed to national efficiency, has successfully competed in the field of economics. The reason for this appears to be that while English practice has continued on the lines of "individual" competition and allowed all nations the benefit of her free-trade, Germany has protected her capital and effected many economies in the cost of production, by syndicating the control of each trade and manufacture, so as to save destructive domestic competition. Then by tariffs and bounties Germany's workmen have been kept in full employment at England's expense, owing to her different policy.

Competition for excellence in every direction is in the interest of the world; and new inventions and methods are soon copied and adopted and monopolies thereby prevented. Government in Germany has taken a fatherly interest in trade and manufactures, and the Kaiser's entourage is pecuniarily interested in it. The workman's conditions have been studied and arranged for, while our party system has permitted mere strife and wrangling under the guise of liberty and freedom for the individual. There is little pretence to science in it all, but we must not look at the situation through our passions.

Not only has German Government action in the sphere of economics been exerted at home, but its agents have spread all over the

world giving long credits, while our merchants want cash before or on delivery. These agents have also been used as part of the military system of spying and preparation for sudden attack, on a political system which, while openly professing friendship for other nations, is disloyal to them; and we see the action of it in the effort to destroy their governments and working organisations by spreading sedition in order that Germany should be above all, and derive profit from world disturbance and her piled-up armaments. Credit is only given when there is power to recover a debt. Militarism and conquest must follow it, if necessary!

This kind of competition, therefore, requires counteracting, if wars are to be avoided in the future. The present war is part of the remedy, to test whether Germany is to rule the world, or the world to rule

Germany in the matter of morals and business.

In the economic sphere it is evident that any methods which have proved efficient and economical in Germany or elsewhere are likely to be followed, provided they are honourable and loyal to other nations.

This, of course, means that governments will co-operate with individual private enterprise more than they have hitherto done, and will control the direction in which the national energies can best take effect. Thus the unrestricted privilege of individuals to compete for trade and business inside and outside the kingdom will be limited to business inside; and the license to trade outside will have to be vested in the government. When this is the case, it will be possible for the governments of nations to counteract immoral or unjust practices by forbidding transactions—as has actually been done in the present war.

If the efficiency and economy necessary for successful competition in the world's markets can only be secured by some of Germany's methods, they are certain to be adopted in other countries; and already there are signs of them being adopted in England. We have to realise that our competition has passed the domestic stage to supply the world and has to become part of the international competition for the purpose and calls less for opportunities for a few successful individuals to get rich in each nation, and more for the whole work of the entire nation to be made so efficient that it can successfully hold its own against other nations. The information necessary for this national work must then evidently be common property; and the methods of turning it to account must also be all open and not secret, but vitalised with the national "co-operative thought" behind all initiative. If we have mistaken the German word "Kultur"—and it merely means this high efficiency and economy in national work—we must be sorry.

But the high efficiency and economy of German militarism has put the nation out of tune with humanity.

And unfortunately, it is the use that excellence of any sort may be put to, that establishes its real value to the world; and in the high efficiency of the military business and the development of the means of destruction, the catastrophe feared by Prince von Buelow, formerly Chancellor of the Empire, has come about. He said that the piling up of armaments could only have one result, viz., Pressure—Counterpressure—Explosion! The high efficiency with the motive behind it, leading to a lengthy war, is proved to have exceeded the "useful limit"!

Economic expansion does not wholly rest on the use of the military for purposes of coercion; but much more on voluntary co-operative effort in production and free exchange of commodities. Fear of robbers and bandits makes us take measures for defence of our property; but would we be more secure by becoming our own policemen than trusting the Government? And would any nation require excessive precautions in the face of International Law backed by the will and intention of all nations to enforce it?

Had there been such a will and agreement when Russia made her railways to the East, there would have been no need of a fortified Port Arthur, or a war with Japan.

Just as individual economic effort must now give place to international effort and efficiency, so also must international economic effort give way to a universal, well-moderated and properly-conducted 'world political economy'; and as an essential part of it, the concerted use of military force to give effect to moral and business codes generally accepted is a practical and logical conclusion.

The universal impulse of humanity is towards self-preservation; the means to effect it has been pointed out in the moral law emanating from the prophets. The failure of humanity to save life is evidently not in the teaching of the prophets, but in the wit of humanity to bring its working methods and conduct into harmony with their teaching, through its administrative measures.

World government by any nation—which it is convenient for German diplomatists to consider is being exercised by force on the part of Great Britain—is an impossible proposition. There can be no world imperialism but that of the inspired prophets; and the greatest of these, in the Christian's point of view, declined the temporal power—to emphasise the paramountcy of the spiritual which should guide mankind.

The spirit that opposes Germany's many excellencies is the same which opposed the pretensions of the Jews to be the favoured of all God's peoples; authorised to destroy other communities and appro

priate their lands.

British forces have only been used to prevent the aggressive tendencies of Germany or Russia and others meddling with the organised working of her dependencies. Germany knows as well as anyone, that responsibilities cannot be exercised when authority is divided or disputed. Yet to give occupation to her excessive militarism, her policy is directed to every conceivable sort of intrigue, and deception, to find occupation for armed forces in disturbing the existing economic working organisations. If the world is ready to accept the German domination, it settles the matter; at present, however, the verdict seems entirely against Germany.

The war will not end, therefore, till Germany asks for peace and is ready to agree to compensations, while abating her pretensions to govern the universe. It seems doubtful if this will come about till overwhelming European forces are brought to bear. This fact should show Europe the intolerable position into which she has drifted by allowing the militarism of Germany to overpower every other considera-

tion in deciding the destinies of the Continent.

While occupying a useful position as a world-power, in the field of economics, Germany has failed to realise it and to depend on her friends. Nor is her policy in the field of economics that which commends itself to the world at large. For the mere disturbance of working agencies, or to transfer them by force from one nation to another, does not lead to any more, but less efficiency and economy in the whole work of the world. The value of forcibly acquired possessions may then well be considered against the saving effected by willingness to trade, of friendly and independent nations. But the existence of a dominant military element in a country will override all such considerations.

T. F. DOWDEN.

Coonoor.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER XV.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

T was only constant attention and good nursing that pulled Palmer out of the clutches of Death. The bayonet thrust had been a nasty one and his arm remained useless—almost paralysed for over a month. Added to this, an attack of pneumonia retarded his recovery, and by the time his wound had healed, he looked a perfect wreck.

Two months he was in the base hospital, and then sent to England where he remained some time. Possibly he would have recovered his strength more expeditiously had he not been worried

with thoughts of happenings in Belgium.

Joan; what had become of her? He had with him the brooch he had found on the murdered Ninette, damning proof that Joan had, at least, been present when the murder had been committed. The theory—one that he had cherished and which had brought him comfort—that Joan may have killed Ninette in self-defence, was shattered by the statement of Buck. Why, if Joan had killed Ninette in self-defence, did she not say so to the Tireurs when questioned? Joan was no simpleton, not a woman easily frightened, and possessed sufficient common sense and a knowledge of things to understand that the killing of Ninette in self-defence would be accounted to her as an act meritorious.

Then was Joan a murderess?

Palmer flung the question from him as often as, at the termination of his conclusions, it cropped up. He refused to consider it. But he worried over the business, nevertheless.

On Palmer's return to France, he was sent to Rouen. He, however, wanted to get to the front at once, but the doctors had prescribed

He took his eyes off the stage and turned them on Palmer. His question was not answered; Palmer had not heard him.

"Ha! You admire her? I guess you didn't hear my question;

too occupied, eh?"

Smith looked annoyed.

"I beg your pardon," apologised Palmer. "No, I didn't hear your question. The fact is, I think, I've met that woman before? What's her name?"

"Oh, you have, eh? That is Miss Driscol, an Irish girl."

Palmer smiled.

"Then, I'm mistaken. It's a Belgian woman that I met, and so like this one."

"And you loved her, eh?"

" Rot !"

Smith laughed; he was no longer jealous. In turn he apologised: "I was a bit cross, you know," he said. "The fact is, that is my particular girl; I love her."

"Then why don't you take her away from here?"

"Because she won't come; not just yet. Do you know what she is doing this sort of thing for? To collect money for starving Belgians."

"There are other ways of collecting money."

"Ha! I see you are wronging Miss Driscoll. The girls here are respectable, at least I believe they are. Listen, doesn't she sing divinely. Where are you going?"

"To the bar; may I send you a drink?"

"I would come with you, but Madame is on the stage. Besides,

your want to talk to the girls? Yes, send me a drink."

Palmer was glad that Smith excused himself. He was convinced that the woman on the stage was Mary, and the fact of her having changed her name made him think there was some mystery attached to her coming to France.

He waited at the stage door, a girl came up and spoke to him. He asked her to bring him some wine and also to take a glass of wine

to Mr. Smith. They all knew Mr. Smith.

The girl had hardly gone on her mission when Mary stepped off the stage. She gave a start of surprise when she saw Palmer. She came quickly to him.

.0

"I've been looking for you, for a long time," she said.

"Have you? Why? How did you get here?"

She held up her hand and smiled.

"No time just now to answer even one of your questions. Smith

"I came here with Smith. Who is he?"

"Oh, Smith? I'll explain afterwards. Meet me to-night near the Cathedral. For the present we are strangers. Smith must not know we have met before," and she walked into the hall just as a girl

brought Palmer the drink he had ordered.

In a few minutes he went up to the table at which Smith and Mary were seated. He noticed, as he approached, that Smith seemed to be making a request, which Mary, by the way she shook her head, was far from granting. He heard—"I had planned to have a "business" evening with you to-night. However, to-morrow will do, and I'll tell you my plans," and then he was interrupted with—

"I'm going home, Smith. I feel a bit tired."

"Tut, man! The fun is only beginning. Let me introduce you to Miss Driscoll."

Palmer bowed.

"Glad to make your acquaintance," said Mary, with a smile that had no familiarity in it. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Palmer?"

"You really must excuse me, some other day-if Mr. Smith will

bring me."

"Of course I will," declared Smith. "And, by the way, I'll play you chess to-night; I'm not going out."

"Not to-night, I'm not in the humour. I shall probably go

straight to bed."

He did go to bed for an hour; and then hearing from his orderly that Smith had returned, he stepped out of the hotel and went along the banks of the Seine till he thought it was time to meet Mary at the Church. It was a cold night.

Mary was already at the Cathedral, well wrapped in shawls.

"We'll go to the river," she said. "I know of a quiet bench, do you mind?"

Mary talked all the way to the river about what she was doing

for her people, the Belgians.

When, however, they had seated themselves on the bench, Palmer said:

"Now tell me how you got here."

She hung her head and Palmer heard a sob.

"Was it because of Parys?" he enquired.

"Yes, and no," she replied. Then she told him of the German raid on her father's farm; of the murder of her father, mother, and Buck. Palmer sprang from the bench with a cry of agony.

"Dead? You saw them murdered?" he asked, stooping and

peering into Mary's face.

"Oh, you look horrible like that," she said. "Sit down, I'll tell you."

She placed a hand on his arm, gently. He did not notice what she had done.

"I was a prisoner. Rosenberg halted his men at a short distance from the farm, and from there I heard the reports of rifles and saw the flames that consumed my parents and Mr. Buck."

"Go on," ordered Palmer. "What was done to you?"

The emphasis on the "you" made Mary start; it gave her a clue to Palmer's character, at least as she thought how he regarded women who had been forced from the paths of righteousness. She was misjudging him, but didn't know it, and fearing he would be disgusted and cast her adrift, quickly framed a story to tell him. After all, she argued, it would be the saving of her if she could get Palmer to marry her, therefore where was the harm in telling a few lies?

"I was taken to Roulers," she answered. "On the way a man joined us, he said he was a Belgian, but he was a spy, a Franc Tireur. He pretended to be mad and the men made sport of him. At Roulers, Rosenberg let me know clearly his intentions, and one night, just before going out, threatened me. The Franc Tireur had all along been on the track of Rosenberg. He heard his threat and concealed himself in my room to protect me. Rosenberg returned late that night. I picked up a knife and dared him to touch me—"

"Bravo!" cried Palmer; Mary could see his eyes glistening in the dark, and she prided herself on having told the story well and

roused Palmer's admiration. "Go on," continued Palmer.

"But it was not I who killed him," she said. Mary had quickly decided to be on the safe side, not sure if Palmer would admire her for spilling blood. "Yet, I must confess, I would have done it; yes, I would have done it—yes, I would have."

"And you would have done well. Did Rosenberg escape?"

"The Tireur killed him."

"I had promised myself that pleasure; and yet—perhaps it is just as well another was made the instrument of vengeance. He was worthy of death, Mary. How he persecuted a girl I knew."

"He boasted of persecuting many girls," interrupted Mary, "and

one in especial, Joan Carew."

"He told you that-Joan Carew?"

Mary looked into his eyes a minute before replying, and then in a manner as if shocked at what she had done, folded her arms and sighed.

"Tell me," cried Palmer.

"I will tell you; I had forgotten that you were interested in that lady. Buck told me, but I had forgotten the name," she lied glibly. "Yes, he told me that he had forced Joan to live with him."

Palmer hung his head.

"Are you angry with me?" questioned Mary.

"Angry? No. I would to God Joan had used the knife even as you had intended doing."

"You must not blame her. Women are timid; besides, they

hate taking life, and she may not have been armed."

Palmer did not answer. He hurriedly left the bench and walked up and down close to the river's edge. When he came back, all traces of grief had fled.

"You are right," he said to Mary, "and I'm wrong. What know we of the circumstances? Of this I am certain, that Joan hated that man, as she does the Prince of Darkness."

"I'm glad you have come to judge her as she ought to be," she

said.

And Palmer, knowing that Mary had loved him—and perhaps still loved him—marvelled that she could thus defend her rival.

Her defence had made a profound impression on him. "And now, tell me about this man, Smith," he said.

"I met him at my concert rooms," said Mary. "He has money, and I permitted him to pay innocent attentions to me so that he would spend freely. He appears to have fallen in love with me, but I refused to listen to his persuasions in that direction, till I came accidentally to know he was a spy. He rented a room my place to conduct experiments. He told me was a scientist and wanted a quiet place where to perfect a discovery he had made. One night I was nearly suffocated with some vile gas escaping from the room I had rented him. I dressed and ran and knocked at his door. He opened it guardedly and was much relieved when he discovered who it was. I told him what had occurred. There was no smell in his room, but I saw a pipe piercing the roof. He grew excited. 'May I come to your room?' he asked. I conducted him there. He laughed like a child. 'It is as it should be,' he said, I did not question him then. I had formed an opinion. The next day I did all I could to please him. I saw his eyes sparkle; he thought I was growing to love him. The following day he asked me to marry him. I told him a lie-that I was engaged on an important mission-after the completion of that I would answer him. He pressed me to tell him the nature of my mission. After some delay I answered:

"'As you know, I'm an Irishwoman; we Irish are demanding Home Rule and can't get it."

"He looked at me steadily for a few seconds and then—'You hate the English and—'"

"I held up my hand. 'First tell me, will you betray my secret?'"

" 'Gott in Himmel-no!"

- "It was my turn to smile now. 'You are a German?'"
 "He took a revolver out of his pocket. 'I am,' he answered."
- "'Put that away,' I said. 'We've both been liars—we're spies.' He laughed heartily. I told him a long and uninteresting story about myself; one, however, that convinced him of my bona fides, and he grew confidential. He was preparing, he told me, a novel machine to exterminate the British, an instrument to shoot across, from trench to trench, poisonous gases. He had been experimenting for some time and only recently, the night I had visited his room, discovered a certain heavy gas that would answer the purpose; it would travel, when expelled, only a few feet above the ground, and, reaching a trench, would descend and fill it, asphyxiating the occupants. 'I'm also preparing bombs filled with this gas,' he exclaimed gleefully."

" ' Have you experimented?' I asked."

"'I have,' he replied. 'on dogs. The poor beasts died quickly. I should like to experiment on men, also."

"'The gas will kill them?""

"'Not always,' he told me, 'but it would render those who are attacked invalids for life.' He laughed like a child with a new toy, and my blood boiled; but I didn't let him see that I was pumping him for information."

"How seriously you have taken this mad man's dream," laughed Palmer. "Such instruments of murder are barred by the Hague Convention. Germany, bad as she is, would hesitate to deliberately com-

mit acts of murder."

"You think so? Then what about the pirates?"

"Bad, very bad; but Germany quiets her conscience with the excuse that submarines are not built to take over the crews of ships torpedoed and also that she has warned the Allies. More serious, to my thinking, is that Smith is a spy. Are you sure that he is one?"

"He has told me so himself."

"And you are prepared to bear witness?" Mary thought a second before replying:

"I'm quite prepared," she declared. She clenched her fists and her voice was tense. "I want to see all the murderers of my people receive their due. But, you must wait. What is one man? There is a chance of making a bigger haul?"

"Where? how?"

0

"At 2 a.m.," began Mary, and then paused. She turned around and peered into the night. Behind them was a low bush. "Did you hear a noise?" she asked in a whisper.

Palmer had not. He however went to the bush, and saw

nothing.

"There is no one there," he said, turning to Mary.

"I'm glad," she confessed. "I've been speaking in too loud a voice. What was I saying? Oh—at 2 a.m.," she almost whispered, "Smith is going to take me to a meeting of spies; I'm to be introduced to them, some twenty. I shall know the house again."

"A good idea; you are clever, Mary. May not I come, dis-

guised?"

She held up her hand-

"No!" she cried. "There will be danger in that and, Holy

Virgin! I would not live to see you injured."

Palmer put his arm around her. It was just an impulse. Mary, with a short, glad laugh, nestled close to him. Would he stoop and kiss her? She longed for a touch of his lips.

Palmer had no thought of kissing her. He regarded her with the same affection that a brother would feel for a sister he loved dearly. For the moment he had forgotten that Mary loved—at any rate had loved him—and it was not fair to her to appear affectionate.

"I'll take you home, now," he said, gently releasing his arm.

"You must be feeling very cold."

Mary said she was, just a little, but didn't mind the cold a bit. At the door of her house Mary held out her hand.

"You don't know how glad I am that I have met you again?"

"And do you think," asked Palmer, "I'm not pleased also? Can I forget the way you nursed me to life! And the result—I'm afraid I was the means of sending the Germans—"

"Hush!" she pressed her finger-tips to Palmer's lips. "You must not accuse yourself. You? The Blessed Virgin—it was not you—no."

As she drew away her fingers, she thought she felt Palmer's lips move. Had he kissed them?

"Good night. I'll see you in the morning," he said.

Mary was satisfied with the interview. Her conscience did not accuse her of having lied concerning her relationship with Rosenberg and that of Rosenberg with Joan. Rosenberg was dead, in all probability Joan was dead. The all-important consideration was her own salvation, her future happiness. Palmer, if he married her, would lift her out of the depths into which she had dropped. Was it not worth a lie?

Palmer walked swiftly in the direction of his hotel. When he

had gone some distance, he heard footsteps behind him. He turned sharply. A figure sprang from the road and disappeared among some trees. Palmer was soon in hot pursuit, but when he came to the trees; the figure had vanished. He reached the hotel without any further incident. His orderly was waiting for him.

"Will you dine, Sir?" he asked.

"No, Wilson. I'm sorry I've kept you up. Let me have some coffee in my room."

An hour later, tired out, Palmer was fast asleep.

It was shortly after midnight that he awoke, feeling suffocated. His room was dark, the light had gone out There was a nasty odour in his room. He tried to sit up, but fell back choking, and was soon unconscious.

It was daylight when he recovered consciousness. Chilcott was

in his room, also his orderly, Wilson.

"Well, Palmer," said Chilcott, "I was just about sending for a doctor. Your orderly came and told me that he could not rouse you, no more could I for a few minutes."

Palmer sat up in bed and moved a hand across his forehead.

"One moment," he said. He was trying to think. At length he remembered, and at the same moment it flashed across his mind that Smith had had something to do with the attempt to asphyxiate him.

"Where is Smith?" he asked.

"No one in the hotel knows," replied Chilcott. "But what has he got to do—"

"Did he leave the hotel last night?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the orderly. "He went out a few seconds after you and then returned again soon after you had."

'Then it must be he," said Palmer.

He told Chilcott of the interview he had had with Mary.

"I warned you," exclaimed Chilcott.

"See here," said Palmer pointing to an open window. "That was left open by mistake, a fortunate mistake for me. It saved my life."

After drinking a strong cup of coffee Palmer felt much better, and he discussed with Chilcott what they should do. It was decided that Palmer should go to Mary and question her about the meeting of the spies.

But Mary was not at her house. One of the resident young girls told Palmer that she was missed early that morning.

"Was she in the habit of going out at unreasonable hours?" enquired Palmer.

The girl answered that she was not, and that was why they had all grown anxious about her.



0

Palmer gave the girl his card and his address.

"Let me know as soon as she returns," he told her.

Back at the hotel, Palmer discussed the situation with Chilcott and they decided to invade Smith's rooms. They opened almirahs and boxes, they were empty. In the lavatory were a few bottles, also empty.

"The authorities must be informed," said Palmer.

Chilcott, disappointment clearly visible on his face, shrugged his shoulders.

"You ought to have told me about Smith—that he was a German—last night," he said.

Palmer lit a cigarette.

"If I had been absolutely certain he was a spy I would have dealt with him without your assistance," remarked Palmer, nettled by Chilcott's remarks.

"A letter, Sir."

It was Wilson with an official document, marked 'urgent,' for Palmer.

"Sorry I can't stay to solve the mystery," said Palmer, turning to Chilcott after reading the official document. "I'm ordered to proceed to headquarters at once."

"Those orders ought to have come yesterday," remarked Chilcott,

as he walked away.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEUVE CHAPELLE.

It was a long motor journey to headquarters. Palmer had never been this way before, and was feeling a little flurried at the thought of meeting the Commander-in-Chief. He wondered why a messenger had been sent to him, at his last resting place, demanding his presence at the British headquarters.

The messenger had not been able to give him any information.

General French's quarters were at a farm, some miles from the firing line. Outwardly there was nothing to show that the head of the British Army occupied the farm; but it was a busy spot, for as Palmer's motor drew up, there came from various directions motor cyclists, carrying despatches. Palmer stepped out of the car, and was walking to the farm house, when he came across a cyclist who had just dismounted. The man looked pale; his coat was dripping with blood.

6

778

Palmer went up to him.

"You're wounded, my man," he said. "Give me your report; I'm going in to see the Chief."

The soldier saluted.

"Sorry, Sir, I can't," he replied.
"But you're about to drop."

"I'll keep strength up till I've delivered my papers to the officer at the gate," he said. "You must excuse me, Sir, but those are my orders."

Palmer told the man not to apologise. "I admire your sense of duty," he said. "You are quite right; you don't know me from Adam," and he went on.

Two sentries in khaki stood at the door. One of them called to someone in the house, and a Staff Sergeant appeared. Palmer handed him his card—told him his business. He was permitted to enter.

One of the roomiest of the apartments was the Field-Marshal's

office.

Sir John was busy scanning a map. In other parts of the room

officials were at telephones, asking and answering questions.

Sir John was in a pleasant humour. He smiled as he marked with a pencil several positions on the map; positions occupied by the enemy and to be dealt with shortly. He raised his head and saw Palmer. There was a kindly look in his eyes. There were times—when Sir John was angry—when those pale blue eyes had in them the glint of steel. But he was never angry for any length of time.

"Yes?" he said by way of a question. An A.D.C. whispered:

"This is Lieutenant Palmer who-"

"I know," exclaimed Sir John—"not Lieutenant. Sit down, Captain Palmer."

Palmer remained standing.

"I'm Lieutenant Palmer," he said.

"As you please," and Sir John smiled. "Take a seat."

Palmer obeyed.

"I received a message," went on Sir John, "to the effect that you had made a discovery in Rouen—"

"Mr. Smith?"

"Exactly. Tell me all you know about that gas."

Palmer explained what had happened.

"Ha!" exclaimed the General, "you ought to have informed; Chilcott. He was purposely sent to Rouen to watch Smith."

"I was not aware of that fact. He ought to have told me-"

"No. He did right. However, the man has disappeared, and also the woman. Are you sure she was not also a German spy?"

Palmer satisfied the General on that point.

"What is it?" asked Sir John to a man who came to him from the telephone, but before the man could answer, Sir John turned again to Palmer-

"I'll see you again in a few minutes. Sit at that table—there. You'll find a copy of the Gazette—just arrived."

Palmer found the Gazette and was soon interested in the list

of awards and promotions.

His own name was there: "Richard Palmer-promoted Captain"; and again-" Richard Palmer, Distinguished Service Medal."

His head began to swim, his joy was great. Yet what had he

done, he asked himself, to merit such distinction?

He glanced at the Gazette again. There it was: a record of his conduct at Ypres and Givenchy. He laughed silently. It never had struck him before that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

Sir John French had sent away the last of the despatch riders. He called Palmer to him, and as the latter approached, Sir John rose in his seat; he was holding something in his hand and Palmer blushed, anticipating what it was.

"You've seen your name in the Gazette?"

The question was asked with the same pleasant smile.

"Yes, Sir," answered Palmer. "You-I mean no one had prepared me. It was a great surprise; I don't remember doing anything

extraordinary."

"That is the way with all brave men," replied Sir John, pinning the medal to Palmer's coat. "They go slap-bang into danger; never thinking of the risk. And now, Captain Palmer-I know you would like to get back to your regiment, but I have other work for you, involving great risks. I have appointed you Trench Officer. Know what that is?"

The General sat down as he asked the question.

"No, Sir, not exactly."

"Well, you will have to visit the trenches; the most exposed even of them, when fighting is somewhat severe, and return and report how things are progressing. You are not the only Trench Officer, there are several, and the reason for this appointment is that frequently telephone wires are broken and the trenches isolated. There will be plenty of work for you to-morrow," and he smiled meaningly. "You'll find quarters with my Staff-at least for the present."

It was at the mess, later in the day, that Palmer was to learn the

meaning of Sir John's "plenty of work for you to-morrow."

Two days previous to Palmer's arrival, the Army Corps Commanders had come to Sir John French who unfolded to them his plans for a surprise attack on Neuve Chapelle. Sir John had had accurate information that the Germans would be unable to bring up reinforcements under thirty-six hours—sufficient time allowed to the British. he thought, to take Neuve Chapelle and even Aubers. The attack was to be entrusted to the Indian Corps and the Fourth Army.

It was the eve of the great battle. Silently the Indians, mostly Gharwalis, and the British troops, entered the trenches. A few hours before dawn, everything was ready for the attack. The battalions to do the first advance were wedged together in the trenches

and ditches, waiting for the guns to open the battle.

Up to the present Palmer had had nothing special to do, but he remained handy, with the staff, ready, to motor to any trench where the British appeared in difficulties. He stood close by his moto cycle. Another British officer, Lieutenant Green, was also waitifor orders.

"God! They've begun!" exclaimed Green.

It was the deep boom of a British gun—then another; and silence.

The artillery were only range finding.

The dawn broke quietly. There was stillness around. The German sentries on the parapets of their trenches, eighty yards away, had disappeared into their dug-outs as soon as light had appeared. Some birds sang on the leafless, battered trees. So peaceful the scene; then-Hell broke loose.

A screeching burst of noise; shrieking sounds overhead. The air quivered with the rush of shells and the earth shook with the concussion of guns.

"They've only now begun," said Palmer. He shouted this to

Green, but the latter did not hear him.

Now a dense pall of smoke hung over the German trenches; and frequently out of the smoke, hurled high in the air, would appear mutilated bodies of Germans.

Half an hour of this horror, and then-whistles sounded. Out of the trenches men scrambled, their officers in front.

"Advance!"

The men were off. The nearest German trenches were only 80 yards away. The guns had done their work successfully; wire entanglements were cut; parts of the trenches themselves swept

The Lincolns and Berkshires were the first in the enemy's nearest trenches. Opposition was slight. Many prisoners were taken-half demented prisoners most of them. Only at one point was resistance severe, and here, two German officers, gallant fellows, with a machine gun, poured death into the advancing troops. But the Berkshires

0

crowded on to them and bayonetted them. The officers did not ask for quarter.

"Why should you and I be here—doing nothing?"

It was Palmer, his blood afire, who had addressed Green.

"Received any instructions?" asked Green.

" None."

"I have, and must stay; but you-"

He did not finish his sentence. Palmer looked at him, smiled, and was off on his motor-cycle, tearing down the Estaire-La Bassee road, shells bursting overhead and a terrible din all around. To his right he saw the ruins of what looked like a farm, and also some men-Britishers. He turned his machine in that direction.

"Where are the Indian troops?" he asked.

"To our right, Sir," answered one of the soldiers, "between the Richebourge and the Ru du Bois roads. At least that's where they started from."

"And what are you doing?" "Supports, carrying ammunition."

Along the Estaire-La Bassee road Palmer was racing at top speed till, nearing the Givenchy road, he saw some Indian troops advancing. To his great joy they turned out to be his old regiment. Major King was delighted to see him.

"How are the others?" asked Palmer.

"The others? Oh-you mean Holmes, Maine and Monk-all gone. We have a new set, a full complement by the way, but if you have been sent down-"

"No, I've not been. I'm on trench duty."

"Then, what the Dickens are you doing here?" "The General quite forgot to give me any orders-"

"Not a bit of it," and Major (officiating Colonel) King whistled softly. "The General never forgets. You ought to have waited; but the smell of blood was too much for you, eh?"

" Salaam--Allikoom."

It was Waji Ali Khan who had interrupted the conversation.

"Still going strong?" Palmer asked him.

"My day has not come yet, Huzoor; nor was it your time when the German ran his bayonet through you. Kismet."

"Kismet!" exclaimed King. "I wish it was our fate to be with the Gharwalis."

"It will come, Huzoor. We'll be wanted presently."

A Staff Officer rode up.

"Did I not say so?" asked Waji Ali Khan, squaring his shoulders. But for once he was not a true prophet.

"Colonel King," said the Staff Officer, "the Gharwalis have lost nearly all their officers in the attack on Port Arthur. Can you spare—"

"I'll go," interrupted Palmer.

"You; what Regiment are you attached to?"

"I'm Trench Officer."

"Oh, yes. Well, get along straight ahead, across the La Bassee road.

The directions were easy enough; but getting to the Gharwalis was a more difficult performance. However, Palmer managed to reach the men of a company well in advance, and whose officers had all been killed. An Indian officer, Bhim Singh, soon explained the situation. In their first rush the Gharwalis had been withered by a fearful blast of fire from machine guns. Here, the wire-entanglements had not been touched. In vain the heroes of the Tirah Campaign tried to cut the wire, and were slaughtered; men fell in heaps; officers were killed and wounded, and the Gharwalis staggered, fell back a short distance, and lay on the ground. They had lost their direction. Palmer swung the men of the leading company round to the right where he noticed the wire had been cut. It was a magnificent charge. The Gharwalis, preferring to die fighting than to be shot down at long range; reached with a rush the head of the German trench.

"I'll clear the Germans, Sir."

It was a British Tommy, a Grenadier. Where he had sprung from, Palmer could not guess. He now was leader. Going in front in rapid succession he threw grenades among the Germans. Then down into the trench he sprang, the Gharwalis following him. They were in their element and *kukris* did fearful execution. A section of the trench was taken and, joined by other companies of the regiment, the Gharwalis held what they had captured in spite of the fact that on either side of them and in front were Germans. They were cut off, isolated.

An officer of one of the relieving companies worked his way along the trench to Palmer.

"Did you lead the men?" he asked. Palmer replied in the affirmative."

"Nicely done," commented the officer, "but you've got us into a damned mess."

Palmer was about to retort angrily, when the officer continued: "What regiment?"

Palmer refused to satisfy him straight away. He lit a cigarette puffed at it several times and then—

"Perhaps you think I'm a German."

"Tut-absurd! You fought too well for that."

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

"I'm Trench Officer."

"That's fortunate. You see we are in a pickle here and it is clearly your duty to report the situation to the Staff. Do you mind hurrying off at once?"

Although resenting the offi 's manner, Palmer realised it was clearly his duty to report the position in this trench. He therefore did not reply with an angry retort; he merely remarked:

"I was waiting for someone to take charge of these men."

He then walked down the trench, to a point where he would get less attention from German bullets. Even here there was great danger. He felt doubtful if he would reach the La Bassee road where he had left his cycle. The Germans were firing from machine guns and rifles—and grenades were bursting in and around the trenches. He felt a little nervous, but did not hesitate. He crawled away from the trench on hands and knees, stealthily, very stealthily, bit by bit, pausing when he had gained the protection of some undulating ground; and then on again, crouching, at times dragging his legs after him. Then the Germans saw him, but close by there was a dip in the ground; Palmer got behind it; he was safe. After that he avoided all exposed parts of the field, took advantage of every piece of rising ground, and when he reached his cycle he laughed.

"There was nothing desperate after all," he said to himself. "Quite an easy matter, no danger. Pah! I shall have to do some-

thing bigger."

If he had been wounded, it is possible Palmer would have thought

he had done something meritorious.

Riding back along the La Bassee Road, Palmer noticed that the Leicesters (the Tigers) were on the left of the Gharwalis and were having a bad time. He rode on till he came to a group of officers anxiously looking through their glasses, examining the different phases of the fighting.

"I have a message from the Gharwalis," he said to an officer.

"Come to the General," was the prompt reply.

Palmer made his report.

"Nearly all the Gharwali officers are disabled?" asked the General.

"Yes, Sir, and all of the company which took the trenches now occupied."

"But I saw, through my glasses, a British officer leading; eh,

Major?" he asked, for confirmation, a staff officer.

"Yes, Sir; and I remarked at the time, you will remember, that he was leading grandly."

784

"Perhaps he was wounded after the trenches were captured?" suggested the General. "Who was it?"

"I led them, Sir, I'm a Trench Officer," replied Palmer.

"It was well done; your duties lead you into all kinds of situations, dangerous and otherwise. Ride to the Tigers and tell them to join up with the Gharwalis. We can't send them a message because the telephone has broken down."

Palmer saluted, and was soon on his way to the Leicesters.

The Tigers had captured some German trenches with a rush and were waiting for the Gharwalis to join up with them. As it had turned out, the Gharwalis had missed their way, or had been turned aside by fierce resistance and now from the trenches which the Gharwalis ought to have captured, the Germans opened fire on the Leicesters. The Colonel was just beginning to swear when up came Palmer.

"When are the men coming to storm those trenches to our

right?" he asked sharply.

"You have to do it; the General says so. The Gharwalis were held up by wire fences, blundered and went in the wrong direction. They are being cut off."

"So I see. But the supports?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know how to get near the Gharwalis?"

"Give me a few Grenadiers, and follow me."

"Leicesters!" cried the Colonel. "You have already done fine work but there is more fighting for you, and you'll not flinch. Grenadiers, step this way."

The men came out with a run.

"Now, out you all get."

And out they were, in the open.

Men dropped, but there was no wavering. Palmer led the Grenadiers.

The Germans, in the first line, did not wait for them—they fled. The Leicesters crowded into the trench, not empty, for hundreds of dead Germans were lying about.

"Now then Grenadiers!" once more cried the Colonel. "Do

your work. We'll be after you in a moment."

Palmer, with his bombing party, crept down the communication trench. He presently halted the men.

"Now then," he shouted, "fling your bombs with careful aim as if you were at cricket and throwing down a wicket."

And the men flung—with true aim. Loud explosions and cries of pain followed.

A shout from behind. The "Tigers" were coming.



The Germans scrambled out of their dugouts. The leading "Tigers" carried planks to ridge the trenches and over these the men rushed with loud hurrahs—and into the German ranks with the bayonets. The Gharwalis, released from their tormentors, joined in the charge and terrible was the execution they did with their kukris.

But the pursuit was for only a short distance. Concentrated machine gun fire from trenches only a few hundred yards distant compelled the Leicesters and the Gharwalis to return to the positions they had captured.

The spoil was great. The Leicesters alone had taken five to six hundred men, and five machine guns; while over 2,000 German dead dotted the ground.

It was now growing dark, and the men all along the line dug themselves in.

Night had fallen.

In and around the village of Neuve Chapelle it was as bright as day.

The village was on fire.

There was very little of the village standing. Of the church, the bare shell remainded. The churchyard was uprooted by shells; broken coffins and bones of those long dead lay scattered among the newly slain.

When Palmer, after his return from the Leicesters, entered the village, all he found intact were two great crucifixes—one in the churchyard; the other against the chateau. At each of these soldiers were kneeling—in prayer. In their hands were their rifles, bayonets bloody—but there was no angry glare in their eyes now.

Passing on in search of the Officer Commanding the Rifle Brigade. Palmer looked into a cellar for he had heard a noise. With his revolver

ready to fire if necessary, he shouted down the cellar-

"Up you come."

The man obeyed; a German officer, a mere boy.

"Don't shoot," he said in good English. "I've a mother dependent on me."

"We are not barbarians," Palmer replied. "Come along," he added, not rudely.

There was a mixed lot of troops in the village, Britishers and Indians, men of several regiments who had become separated during the fighting.

Palmer came upon two soldiers who had chased a German into a ruined house, the chimney of which was standing.

"The bloke is up the chimney," he heard one man say. "Plug him, George."

786

Palmer arrived just in time to prevent the plugging.

"Come down," he cried to the German up the chimney, and the man obeyed.

One of the soldiers lifted his rifle to club the prisoner.

"No, you don't; take care" warned Palmer.

"Won't I?" cried the man savagely." The Germans been killing my chums like rats, no mercy they give them."

He looked savagely into Palmer's eyes; the man had lost complete

control of himself.

Palmer stood between him and the prisoner.

"Move, or by God!" shrieked the soldier, bringing his rifle to the charge, when his companion held his arm.

"Easy, George. This gentleman," pointing to Palmer, "I know.

He's a Funk Terror."

It was Private Brown of the "No Surrenders."

"You are so full of blood and dirt, Brown," laughed Palmer, "that I didn't recognise you. Where is Colonel Grey."

"Dead. Ha! He was a pretty fighter, so be you, also, Sir, but

not as he."

"Who is in command here?"

Brown told him, and also where to find the officer.

Palmer delivered his message and also his prisoners into the hands of the Commanding Officer, and although completely worn out, once more motored out to where the staff were located.

The General was drinking a cup of coffee. Palmer made his

report.

"Thirsty?" asked the General.
Palmer admitted that the was.

"Have a cup of coffee, here you are," and the General passed

him a cup. It was a refresher.

"You look better now," and the General smiled, "and fit for more work. German reinforcements have arrived. Ride to the village and then to Port Arthur and report this fact."

Palmer saluted and was once more on his cycle.

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

THE MONTH.

THOSE who are anxious to see a speedy termination of the war, whatever the terms of the peace may be, were perhaps somewhat relieved last month when they The War. learnt that the Kaiser had recently expressed a hope to see the war closed before next October. It seems that a deputation of bankers represented to him the true financial condition of the Fatherland and submitted their conviction that a prolongation of the war beyond the next winter would result in national bankruptcy. Last year, within a few weeks after the war had broken out, we were told that from papers found on German prisoners it was clear that they had been persuaded to expect the cessation of hostilities before last Christmas. It is well known that the Kaiser's initial calculations were upset by the Belgian resistance and the British intervention. In the early part of this year, when British experts predicted a crisis in the economic situation of Germany in June, the Kaiser was reported to have disowned any anxiety on his own part till October. A director of the Bank of England was reported to have said months ago that Germany would be able to pull through till about the same period. In the alleged warning given by German bankers, therefore, there is nothing new or startling. Financiers have from time to time discussed this question and arrived at more or less similar conclusions. But notwithstanding the vaticinations of learned economists, the militarists have not been disturbed by their calculations and they do not seem to realise how the war can end without victory to the arms of one or the other party.

That the Kaiser is determined to expedite the conclusion of the war as desired by him is clear from the vigorous offensive adopted by his armies on both fronts. Russia has retired from Galicia, and as the German armies in northern and southern

Poland were converging upon Warsaw, it was authoritatively explained that the same delaying tactics would be followed in that region. It is expected at Petrograd that the Germans will shortly be active in the Baltic provinces and no determination to give battle or make a final stand has yet been announced. How long the retreat, so as to advance better, is to be continued, will of course not be explained to the public beforehand. Apart from strategic considerations the period of retreat and delaying tactics will, perhaps, depend upon the supply of munitions. Following the example of England, Russia has also created a separate department for the manufacture of munitions. Lord Kitchener is reported to have said that the troops at the front are already adequately supplied with the munitions they require, and more men are wanted. The test of adequacy as yet applied is perhaps the task of maintaining the positions now held without retreating. Lord Curzon is reported to have said that the British superiority to the enemy in respect of munitions will be established in next Christmas, which perhaps means that no decided and continuous advance will be possible before that time. Just at present, however, the best energies are devoted to the resistance of the German offensive. We hear of large German plans of moving men and munitions from one front to the other, and not of similar plans of the Allies to adopt the offensive. As time is on the side of the Allies, the necessity of taking the offensive must be felt by the enemy in the first instance.

England appears to have been unfortunate in the matter of munitions in the past. Mr. Lloyd George admitted in the House of Commons that a series of mistakes had been committed by the Ordnance Department, while a more outspoken critic declared that its alleged mismanagement was a "national scandal." The Minister for Munitions expressed his readiness to fix the responsibility, but possibly some great names will be involved in the exposure. Lord Haldane deprecates the course proposed by Mr. Lloyd George; he thinks that the services of apparently the most responsible expert cannot be replaced, and he is inclined to throw the responsibility on capitalists and labourers, rather than upon the expert advisers concerned in the manufacture. It is unusual for an ex-Minister of the Crown to speak on such delicate subjects in public, and such an unusual occurrence seems to indicate exceptional circumstances. A telegram was received in India

last month that a terrific explosion had occurred in a powder factory in England, and though only one life was lost, heavy material damage had been caused. The public curiosity about the causes of this unfortunate occurrence was not satisfied-at least not in India-but it may be included in the list of untoward incidents. The difficulty of obtaining ammunition from America aggravates the result of the mistakes at home. As the activity of submarines gives rise to friction between Germany and the United States, the friends of the former appear to be putting bombs into ships which carry munitions to England or France. One such case is said to have come to light and the American police are believed to be taking precautions against the mischief. As against these misfortunes and drawbacks, one may mention the readiness with which many parts of the Empire and all classes in England have come forward to take part in the manufacture and supply of the material on which the future of the war must, to a large extent, depend. India is helping the Empire in this way as she has been in other ways, and private factories have placed their resources at the disposal of Government for the manufacture of munitions; it is needless to mention the activity in Government factories.

Lord Kitchener said last month that the situation was as serious to-day as it was ten months ago. Owing to conscription, the long careful preparation, the readiness to disregard humanitarian, moral, and international considerations under apprehended necessity, and owing to the indirect assistance of certain neutrals. the relative advantages possessed by the enemy still continue to be great, and hence Lord Kitchener's warning. The sudden turn in the course of events in Galicia, the chemical and mechanical inventions of an ingenious race, and the surprising resourcefulness of the Teutons, add emphasis to that warning, and the meeting of the British and French ministers at Calais indicates that exceptional activity on the part of the enemy is expected and important decisions as to a common plan of action have been arrived at. Shortly after that meeting, President Poincaire reiterated what he had more than once said before, that the nation will not lay down arms until its honour is vindicated. Italian Generals are said to have exchanged views with the French and British military leaders and the four Entente Powers must have decided on certain concurrent lines of action, and assured one another of their constancy and perseverance. In England it is realised that as conscription has not been adopted, victory can be assured only if every man and woman renders the service of which he or she is capable. A national register will be prepared, showing the age, the occupation, the civil condition, and the nature of the service voluntarily offered, in the case of every man and woman between the ages of 15 and 65, and His Majesty's Government hope to gauge from this register the full extent of the voluntary service that may be utilised for the purposes of the war. Women have come forward to take part in the manufacture of munitions. Indian publicists have expressed their hope that they will be the recipients of more confidence and more concessions after the war, in recognition of the services rendered in a great emergency. Suffragettes will perhaps similarly hope that their movement will meet with less opposition after the war. From Canada thousands of operatives have offered to serve in England as manufacturers of munitions. Vast indeed is the effort that the Empire will have to make to ensure victory in a war of such magnitude as the present.

The situation in Gallipoli has not changed since last month. The operations in the Dardanelles were undertaken probably in the expectation that Greece would intervene. The King of Greece is not inclined to join the Allies, and though Venizelos is once more in power, recent events in Galicia and the attitude of Bulgaria and Rumania have probably induced him to pause before taking a leap. The operations in the Dardanelles have proved rather costly: the British casualties have exceeded 40,000 and the naval disasters sustained have been out of proportion to the direct results gained. It is probable, however, that if the Allies had not threatened Constantinople, Turkey would have persisted in threatening Egypt. Turkish arms have met with no success in the present war so far, and both for officers and munitions Enver Pasha relies on Germany. Though the troops of the Allies may not be able to reach Constantinople at an early date, there is just the possibility of Greece following the example of Italy, and reports have appeared in the Press that Turkish agents are seeking the assistance of neutrals to secure favourable terms of peace. Owing to the uncertainty of events on the Eastern front, Turkey perhaps hopes to secure the best terms at the present juncture, unless she is sure of German victory.

The most gratifying episode of the war last month was the surrender of the Germans in South-West Africa to General Botha. Congratulations have been showered upon him from His Majesty downwards by all who have a right to his recognition and he hopes to render further substantial service to the Empire in the war. In East Africa the "Konigsberg" has been smashed, and it is probable that the Germans in that part of the continent will also be compelled sooner or later to surrender. As the anniversary of the commencement of the war, which falls on the 4th of August, is approaching, the Colonies have enthusiastically approved a proposal to hold demonstrations and pass resolutions assuring the mother country of their best and most ungrudging support.

火火火火火

It would, perhaps, be invidious to say that a particular Colony has helped the Empire, in its present hour Canada and of trial, more than another, when all have come the War. forward with equal zeal and devotion, but there is no doubt that Canada is second to none in the most valuable help she has rendered to the mother-country. Not only has she given lavishly of her men and money, but even her daughters have ventured forth as nurses and are doing splendid work in France and elsewhere to alleviate the sufferings of those who have fallen on the battle-field. One such, a lady well known in the literary circle in Canada, and one who is always deeply interested in the welfare of India and particularly of Indian women, has just gone to France as a nurse and is at present working in a large hospital for wounded soldiers at Cannes. She has just written a most interesting letter to us from which we quote some passages which throw a flood of light on the enormous sacrifice France has already made, and is prepared further to make, in the righteous cause she is fighting for in conjunction with the Allies. Perhaps the most significant fact brought out in this letter is the rejection by the French Government of the ghastly invention of bombs filled with asphyxiating gas by one of their own subjects, and its purchase by the German authorities. The rejection of the invention reflects as much credit on the humanity of the French as its acceptance is fully in keeping with the barbarous methods of the Germans. The writer gives a vivid picture of hospital life, the courage. patience and even gaiety of the wounded, and dwells at the end on the pressing necessity for help. She writes:—

"I am at present in charge of a large hospital at—and am taking night-duty which means that from 8 p.m. to 6 or 7 a.m. I am in charge of about 100 wounded soldiers. Some nights there is not much to do, others are very busy. Just now the hospital is not at all full, but we expect new wounded in to-morrow. It sounds queer and even cruel to say that we hope for such, yet it is true in a sense, for we feel that here we can give them care and good conditions such as they could not receive in the over-crowded hospitals at the North. It is a terribly long journey for them, poor souls, but once they get here, they do most wonderful recoveries. Perhaps the worst part is to see them go out again, after weeks or months of suffering and cure. For their being evacuated means one of two things, either they are going home, hopelessly crippled, or they are going to be sent back to the front to go through the terrible experience again. To think of another winter for them all is heart-breaking. We feel it the more because of their wonderful courage, gaiety and patience. To see the splendid way in which they accept their sufferings, mutilations and losses, is to deepen one's admiration for humanity.

As regards Germany, I was quite slow to adopt a partisan attitude in the matter at first, feeling sure that much must be allowed for the nature of war itself and for the natural tendency to lay all the blame on the enemy. But after the wreck of the Lusitania, the use of poisonous gases, and the devastation of Belgium, what remains to be said? When German Statesmen and German Ministers of religion justify, and even glory in these things, they substantiate all that their worst enemies can say of them. Did you know that bombs of asphyxiating gas were, in the first place, a French invention, that they were offered to the French Government by the inventor, and rejected by them as being too inhumane; then, like many other French ideas it was taken over and used by Germany? Germany seems to have run amok, but there must surely be many among her people who merit our profound pity, since they are the dupes of a cruel and unscrupulous military caste, driven on helplessly and hopelessly deceived. What retribution

can ever suffice for those who deliberately and for their own ends have let hell loose in Europe?

France is fighting iso splendidly, so gallantly, and for her very existence, that it is a great privilege to be able to do one's little bit, even so little, to aid her. And one does long for a little money to spend on comforts for these brave wounded. The authorities provide the bare necessities of hospital life, and that is all. Montreal friends have most generously sent cases of hospital supply, clothing, &c., and are providing money for a trained nurse and for a disinfecting machine. But every day brings the need of something that calls for expenditure of a little money; for instance, crutches to be repaired, fruit for those who cannot take solid food, a few magazines or newspapers. the cigarettes they all crave for, lemons, sugar &c. to make cool drinks, and so on. If it were not for the devoted service of a few French and English friends, I do not see how there would be linen to put on the beds or clothes to cover the convalescents. I suppose the authorities do all they can, but you can easily figure the situation. France has two million men under arms, to be equipped, fed and clothed. How many hospitals I know not; there are eleven here alone. Meanwhile; her industries are closed down or crippled, her fields untilled. And the Government must care for the families, the orphans and the refugees. To-day I heard a story of one woman here, typical of thousands. Last year she had a flourishing business; to-day, it has gone away to nothing; her savings will soon be gone; she has 11 relatives at the front. How the country is to go through another winter, I do not see I wish they would send us some of the brave Indian soldiers to care for. But of course they will all go to British hospitals. The English army would make but a poor showing without the aid of Indian and Colonial troops, would it not? I heard yesterday that the Indians wounded in the Dardanelles are being nursed by their own countrywomen. That is as it should be!"

We hope the above appeal for help will not fall on deaf ars. India has no doubt contributed magnificently to the esources of the Empire, but in this colossal struggle for Liberty, to sacrifice is too great. Our women cannot go out as nurses a large numbers—and more's the pity—but they can help their

European sisters in this holy work by contributing whatever lies in their power.

大大大大大大

Soon after the war broke out, public meetings in India expressed the readiness of the people to place their resources at the disposal of Government, and India and H. E. the Viceroy's Council approved of India the War. bearing her share of the cost of the war. The armies of the Government of India and the Feudatories have been sent to the front, to Flanders and Gallipoli, to Egypt and East Africa, to the Persian Gulf and to China. The latest acknowledgment of their services, published under authority, is that of the heroism shown in Turkey. The Feudatories have freely subscribed to the relief funds, in addition to the personal presence of some of them at the front, and offered aid in other ways, such as fitting up hospital ships and providing motor cars. They will no doubt be ready to aid in the manufacture of munitions wherever facilities exist, and do all that is expected of them. Private citizens in British India have subscribed to the relief funds. Madras and Bombay supplied hospital ships. It is unfortunate that the "flat" which was equipped and despatched from Bengal met with disaster before reaching Colombo, owing to the monsoon, but the Ambulance Corps organised by Bengalis did not lose their enthusiasm and will serve in Mesopotamia. Bombay the movement started by H. E. Lady Willingdon to provide comforts for the soldiers at the front and the hospital for wounded soldiers have done much good, and garments and cigars, books and other comforts are still being despatched. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the workers will not wear away with the novelty: more money is required and will constantly be required until the war ends. A proposal in Bengal, made by distinguished Indians, to "organise the resources of the province" more systematically, does not seem to have borne fruit. The Anglo-Indian community is exerting itself to supply more volunteers, as the Territorials, who took the place of the regular troops, may be required elsewhere. Recruitment of Indian soldiers appears to be as brisk as ever. The question of admitting Indians of all communities into the Volunteer Force, however, is not yet raised. It is considered inexpedient to raise controversial questions during the war.

THE present Dewan of Baroda had served in a similar capacity in Mysore and Travancore, and in his first annual Reforms in report on the administration of the Gujarat State, Native States. notes some of the distinctive features of the progress achieved therein. These are, "the overwhelmingly predominant share of the State in the care and burden of education," the use of the vernaculars in higher and scientific education, the development of the library system, the education of the depressed classes and forest tribes, the care of famine waifs and orphans, the establishment of children's courts, the extensive use of the conciliation system in checking litigation, the separation of executive and judicial functions, and the provision of safeguards against oppression by official underlings on tour. In the greater part of India reforms of this kind are constantly discussed in the Press, but the utility of some of them, from the point of view of the people of this country, is doubted, especially in relation to the expenditure involved and the elaborateness of the machinery of administration as compared with the size of the State, its population and its resources. A well-known writer has said that the utility of political institutions ought to be studied both qualitatively and quantitatively. It is on the quantitative analysis and estimate of the advantages and disadvantages of a reform that opinions generally differ. The truth seems to be that at the outset we must be content to appreciate the quality of a reform, for the volume of its preponderating advantages must grow with time and must be judged later on. The Dewan has perhaps begun to feel that the administrative machinery in Baroda has grown comparatively elaborate and heavy. As an old police officer, he thinks that Baroda is over-policed. working of the penal clauses of the Compulsory Education Act was at first in the hands of Government officers; it has since been transferred to local bodies. This step seems to indicate a growing conviction that the State departments should undertake too many duties. In some cases at least, the balance of utility of a reform must depend upon the attitude of the people. Under the Infant Marriage Prevention Act the number of applications for exemption was 257 in the year under report, as against 657 in the previous year. The report concludes that "the people are becoming more alive to the benefits arising from late marriages." Apart from statistics we presume they must be, but as far

as statistical evidence goes, we notice that the number of offences reported in the year concerned was 3,259 as against 2,308 in the previous year. It may be that the police were more vigilant, or that the benefits of deferred marriages are appreciated more and more by those classes only that generally apply for exemption, as they feel the stigma of a fine more keenly than others. But in the absence of a satisfactory and verified explanation, the substantial rise in the number of offences reported casts doubts on the inference drawn from the fall in the number of applications for exemption. In the beginning, therefore, one must be content to judge a reform by its quality: its results must be quantitatively appreciated after a sufficient length of time.

火火火火火

WHILE the National Congress meets at the end of every year, its offshoots, the Provincial Conferences, meet The Poona about the middle of the year. For some years past no provincial conference acknowledging the Conference. lead of the Congress has been held in Western India. A party that objects to certain rules of the national organisation has, however, been holding its annual meetings, and the right of these meetings to hoist the flag of the Congress has, from time to time, been challenged. This year each party held its own conference, one under the presidency of Mr. Baptista, and the other of Mr. H. A. Wadia. The latter abides by all the rules made by the Congress, and it was attended by H. E. the Governor, the Members of his Council and other high officials, just as the last Congress at Madras was attended by the local Governor and other high officials. Comformably to the rule followed in the legislative council of H. E. the Viceroy, the Conference avoided all controversial questions in view of the progress of the war. A resolution was passed expressing profound loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor, and His Majesty's representative spoke in appreciation thereof. The president dwelt at considerable length on the war and the part that India had fulfilled therein and briefly referred to some of the grievances of the presidency which do not fall under the category of controversial politics, such as the cost of litigation in Bombay, the hardships of third class railway passengers, and the like, and emphasized the importance of agricultural improvements, of co-operation, and industrial enterprise. The address was very judiciously conceived for the

occasion and it was as eloquent as it was judicious. The resolutions drew the attention of the Government to the grievances on the one hand, and on the other, reminded the people of their duty to co-operate with Government and work independently in improving the economic condition of the agricultural and artisan classes. There can be little doubt that H. E. Lord Willingdon's Government will cause an enquiry to be made into the grievances and provide every feasible remedy. The hardships of hird class railway passengers have for years formed the subject of complaint in every province. A strong Civilian Judge put forward certain proposals to reduce the cost of litigation in the High Court at Madras some years ago, but the Government disallowed them on the ground that the existing state of things was necessary to attract English barristers to India. Is the case different in Bombay, or will Bombay publicists meet the frankly stated objection with a reply expressed with equal candour? The solution of the question will, perhaps, be facilitated if they put forward detailed proposals.

火火火火火

WHILE a law making education compulsory on children of all classes would be difficult to work in practice, it is Factory the opinion of some that special classes of children, Children. those employed in factories for example, may be easily compelled to attend schools. A committee appointed by the Bombay Government to report on the education of factory children generally could not unanimously adopt that view, and the Government has decided against it. Certain other proposals to popularise education among them have been approved. It is agreed that the statutory six hours period of daily work may well be divided into two three-hour periods with a long interval between, so that this interval may be utilised for education. It is also agreed that a special curriculum may be adopted for children employed in factories.

War: Its Conduct and Legal Results:—By T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.D., Bar.-at-Law, and J. H. Morgan, M. A., London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W., 1915, pp. 758. Price 12s. 6d.

This new legal work, which is dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, K.C.V.O., K.C., M.P., His Majesty's Attorney-

General, deals with the effect of war upon the laws of Great Britain. It treats of international law in relation to municipal law, such as the effect of war upon contracts; and deals very concisely and yet exhaustively with martial law. Common law has much to say on the safety of the realm and the prerogative of the Crown in relation thereto. The book treats of many interesting topics which are sure to repay perusal and be of use to lawyers. In their Preface, the learned authors observe :- "The war has brought many things very close home to us and there can be few patriotic readers at the present moment who are not deeply concerned with their legal aspect in one form or another. The book is written with an eye to all sorts and conditions of men-the man who is concerned about his duties, in the event of invasion at home, and the soldier with his rights abroad, the special constable, the sheriff and the newspaper proprietor." The regulations under the Defence of Reals Act, which place every citizen under military law, are, for this reason, discussed at great length.

There is an Appendix also which contains the full text of various statutes that have been passed since war was declared. A list of cases, is given which will be found most use-

ful to practising lawyers.

We congratulate the learned writers for producing a book which is a store-house of learning on international law with reference to the municipal law of Great Britain and feel no doubt that the book will be read with profit and instruction.

Both the authors are well known in their respective spheres, Mr. Morgan being Professor of Constitutional Law at the University College, London, while Dr. Baty is Joint Hon. Secretary of the International Law Association and is well known as the author of several useful books.

P. N. D.

SVA.*—This is a fascinating volume from the inimitable pen of Sir George Birdwood, freighted with his love for the land of his birth, deep sympathy and comprehension. It is ably edited by Mr. F. H. Brown who, Sir George says, "is the best-informed and soundest-minded of the living publicists on Indian affairs." Sir

^{*} SVA. by Sir George Birdwood: Edited by Mr. F. H. Brown.

George expresses opinions which may not be in tune with the aspirations of new India, but then has he not attained the age of *chaurasi* "when you are at once constituted a saint, however big a blackguard you may have been up to the eve of that day?"

The book is dedicated to "Shri Bharata." The book is himself, SVA., and it means the consecration of a noble life in the service of this ancient land.

Sir George offers a curious solution of the Indian problem. He would at once place the educational department wholly in the hands of duly qualified Hindus, Muslims and Parsis, threefourths of the Judicial department also in their hands, and he would freely admit the Rajputs and members of the other ruling classes and warrior castes into the higher commissions of the Imperial Army, up to one-third of the number of the officers required, and insist on developing the unlimited reproductive resources of the country. He does not believe in party Government for India. It will mean satyanas or the ruin of India, he says. The word seems to have remained in the storehouse of his memory, as most expressive of what he meant to convey. Incidentally, he talks of the conventions of war, which has always been respected by all nations and at all times, and which has now been trampled upon by the alemannian (or matchless men.) He recalls the chivalrous law "never to speak evil of an enemy." Alas! through what welters of blood Europe has to find its soul.

SVA. talks of many things in winged words of glory. They are part and parcel of a great personality, "being a selection from a series of stock-taking of the facts of human history, that in the course of a long and all-absorbingly studious life have most deeply pervaded and impressed me, and of the views and opinions thereon, which in the process of repeated considerations, I have more or less matured, not for the sake of others or not primarily, but for my own special correction, reproof and profit in self-realisation, thus to the best of my humble ability persistently pressing forward to the ever upward calling of our Creator to all His creatures."

This remarkable volume ought to be on the table of every Indian and Anglo-Indian.

NOTICE.

All communications, MSS., &c., should be addressed to "The Editor, East & West, Caxton House, Frere Road, Bombay" and not to anybody by name.

MSS. should be written on one side of the paper only.

Insufficiently stamped letters and packages are liable to refusal.

All MSS. accepted and paid for become the copyright of the Editor.

The Editor cannot return rejected MSS. unless they are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The full name and address of the writer must accompany all communications.

All reasonable care will be exercised regarding all MSS. received, but the Editor cannot be responsible for any loss or damage which may occur in transmission.

EAST & WEST.

VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1915.



THOMAS HARDY: OUR GREATEST PROSE POET.

THE assertion, generally credited, that the next award for literature under the Nobel endowment is to fall to Mr. Thomas Hardy, gives particular appropriateness to the attempt hereafter made to examine into and appraise the peculiar qualities of this great master's genius.

From the days when the novelist and romancer were something of rarities in the land, we have travelled far; but it may be questioned whether with the vast increase in the number of creative writers there has been any great increase in the roll-call of masters. Daniel Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Oliver Goldsmith in the eighteenth century; Marryat, Bulwer-Lytton, Scott, Lever, Edgar, Allen Poe, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles and Henry Kingsley, Blackmore, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronté and George Eliot in the nineteenth, stand in no danger of becoming names only, so long as the English language endures. Coming to our own days it may not be so easy to select names destined to immortality, though outstanding writers among modern novelists may be cited in plenty, and many of these, if

mmit no sacrilege in snatching the bays from the brows eates of the Georgian and early Victorian era.

test of individuality. Has he outdistanced his task he made imitation impossible? There is eare; only one Dickens, and there is only one he test of a great master, resting, as his claim on a number of subsidiary qualities, is to be

found in the last event in the possession of one dominant characteristic, one supreme endowment; he must be eminently original, or rather essentially individual. He must not only outdistance all those writers of his class, who may have prepared, so to speak, the way for him (for it is generally noticeable in the case of great painters and writers, and indeed in that of men of genius of all kinds that an immense amount of spade work harbingers their coming), but his work must possess that element of inevitableness, completeness and finished perfection which causes it to tower for all time above the work of those who follow in his footsteps; his imitators and emulators; the school in fact which every man of genius calls into being.

That our day and generation has produced a rich crop of imaginative writers goes without saying. The attempt to single out from the long list of brilliant novelists of to-day and yesterday those who have established a claim to pre-eminence is not an easy or a thankful task. But it is safe to bring forward from among those who have recently left us the names of Charles Reade, George Macdonald, Marion Crawford, "Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp) and R. L. Stevenson, and above all, not as the equal among equals, but as an easy first, George Meredith. Among the living who shall be marshalled? J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard, William De Morgan, and again, standing a head and shoulders above all—Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, writers dealing with themes so opposite and using literary vehicles for the carriage of their ideas of such widely dissimilar kinds, are, in the humble opinion of the present deponent, the great, outstanding literary figures of our day and generation: the first so recently taken from us, the last happily still with us. In their many and obvious divergencies they have this one great quality in common. They both started out to look life, the great, cruel relentless facts of life, fairly and squarely in the face; to set these fortb absolute fairness and charity; without malice extenuation; to devote their magnificent natural pow supreme equipment in those many talents, the servant which are necessary possessions to the inspire to the task of weaving out of the figments of the which should be in fact, in actual substance pictures, reflections rather of life's drama; embod

revelations of the tragi-comedy of man's passage through those mundane conditions which cramp or enlarge his soul; which make or mar him, both in a material and in a spiritual sense.

Save in his first novel, or in the novel rather which generally passes for his first, Thomas Hardy never concerns himself in telling his story with any consideration as to the craving of the ordinary reader for what is called poetical justice: the frustration of vice, the triumph of virtue, the crude desire of the average consumer of novels to witness in the end, after long and painful buffetings with dark and adverse circumstance, the emergence of the hero and heroine into light; in other words into the full possession and enjoyment of those things which the trend of the story has revealed to be the desire of their hearts. After having made some sort of half-hearted concession to this demand in Under the Greenwood Tree, about which something more will be said hereafter, Hardy seems to have set his teeth fixedly in the resolve to picture life as it really is, and not as story readers, that is to say men and women generally, would have it to be. Orlando in As You Like It meets the objection to his love's name with the curt remark: "There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened"; and we can imagine Hardy advancing the same justification for his methods as a novelist were he challenged as to the uncompromising ugliness, from the superficial point of view, of some of his pictures. In any case it is clear that in evolving his stories he has concerned himself solely with pleasing himself, satisfying his own artistic conscience, that is to say. In doing this he has done what every great artist must do; it is the condition precedent to the creation of any great and lasting work. Naturally the result will be largely conditioned by the temperament of the artist. It is perfectly true that so as the work of the world is concerned, its practical work be it wola stood, more has been accomplished by the optimist than by the'ss ssimist. Sane and healthy optimism, not the optimism half-for olishly ignores dangers and miseries, being constructive, picture of hes more than mere pessimism, which although not day anda destructive, since by pointing the finger of caution it are being ts disaster, can only make for progress in a negative Juggernaun in a positive sense. It may be asked, however, flattened curdy's view of life is not unduly sombre; whether it is and womerresent human affairs as invariably going crookedly.

with a strong tendency to end in tragedy. In considering the answer, it would be difficult, I think, for a fair and unprejudiced person to maintain, taking a broad and dispassionate view of the facts of existence, even if no attempt is made to probe beneath the surface of things as Hardy probes, that what can be seen on the surface is sufficient justification for everything Hardy has written. Why, however, dwell on the fact, if fact it be? detractors will urge; it is surely better to pretend not to know that life is a comedy ending in tragedy; better to close one's eyes to patent truths, for in ignoring them, we escape, in some measure,

their sting. That, however, was not in Hardy's scheme. His ambition did not lie that way. The artist has the right of choice; he chooses types, environments and circumstances which best befit the design of his scheme; the theme he wishes to treat or the lesson he desires to enforce; though so far as Hardy is concerned it is obvious, and he has so declared, that his object is not didactic; he is not concerned with the teaching of any direct lesson, though he occasionally incidentally draws attention to certain abuses or hardships as in Jude the Obscure, where we are, perhaps, asked to regard Jude's difficulties and disabilities in gratifying his academic ambitions as suggesting that the universities should be put on a more democratic basis. It is, however, by no means sure that Hardy had any intention to plead for "reforms" of more than questionable public utility, since he makes it abundantly plain that the germ of Jude's failure lay in his own nature and those circumstances which are sure to attend on such a nature, rather than in obstacles which "low birth and iron fortune" constituted. We have already seen that Hardy has not troubled himself to please anybody but himself; he deals with what interests him and deals with it with consummate ability. And yet his critics and detractors persist in asking the for question why he has not dealt with something else, some presumably which interests and amuses them.

Truly, the objections urged against writers are often ingly comical. For instance, it has been objected to Dickens that he could not draw a gentleman, an extraobjection in itself by the way, having regard to his qualities, and one having its origin, we may suspik knowledge that Dickens could not prove himself to be

birth, though everything points to the fact that his blood was, in the main, gentle. It is true Charles Dickens did not care to draw that particular type of gentleman of the stereotyped, groomed and superfine brand, void of angularities and sucked of individuality, the tame cat of the drawingroom or the insipid exquisite of the Row. This type did not amuse him. But surely gentlemen of all sorts and conditions walk through his pages; so varied are they that whatever interpretation one chooses to give to the somewhat elastic and indefinite term, "gentleman," one or the other of the specimens he presents can be made to fit in with the definition. If the type taken be the polished cynic of the Chesterfield brand, the kind of gentleman represented by the French noblesse before the Revolution. we have Sir John Chester, and of the more rugged or countrybred type of the same period, his enemy Haredale. Then there are the courtly if limited Sir Leycester Dedlock, and, for all his pomposity and narrow outlook, yet as representing one type of gentleman mercantile life evolves, Dombey. To these we may add Twemlow, Cousin Feenix, David Copperfield, Steerforth, Eugene Wrayburn, Dr. Strong, Lord Verisoft, the Chuzzlewits, Pickwick, Tulkinghorne and Nicholas Nickelby, all of whom would be received in any society, and none of whom did more ridiculous things than dear old Colonel Newcome, who is always held up as the type and exemplar of the genus, gentleman; while to my mind most of these Dickens' characters come nearer to the ideal of that loosely defined class than does Thackeray's Major Pendennis. The Brummagem in that beau ideal is revealed on our very first introduction to him as he sits at his breakfast, opening his letters leisurely, and determining his answers to his numerous invitations on purely snobbish grounds; revelling, an underbred way too, in that his fellow clibman, Glowry, wood opposite to him, is the silent and, as he hopes envious the ss of these evidences of his social pre-eminence.

half-corge Meredith who, on certain broad grounds, was coupled picturontas Hardy just now, as I shall presently on other grounds day andarles Dickens, exercised his right of choice in choosing are beingracters men and women "in the world," to use the Juggernaurase. Persons of birth and culture fill his pages, flattened da Fleming offers the exception, and a yeoman or yokel and womezed most effectively as useful foils now and again—

Old Gammon, for instance, who had never been to London, but had "no opinion of it," and Andrew Hedger, in Diana of the Crossways who boasted he could "eat hog for a solid hour." Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, rarely enough departs from the lowly social plane he has chosen for his operation; peers and prelates and professional men, generally more or less déclassé specimens of their order, obtrude themselves occasionally, but his men and women are almost exclusively drawn from the lower or lower middle classes; peasants, artisans and small tradesmen; he rarely enters the social edifice on a loftier storey than that occupied by the now almost extinct class of yeomanry, the class to which Daniel Defoe's grandfather belonged. That had he chosen he could have pitched his drama and his characters on to a higher social plane, without loss in truthfulness of description. (vraisemblance), is proved by his Group of Noble Dames, which is certainly by no means the least successful of his works, and by certain phases in several of his stories-The Well-Beloved for instance.

It is, however, in his marvellously faithful delineation of rural England, and especially of those southern countries, formerly comprising the kingdom of the West Saxons, or Wessex, that Hardy's foremost claim to rank as the premier novelist of the past half century lies. Assuredly Hardy's devotion to the country of his birth is not misplaced. Dorset, Wessex speaking generally, has actually all the wondrous charm, romantic and picturesque, with which the novelist has invested it. He has seen and felt this charm; he has distilled its beauty in the crucible of his brain and brought it forth a clear crystal for all to see and admire. Nevertheless, his enthusiasm occasionally carries him away, and his description of certain actual places gives colour to the assertion that we take from nature just what we bring t Many of his descriptions of villages, heaths, the country generally, are truthful in the literal sense, though, of c Hardy's version of the truth is that of the poet and not, the land surveyor. Oxford in Jude the Obscure is literally and objectively, despite the fact the description with intense personality. On the other hand, the Dorchester is so essentially subjective, that anyone town-I speak of the town proper, not its surrounding described with a much nearer approach to verisimil

reading Hardy's description, is certain, I think to be profoundly disappointed, for in sober truth the town itself, being practically modern, is quite commonplace as English towns go. But Hardy cannot properly be blamed for this. He is under no obligation to describe literally any place which may fire his imagination. He is at liberty, too, to make two places into one. It is no fault of his if curious folk persist in actualising his localities.

As a humorist, Hardy is no less great than as a humanist. His humour is simply inimitable; whole pages of his books bristle with dialogue which for freshness and directness, for absolute fidelity to fact, cannot be surpassed and perhaps cannot be equalled in English literature. The French masters of fiction may sometimes excel Hardy in subtlety and finesse; in their capacity to create actuality by suggestion rather than elaboration; but what is gained in sheer literary art, in general effort so to speak. is lost in practical completeness. For Hardy penetrates into the very heart of the Wessex kind; with startling fidelity to the facts, he makes his peasants and small townsfolk absolutely living beings in his pages; they think and speak, they live and die just as they think and speak, live and die in actuality. That slight element of exaggeration which has been claimed not only as a permissible artistic indulgence, but as a necessary one, can scarcely be said to exist in Hardy's case, since his art so effectually conceals art that anyone who has made a careful study of the types depicted at first hand, and the present writer may justly lay claim to have done this, recognises living beings in all his characters; his village idiots so-called, who are often not idiots at all to those who care to penetrate the shell encrusting them; his shepherds, publicans, cowherds, thatchers, delvers, shearers, smugglers, ditchers; his tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, apothecaries, plough-boys and thieves. The value of this wonderful gallery of portraits lies not only in the fact that under the influence of cockney methods of so-called education, of the half-penny press, the socialistic lecturer, the gramophone, and picture palace and other self-styled elevating agencies of our day and generation, these primitive and highly individual types are being crushed rapidly out of existence, since the relentless Juggernaut of vaunted progress is reducing them to so much flattened out humanity; but also in the fact that in taking men and women in the raw, so to speak, Hardy is able to present to us

a series of characters possessing far more diversity, interest, and stimulus, than could possibly belong to a series taken from a higher social milieu, where the observance of convention and the tyranny of custom tend to obliterate the strange differences "'twixt Tweddledum and Tweddledee." Hardy's novels thus preserve for us for all time vivid pictures of rapidly-vanishing types and with them many ancient customs and certain physical conformations which are suffering obliteration in these quickly

moving times.

There is, again, another human quality in which pre-eminence may be claimed for Hardy's work. It is a stereotyped commonplace to say that no man really understands woman or can fathom the depths of woman's nature; that she is an enigma to him, an unravelled sphinx, and that the more he imagines he has solved the riddle, the further he is away from its actual solution. point cannot be laboured now, though since the study of woman is the most profoundly interesting and exigent of all man's sublunary studies or enquiries, for surely woman is the supreme problem of man, it is strange that his search after light in this direction should prove so evasive as to make his best efforts fruitless. It may be asserted that no woman would depart so unreservedly from the duty she owes to herself as to reveal those hidden secrets of character and springs of motive which baffle man's investigation. This may be the true explanation of the undoubted fact that so far as the mere man can judge no fictional or other work by a female writer appears to show such an inseeing knowledge of woman, such understanding of her strength and her weakness as Hardy's expositions reveal. Seriously, I doubt whether this will not be admitted by most candid women critics. The pages of women writers, with the exception of Jane Austen and with the possible exception of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, may be searched in vain. I think, to find the equals as faithful studies of Hardy's women, or of Meredith's for the matter of that. Woman is as much to the fore in Hardy's novels as she was in the plays of Euripides, and his method of treatment has somewhat the same quality, for while he becomes her spokesman as to certain injustices and inequalities, he is no less frank in regard to her weaknesses. It must be borne in mind, however, that Hardy, so far as humanity is concerned-in dealing with man as well as womanis no idealist; he is the sternest of realists: here is another point of

THOMAS HARDY

resemblance with Euripides, the first true realist among Greek dramatists.

Hardy reserves his idealism for the treatment of nature. He has been blamed severely for his uncompromising attitude toward humanity; but although it may be allowed that in Jude the Obscure he has pushed his methods too far, and made the result of his dissection resemble too much the aspect of a surgeon's lecture room, it cannot be denied that the opposite method of the unrealists, should the term be permitted, whereby human beings are represented as little less than archangels, has had its dangers and drawbacks, for it has introduced the note of discontent into many a home; the comparison set up between individuals as portrayed in the pages of such fictionists and the beings of every-day-life has proved itself an unsettling and a disruptive factor. Certainly Hardy does not deal with the higher types of humanity, male or female, though he gives us sublimities occasionally, Jocelyn in The Well-Beloved for instance. The heroic man or woman has no place in his pages, if we except Gabriel Oak in Far from the Madding Crowd Even the average good woman is almost absent in his novels. His characters appear to the greater disadvantage since he invariably places them in situations and surrounds them with circumstances, which while they foster the weak and bad elements of their nature, place them in such fierce contact with temptation that, lacking, as they invariably do, the safeguards of religion, no means of escape is left open to them. His ambition has been to paint the frailty of human beings; their very virtues, the touch of artistry, what has been called divine discontent, which redeems them from the commonplace, contributes to their undoing.

To return to his women. It must be understood mainly that Hardy has no place in his scheme for the ideal heroine. Even Tess, as I have said, is scarcely an exception, he has very little place for the kind of women the average upper class man has to do with in the course of his life, women who have been carefully nurtured and have learned to bring their lives into accord with high and pure ideals, and to suppress those wayward tendencies which, human nature being what it is, cannot be eliminated absolutely by religion and education, though they can be and are held thereby in subjection. Hardy deals with men and women in the bold rough way; and that he has more

often depicted woman in her weakness than in her strength has nothing to do with the main fact that he has given the lie to the hoary fallacy that man cannot understand woman's nature; while no writer shows more sympathy for certain feminine weaknesses or is more ready to condone them than he. Parenthetically may be noted as an instance of this author's inseeing-eye an episode in Under the Greenwood Tree. It is an enigma to Fancy's lover why she, whose entire heart he believes himself to possess, should have been so eager to heighten her personal charms to the utmost on an occasion, not only when he, perforce, would be absent, but certain of his former rivals would be in evidence. Many another male has been similarly bewildered; but such males are without experience as Dick Dewey was. Thomas Hardy is not so situated. In any case, of all novelists, Hardy makes his women flesh and blood; a distinct revolt against earlier Victorian conventions in fiction.

In accomplishing the ruin of his puppets, Hardy commonly makes the woman's vanity and the man's passion the principal factors in their undoing; though he does not, of course, adhere strictly to this procedure, since due weight is given to those subsidiary weaknesses and defaults which act as contributory factors in their downfall. That in the main, Hardy's conception of the motive force of tragedy—domestic or personal tragedy that is to say—is the true one, cannot, I think, be seriously disputed.

We now come to this novelist's final, and to my mind highest, claim to distinction. He has, as we have seen, re-created, so to speak, the Kingdom of Wessex, and peopled it with a live population; for no more real or sentient people than the people of Hardy's novels are to be found in the pages of fiction. But he has done more than this. He has instilled the breath of life into the country-side itself; he has extracted the very spirit from nature, and has made us feel what he himself has felt, the genius of the places he depicts, their spiritual significance; their indwelling beauty and mystery; majesty and pathos; dignity and grace. A great deal has been said and written about the modern spirit of nature-worship-modern so-called-for we can trace the genesis of this worship through the literature of ancient peoples, and in our own literature it has grown throughout the centuries culminating in Wordsworth and Keats and above all in Shelley, Tennyson and Stevenson.

During the Victorian era this worship made healthy growth in the pages of fiction. Scott, as an actual describer of scenery was unapproachable; but that there was something of the cataloguer about his descriptions cannot be denied. It was reserved for Dickens to extract from the material aspect of natural scenes the spirituality which belongs to them; or if one prefers to regard the mental process as subjective rather than objective, let it be said Dickens was the first prose writer to infuse spirituality into those scenes—the first to do so habitually that is to say. Dickens was actually the father of impressionism in landscape description in the literary sense, the forerunner of Whistler, the contemporary of Corot.*

It is remarkable how few, even among Dickens' admirers, recognise in him the most consummate painter of poetic landscape in words English literature could boast before the advent of Thomas Hardy. Instances might be multiplied in substantiation of this claim, but the description of the marshlands around Rochester in Great Expectations, of London under the influence of fog and mist in Bleak House, of Dombey's railway journey after the death of his son may be cited. Intense and intimate is the note Dickens strikes; but Thomas Hardy I think, probes deeper still. He projects the very soul of man, so to speak, into man's environment, and in the power to spiritualise —the word is used for want of a better—the semblance of things as seen around us, whether out in the open or under cover, he has no equal. This note is struck in Under the Greenwood Tree and grows more and more vivid and intense until The Return of the Native is reached. The opening scenes of Under the Greenwood Tree may be compared with opening scenes of Dickens' Barnaby Rudge. Intense "snugness," if the term may be used, characterises the descriptions of both writers. Dickens makes us see and know the old cronies assembled at the Maypole Inn and Hardy does as much by the choiristers forgathered at the tranter's, and the townsfolk of Casterbridge grouped together at the "Three

^{*} I must put on record here that it was my brother, G. Lion Little, a prominent member of the Dickens Fellowship, who first grasped and set forth the claims of Dickens as above stated. Having devoted his life and genius to the delineation of the poetry of landscape and the drama of pastoral life, it was peculiarly fitting that he should become the champion of Dickens' claims in this connection. In his lecture, "The Scenery of Dickens" he has triumphantly done so.

EAST & WEST

Mariners,"—individual men one and all. What could be more alive, too, than the description of the gallery of Mellstock Church, which "looked down and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; whilst the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, as gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding mimims and chest notes?" The character-sketching in *Under the Greenwood Tree* is not far inferior to that in later volumes; but the landscape description has not yet acquired to the full the intensely spiritual note which subsequent volumes disclose, notably perhaps, Far from the Madding Crowd and The Return of the Native. In the wealth of material to prove this assertion it is difficult to make selection, but to establish it a few quotations will suffice:—

"The month of March arrived, and the heath" (Egdon Heath, that is to say, by which the author intends that wonderful stretch of moorland between Wareham and Dorchester) "showed its first faint signs of awakening from winter trance. The awakening was almost feline in its stealthiness. The pool outside the bank by Eustacia's dwelling, which seemed as dead and desolate as ever to an observer who moved and made noises in his observation, would gradually disclose a state of great animation when silently watched awhile. A timid animal world had come to life for the season. Little tadpoles and efts began to bubble up through the water, and to race along beneath it; toads made noises like very young ducks, and advanced to the margin in twos and threes; overhead, bumble bees flew hither and thither in the thickening light; their drone coming and going like the sound of a gong."

Again, describing Egdon Heath at a later seasor when Clym Yeobright seeks relief in furze cutting from the gnawing pain within caused by the loss of his wife's love, his mother's estrangement and his own partial blindness:—

"His daily life was of a curious microscopic sort, his whole world being limited to a circuit of a few feet from his person. His familiars were creeping and winged things, and they seemed to enrol him in their band. Bees hummed around his ears with an intimate air, and tugged at the heath and furze-flowers at his side in such numbers as to weigh them down to the sod. The strange amber-coloured butterflies which Egdon produced, and which were never seen elsewhere, quivered in the breath of his lips, alighted upon his bowed back and sported with the glittering point of his hook as

he flourished it up and down. Tribes of emerald-green grass-hoppers leaped over his feet, falling awkwardly on their backs, heads or hips, like unskilful acrobats, as chance might rule; or engaged themselves in noisy flirtations under the fern ponds with silent ones of homely hue. Huge flies, ignorant of larders and wire-netting and quite in a savage state, buzzed about him without knowing that he was a man. In and out of the fern-brakes snakes glided in their most brilliant blue and yellow guise, it being the season immediately following the shedding of their old skins, when their colours were brightest. Litters of young rabbits came out from their forms to sun themselves upon hillocks, the hot beams blazing through the delicate tissue of each thin-fleshed ear, and firing it to blood-red transparency in which the veins could be seen."

What prose-writing could excel this! There is hardly a writer who could equal it; Richard Jeffries sometimes comes near to it; so at his best does Eden Phillpots. But Hardy compels you to see and feel the magic panorama of nature, constrains you to feel that it is good to be alive; while in his dealings with the tragedy of man's earthly pilgrimage he forces one to the thought that it

were better never to have been born.

Here is another picture of Egdon Heath, the heath so beloved of Hardy:—

"In the evening Clym set out on his journey. Although the heat of summer was yet intense the days had considerably shortened. and before he had advanced a mile on his way all the heath purples, browns and greens had merged in a 'uniform dress without airiness or gradation and broken only by touches of white where the little heaps of clean quartz sand showed the entrance to a rabbitburrow, or where the white flints of a footpath lay like a thread over the slopes. In almost everyone of the isolated and stunted thorns, which grew here and there, a night-hawk revealed his presence by whirring like the clack of a mill as long as he could hold his breath, then stopping, flapping his wings, whirring round the bush, alighting, and after a silent interval of listening, beginning to whirr again. At each brushing of Clym's feet, white millar moths flew into the air just high enough to catch upon their dusty wings the mellowed light from the west, which now shone across the depressions and levels of the ground without falling thereon to light them up."

(To be Continued.)

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

England.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

India of the last century, no one deserves to be known so much and no one is known so little as Keshub Chunder Sen. He may be called the most dynamical personality of his century, and was one of the greatest leaders of men that India has seen in modern times. None could inspire such perfect confidence in the minds of all his followers and get them to do such things as they did in spite of persecutions. It is, indeed, a great pity that so few of our educated men take any trouble to know this wonderful man, who lived in times so close to them and who was the first inspirer of some of the greatest movements that are working in these days for the regeneration of this noble land; and this is more to be regretted especially when there is such a beautiful and charming biography of him, written in English by the late Mr. Protop Chunder Moozomdar.

Keshub Chunder Sen was primarily and pre-eminently a religious teacher. All his instincts were religious, his feelings and passions were essentially religious, and religion pervaded all that he did and said. From the day that he resigned his Government service, when very young, to the last day of his life, he worked incessantly for the cause of religion which he had taken in hand. It was he who spread the cause of the Brahmo Samaj all over the country. Before he joined the Brahmo Samaj it was only a local affair of Calcutta. There were a few Samajes, perhaps hardly ten, all over Bengal before his time. On his joining it he took to preaching the new religion, and the Brahmo Samajes and the Prarthana Samajes multiplied into hundreds all over this vast continent. Numbers of young men joined Keshub and put into practice the new principles of social and religious reform which their leader held before them. It was so

in Gujarat, in the Deccan, in Punjab, and in Sind, in fact all over the country. The inspiration and the initiative came from Bengal, where many young men gave up their worldly avocations and devoted themselves wholly to the mission-world of the Brahmo Religion. The first all-India movement of any great importance was the one which was founded by Keshub under the name of Bharatvarshiya Brahmo Samaj. Its object was to bring the whole of India under one religious banner and thus to build a substantial great Indian nation. The best men of India, the choicest spirits, the first fruits of the various Universities of India gathered together under this banner, and the country was inundated by them with an activity that left no phase of life undeveloped. Educational, political, social and religious institutions arose everywhere. It was the dawn of a new era.

It is, indeed, very significant that tributes are being paid to him in these days from lands far off and from such thinkers as the Rev. J. T. Sunderland of America. It is, indeed, a great pity that the countrymen of Keshub Chunder Sen have not done him the justice he deserves. The late Prof. Max Müller, who knew India very intimately, said of him that he was the greatest son of India. The late Miss Cobbe, one of the greatest women of England in the last century, spoke of him as the most devout man that she had seen; nay, she even compared him to great religious teachers like Buddha and St. Patrick. Dr. Martineau, one of the greatest philosophers and preachers of modern times, spoke of him as a sort of second John, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ. Even the most orthodox Christian divines and missionaries felt the force of Keshub's devout character and trusted his sincerity almost absolutely. When he went to England at the early age of thirty-two, he created a profound impression and captured the English nation with his marvellous eloquence. Even Oueen Victoria honoured him with a personal interview, and it may truly be said, without any exaggeration, that few men from the East were so much honoured in England. Keshub's fame spread even to America, and the latest of the tributes paid to him by the Americans is the one which appeareds ome time back in one of the numbers of the Modern Review.

One of the greatest contributions of Keshub towards religious thought and life is the "ideal of the Harmony of Religions." Nowhere before was this harmony of religions recognized in the way in which Keshub recognized it and raised it to the level of a religious doctrine of his church. The modern study of the science of Comparative Religion found an ardent devotee in the great and broadminded Raja Ram Mohan Roy, who, with a wonderful catholicity of mind, read and studied the important religions of the world, chiefly Christianity, Mohamedanism and Hinduism; and rightly was he called by the liberal Muslims a "Moulvi," by the liberal Christians a "Christian Father," and by the Hindus of liberal views a great teacher like Shankaracharya. He saw that there was but one Truth common to all the religions of the world, but he believed that the various peoples should keep to their own individual religions, and that is why he founded the Brahmo Samaj on a purely Hindu basis. It may be said that his conception of the Unity of Religions was more or less philosophic, whereas with Keshub it was essentially religious. What was a theoretical idea became a religious and spiritual ideal, and this was distinctly a great advance upon the work of Raja Ram Mohan Roy. It was Keshub who proclaimed to the world that all the various religions of the world together constituted one Universal Religion, that they were all parts of one whole, and that in order to develop oneself spiritually one must be a disciple of all of them. The ideal man, according to Keshub's idea of him, was one who could say that he was equally a Hindu, Mohamedan, Christian and a Buddhist. Henceforward the days of separation in religion were over. In no church of the world is offered that honour and reverence to all the great men and Prophets of the world, irrespectively of caste, nationality or creed, that is given to them in the Church of the New Dispensation, whose first and foremost Apostle was Keshub. Not only high reverence is offered to these Saints, but even personal relationship is formed with these godly and god-like men. Religion has been given by Keshub a truly universal basis and henceforward the world will regard all the Prophets-Christ, Buddha, Moses, Nanak, Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius and Krishna, as but members of one brotherhood. Till now the world regarded these as competitors who were each others' rivals in the business of preaching God's Word, now they form but one company, one family. The same is the case with regard to the various Scriptures of the world. Very early in life, before this ideal of the Harmony of Religions was fully attained, Keshub got a Theistic text-book prepared for the use of the Bharatvarshiya Brahmo Samaj, in which were found religious texts from all the Scriptures of the world. Later on the ideal was attained that all the Scriptures were one Scripture, that they all together made one Book.

Again, it is only a specialty of Keshub's Church that there is an equal and a full reverence for these various Scriptures in the minds of the members of that Church. They study devoutly all of them, without the least prejudice for any of them and with a perfectly open mind, to receive the spiritual help that each has to offer. Moreover, under the influence of this great harmonizing impulse, quite a new literature has sprung up in Keshub's Church, in which are to be found classical works on Hinduism, Christianity, etc. Mr. Protop Chunder Moozomdar. who was entructed by Keshub Chunder Sen with the work of studying the Christian religion, has produced in English a book called the Oriental Christ, a book which is appreciated by liberal Christians and has been translated into German, Mr. Govind Roy, a missionary of Keshub's Church, was given the task of studying Hinduism, and he has written, after years of hard labour, some Sanskrit works of great importance called Samanvaya Gita and Vedant Samanvaya. Another missionary of the same Church has translated a large number of works pertaining to the Moslem faith and the lives of Moslem saints and has thus enriched Bengali Literature. Another has composed some of the most beautiful hymns, mostly extempore, to suit the soul-stirring devotions and prayers of Keshub. The inspirer of all these manifold catholic activities was Keshub, Keshub himself was not a writer and there is very little that he has left in the shape of carefully written books. However, much of what he spoke has been reported and it fills volumes and volumes of printed matter. Some of it is in English, while much of it is in Bengali. Of his English works, his Lectures in India, some fourteen lectures delivered in the Town Hall of Calcutta, contains all his doctrines and they are indeed a marvel of inspired eloquence. Let any one but read these lectures carefully and he will find what sort of a man Keshub was, and he cannot but be intensely impressed and influenced by them. Indeed, Keshub was a great orator, one of the greatest India has produced and he is at his best in these lectures delivered by him

to thousands of people who literally hang on his lips. Of his Bengali works there are some thirteen volumes of Prayers and an equal number of Sermons, and it is in these extempore daily prayers that Keshub's inmost soul is laid bare to us. I have read some of these prayers, and have found them to be some of the most beautiful things that man has ever said. As his biographer has said: "they are the outpourings of his whole heart into the bosom of the Infinite." These are prayers offered by him in his daily devotions, from which Keshub drew generally all his inspiration. They have a bewitching beauty, a spontaneity and high spirituality rarely to be encountered in the religious literature of the nineteenth century. In them you find a wonderfully sincere man talking face to face with God in a manner that was free from all convention. Indeed, these matchless prayers deserve to be translated into the chief languages of the world.

Another ideal for which Keshub stood all his life, and which was intimately connected with his ideal of the Harmony of Religions, was the harmony of East and West. Essentially an Eastern, he spoke in his latter days more as a representative of the whole of Asia than of India, as can be seen from his last Town Hall lecture, given in his failing health, which was styled "Asia's message to Europe." His first lecture given in that place, some twenty years before he gave the last, was styled "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia." He believed the task of uniting the two homes, Eastern and Western, of his Father, which have been disunited so long and between which there exists a sort of perpetual antagonism, to be a mission that he had from and he always appealed to both Asiatics and Europeans generally, and Englishmen and Indians specially, to approach each other with love, respect and reverence. The Rev. Sunderland is quite right when he says; "Few men of Asiatic birth have been more appreciative of Europe or more ready to receive her rich contributions to civilization. But this did not make him ashamed of Asia, or forgetful of her great place in history, or neglectful of her claims upon him as her son." He again says: "I always admired his loyalty to his own land,-India,-his deep love for her, his profound faith in her future, intellectual, religious and political, and his firm conviction that if the sun of her greatness had in any sense set, it would rise again with not less than its ancient splendour." Indeed, Keshub was

intensely national, Indian, Hindu. That is why the saintly Paramhansa Ramkrishna looked upon him as a modern Janak. He had a vision, and he could see that in order to find Keshub's like one had to go to the ancient days of India when that great Philosopher-King, who has been universally looked upon as an Ideal Man by all the Hindus, ruled. It is indeed very strange that some people should think that Keshub's work was leading towards denationalization. Let those who charge Keshub with denationalization but look to the remarkable friendship that existed between these two, one a worshipper of idols, unlettered, without recognition or following (for be it remembered that it was Keshub who first made the Hindus conscious of the existence amidst them of the saintly Paramhansa Ramkrishna,) the other recognized by both the hemispheres as at least one of the greatest men of their times. Paramhansa came to Keshub one day, without even sufficient dress, and after a little talk Keshub saw into the genuine and saintly character of the man before him and became his friend ever afterwards. This could never have been so if Keshub was not most truly and intensely national. But in him the antagonism between the national and the foreign, the national and the universal, had entirely died out, and Keshub was primarily and essentially loyal to all that was good, i.c., of God, anywhere in the world, whether in Asia or Europe, and he prized all that was Indian and Hindu only so far as it was of God. His nation, his home, his element, these were primarily the True, the Good and the Beautiful-God, Jesus Christ, Chaitanya, Buddha, etc. In fact, he was one of those who do not belong so much to this province or that country, but who belong to the world, who think in continents and hemispheres, who enlarge the mental horizon of whole nations so that there remain, no nations but one mankind. Perhaps no other man in modern times has shown that large, continental consciousness that Keshub showed. He had an Asiatic consciousness, such as is growing now-a-days into the minds of all liberal-minded Mohamedans and Hindus. In the realm of religion, Asia has always stood for faith, inspiration and vision, whereas the West has stood more for the systematic and scientific side of religion and life. Keshub, indeed, had an esteem for the contribution of the latter towards the religious development of humanity, but the leading ideas of his life and religion being what Asia has contributed towards the civilization of the world, he

226

could not but believe firmly that Asia was his mother-land, even more than India, and hence he was most sincerely loyal to both.

Another side of Keshub's character was his activity as a social reformer. There is not the least doubt that he was the greatest and the foremost social reformer of India. Before he joined the Brahmo Samaj, it was purely a society where the members met for the purpose of worshipping God in an unidolatrous form. The priests who offered the worship were Brahmins. and most of the members had no idea of carrying the principles of the Samaj into their home-life. They stuck to the idolatrous ceremonies when marriages or shradhs were to be performed. Although they believed in the brotherhood of man, they were very far from putting into practice this principle. They kept caste for all practical purposes, and in matters of social reform there was a vast divergence between belief and practice. It was Keshub who put life into the body of the Brahmo Samaj, which was then only a local institution, as could be seen from its name which was "Calcutta Brahmo Samaj." After Keshub joined, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore departed from the former practice of allowing the use of the Samaj altar only to a Brahmin. Keshub was the first non-Brahmin to preach from the Brahmo Samaj pulpit. Again, it was through him that the first intermarriages took place in the Samaj. So great was his eagerness to put into practice the principles that he professed, that ultimately the older party, headed by Maharshi, had to throw him and his younger enthusiastic friends out, first from the pulpit and then from the Samaj. It was then that the All-India Brahmo Samaj was founded, and all over the country there passed a wave of enthusiasm for religious and social reform. Even the Arya Samaj came much later on the field. Swami Dayanand, who was a great admirer of Keshub Chundra Sen, must have learnt many a lesson, consciously and unconsciously, from the great work that had been already done and was being done when the Arya Samaj was founded. Caste has been one of the greatest of India's banes; and no other indigenous movement has done so much to destroy this evil of caste as the Brahmo Samaj, and all the credit of removing caste in the Brahmo Samaj belongs primarily to Keshub Chunder Sen. He gave to India a wonderful moral energy which has been the means of removing all the evils of the

old order and establishing a new social order. It was always a cherished desire with him to found a perfect society on a new and reformed basis, and for this purpose there was established an Ashram, called Bharat Ashram, in which many families lived together for the purpose of mutual aid in spiritual progress. Later on, he and most of the missionaries of the Brahmo Samaj had their houses close to each other so that they might be all one community, religiously and socially. Keshub was the creator of the Brahmo community, which has been one of the greatest achievements of moral and spiritual power in modern India. While most of the other social reformers have tried to remove this evil and that, to reform in this direction and in that, in a patch-work fashion, Keshub stood for wholesale reform of man religiously, and if he really reformed that way, he was sure to reform socially. His social reform was entirely dependent on religion; and that is exactly why he succeeded in creating a new community. He never went for social reform as such, it appealed to him only so far as it coincided with his religion. He was very cautious in introducing reforms and feared to tread where others run rashly, and he was opposed to the wholesale importation of Western customs, manners and institutions, although none there was who admired the West in those things in which it deserves to be. He disliked late marriages although none could be more against early marriage. He was against widow-remarriage in those cases where the widows were advanced in years. He was against indiscriminate intermingling of males and females in imitation of Europeans, and he preferred a different sort of education for females from that which is meant for the males. In order to get an insight into Keshub's ideas of social reform and religious life one cannot do better than look into his book called Nava Samhita, written in his last days, a book which has been already translated into many of the Indian vernaculars.

These are but a few phases of the marvellous and many-sided character of this great son of India whom the Indians are coming to know bye and bye. He was one of those men who may be called "a hero" in the truest sense of the term, a hero like Luther or Mahomet. The Rev. Sunderland might well call him a true prophet after the type of the Old Testament prophets. He might well say that no more impressive and inspiring religious

EAST & WEST

personality appeared in the second half of the nineteenth century.

M. C. PAREKH,

Karachi.

228

THE DAWN.

The Night has gone! but noiseless is the well;
The dust stirs not, though now a purer air
Sweeps round the mosque within the citadel,

Whence startled silence flees the call to prayer.

Sonorous, loud, unyielding as is Fate,

It challenges the Dawn with lofty themes,

- And sings that God is merciful and great;

To lattic'd windows where men dream their dreams,

Proclaims that prayer is holier than sleep.

The poor, and pitiful, kneel by the way—

The way of toil the labourer must keep-

But death means Paradise, and so they pray * * *

Sightless the Muezzin who faces East,

Bathed in its golden light, the prayer has ceased.

And as the tinted Morn with rosy smile

Shone on the summit of the minaret,

I turned and saw that ruin by the Nile

Of Hadrians;—it has some arches yet.

Near this sad spot, tended by Moslem hands,

Soldiers and statesmen, wives and children too,

Sleep peacefully-though in an alien land-

For here the Empire's work they had to do.

Whose monuments bear words of brave intent,

O'er which the blood-red leaves fall one by one,

Crimson hibiscus, roses innocent,

Pass lightly with the shadows and the sun; But they lie still, where none may praise, or feast,

Till Christ, their Sun, has risen in the East.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

Oxford.

THE ONE WHO CAME BACK.

E have now," said the President, "made out the whole message, without fear of mistake, and have only to communicate it to all of the Brotherhood."

He looked around the assembly of *Vedantists*, men and women in conventional costume—none of the eccentricities that might have been expected of them—yet with something unmodern in the far look of the eyes, in the tight fold of the lips. There was a look of awe on almost every countenance, men and women alike, Vedantists come to hear this long waited-for answer from the Higher Forces.

The President, the oldest of all with the youngest eyes, held his paper before him, but spoke sometimes instead of reading.

"For time longer than one can say, those most advanced among us have sought in the trance-life an answer to the Great Question. Now it has come, broken and interrupted at first, but at last becoming distinct, so that we have no doubts as to the genuineness of the message. Something is taken from what may be called its literary value, because of the crude earth-phrases into which the message is necessarily put and our ignorance of the other world symbolism that could make it absolutely clear. Vet this is the gist of it," said the President, "and unto two of us, advanced a little, if only a little, beyond earth's other sons and daughters, some ray of celestial intelligence may be given to appreciate it.

"The souls imprisoned in this plane call for help and seem to receive none. They realize with sadness, sometimes with bitterness, that the dead cannot return to console us with the absolute knowledge of life to come. That has been the world's opinion for long. Friends," the President's voice grew clear and firm, "our friends Beyond now tell us the truth. There is no gulf

fixed between the living and the dead; every soul when it quits this earth is given the chance of returning to earth, yes and even with a new vitality that will repair the machine body if injured. Every soul is given this chance, and urged to accept it, but so splendid is even that one taste of pure spirituality, that however much the earth may need that soul, that soul chooses to go forward. Bemoaning its own selfishness it yet hurries on, for so splendid is the Hereafter that by contrast the fairest existence on earth is like a darkness—more than that, an abomination."

A murmur went round the room.

"We, of course, are familiar with that last fact. We have heard of those who seeing their body beneath them have felt for it a loathing, but just how deep that loathing for the flesh is, no one as yet in the flesh can ever realize. There is nothing on the earth plane with which to compare that Divine Reluctance. One's dislike of re-entering the dim and close room, which seemed neither dim nor close when we were there before, may shadow very faintly the feelings of the freed spirit when it sees over its shoulder, as it were, the horror from which it has escaped. One realizes it more easily maybe when one learns that of all the millions that have quitted this earth, heroes, lovers, priests, parents, not one has ever accepted the right to return-not one of the thousands of noble souls that knowing this secret have vowed to return, have ever, when it came to the point, kept that earth-made resolution. Not to comfort the bereaved, to convince the atheist, nor to help the suffering world has this great sacrifice ever yet been consummated."

He paused and looked around. There was the bent brow of a man here and there; on women's faces faint smiles. Then he proceeded; "Now you know the pride this world feels when a man gives up his life for his brother. For ages the Great Beings of the other World waited till the first man should yield up his life for his friend. There was joy when the hitherto brute world took this great step in moral evolution. Now another stage is waited for, the stage when the freed soul will voluntarily not quit the earth, but return to it, return as it were to perdition—so by contrast that earthly life will seem to it.

"That this second stage is nearly come, the great Forces are now convinced. In other parts of this earth some have trained themselves for the great effort, but so far there has been no success. "Yet the other World waits. It waits, as years ago it waited for man, when still long of arm, to do a kindness to his fellowman. It waits as it long waited for its martyrs of religion and love and humanity, who hurled themselves to death for the advantage of others. So it waits for the new hero who will fling himself back to life to do good to others.

"Do you know what the result of such heroism would be? As the new martyr returned to voluntary life, a wave of harmony and peace would pervade the atmosphere. You would see it in the faces of passers-by in the street, old foes would be reconciled, they knew not why. As the minutes and then the hours passed, the effect would be increased. He would be as a channel of grace between the other world and ours; all industrial dispute might cease, a war be averted, miracles possibly might occur."

He paused again. Eyes bright with faith met his; there were slight movements but there was a solemn stillness again when he looked down among them and asked who amongst those, the Advanced, felt still more advanced than their brother Vedantists

as to come forward for this great ordeal.

For a full minute there was silence, then a slight rustle as a woman stepped forward.

By her dress she was a workwoman, by speech and manner she belonged, however, to a higher type. She was about thirtyfive, not beautiful, but with the sweetness of motherhood

illumining her face.

"Your revelation has given me great peace, President," she said simply, "as some of you know, I have a child, deformed, not lovable, and it has been my grief that I must leave her to those that may treat her harshly; for I know," in a matter-of-fact tone, "that working hard as I do, there must come a break-down. But now I know that I may come back!" she smiled, "all is changed. I have no great ideals like many of you,—no religious force! My love for my child is my religion, but since mothers have accepted hell itself to save a child, surely it is a mother's love that will enable the first martyr of the other World to take this awful step backward."

"Remember, the spirit-world will draw you then as this world draws the coarsest of mankind now. Do you realize that?"

"I do, but can you realize the power of a mother's love?" And there was a murmur of approval among the mothers present

Almost before she had concluded, there was a forward movement among the men, and a very different claimant stepped out. This was a middle-aged, black-bearded man whose vividly bright eyes and strong features suggested the apostle, though not necessarily the apostle of religion. There was something magnetic and intensely forceful in his robust personality, while yet there was a suggestion that but for the strong enthusiasm that dominated him, this man might have found the things of earth too powerful for him—might have yielded entirely to a strain of coarseness within him. But there was no yielding now, as the vibrant voice rang out.

"I ask for this test, not because I am as well fitted for it as others, but because in my case also death is likely soon to occur. Three doctors have sounded me and declare that I shall die

suddenly any minute within the next two years.

"I hope some of us," he smiled around, "may chance to be present that they may see for themselves, if it occurs, the Return. For I will do my best to return. I have no special friendships here, no personal love, but I have tried to work for Humanity; I think only of Humanity which suffers and bleeds for the very necessaries of life—surely I will return," he said, "surely I cannot help returning."

The President bowed gravely, "We accept you, Brother

Lismore."

There was a longer silence now, as if the offer of this social reformer gave occasion for thought. Eyes were bent downward, and it was a full half minute before some perceived that another claimant had come forward.

Yet for awhile he stood silent, as if afraid to speak. He was a small man, clad in black, with the gentle face, round, not haggard, that goes with the spiritual type far oftener than the haggardness and thinness which is usually associated with the ascetic. He tried to speak several times, and at last brought the words out.

"I have no expectation of a sudden death, so it may be long before I am put to the test; but I should like to be of those preparing for the ordeal. I was and am a priest of a great faith! Feeling as I do for the spiritual sufferings of the world, will I not return to prove to them the existence of that immortality which they doubt? Strengthened by spiritual exercises while in the body, surely my soul will prove heroic enough—."

"Remember," said the President gently, "your very

spirituality will make this Return hard for you."

"Yes," he sighed and smiled; "it will seem strange to realize that the angels and saints guiding me to bliss are really temptations -that if I consent to enter Heaven I miss the greater Heaven of the Supreme Oblation. But surely Religion will aid me! Surely it will be given to a priest to do this thing-," and then his voice sinking to a murmur he stepped back.

There were some half a dozen others that came forward to prepare for the ordeal, but interest concentrated on these three; partly because of two of them the proof might soon be given, and because the third had the interest of priesthood and a profound humility. Weeks, then months passed, however, and there was no change; the three came to the meetings, and were known of course to be strengthening their wills by other means for the great Test, but nothing happened. Then of a sudden the moment came. The mother wrote-a little letter; she was dying, she could not live beyond the day. Would the President come? He appeared; he found the priest there, Brother Lismore, the Vedanta doctor and many women. The woman herself was at her last gasp, but she remembered. Her hands strayed to the misshapen child beside her; she looked at the little circle. "I am returning; I am returning," she said. Her head fell back; the eyes stared; the jaw slightly relaxed.

They waited.

The wind blew the curtain so that its shadow seemed to make a movement on the face, but there was no movement. child, roused to intelligence, flung itself on the dead breast, yet still there was silence. The sweet, faint smile never altered. All day some of them waited, and on the following till what was left was hidden from sight. At the next meeting certain of the Vedanta women were absent! They would never come again; they did not believe in the ordeal! Since she, so loving, so unselfish, and so well disciplined for the ordeal, had not returned. it was because Return was impossible.

But the faith of the others did not waver. It concentrated itself on these two men, especially on the Social Reformer.

But it was from Father Mallory that the next message came. He was in the accident ward of a hospital, not expected to live. He had been attending a sick person in a slum when

a fire broke out, and in endeavouring to save his helpless companion he had sustained fatal injuries. Three of his Vedanta companions were permitted to be with him as he tossed from side to side. But consciousness was still with him. "I will try. Yes, I remember." He murmured to his saints, not to help him to quit life easily. but to have the will to return to it. "If I must see the glory, show me but a little of it. Make it easy for me to turn my back on it. Help-" His voice grew faint, then ceased......The ward doctor stepped forward and made an examination; dead,-he made reply to a question, -and more tensely than before the Vedantists waited. They had not believed much in the woman; her tie to earth seemed more physical than psychical, but surely religion would show its power; the divine desire to break down the barriers of agnosticism would sway that freed spirit in the other world and send it back for a time to the soiled chains of earth life. The social reformer gazed half anxiously, half enviously, as one who fears the success of a rival, at the serene face.

And then for a moment he was certain the eye-lid quivered, a tremor of life overspread the face, the look of serenity seemed hesitating as if about to vanish. He looked around to see if others had noted this, but saw that he alone had perceived or seemed to perceive the change. When he looked at the dead

face again, all was still.

If the freed soul had made one brave attempt to keep its compact, it had shuddered away again before that attempt was

consummated.

Sadly the three rejoined four of their comrades outside, and all adjourned to the home of one of them, a young printer, now out of work. It was a poor district; a sour-faced beggar asked alms in vain of scowling passers by; children in doorways cowered from the cold wind, and in the lodging-house itself they heard the raucous-voiced landlady upbraiding some one for inability to pay his rent. The young man led them into the room,—the President, the Vedanta Doctor, "always with me," as the Social Reformer smilingly said, "for someone must verify the death if the Return is also to be proved." With them the others—they were to hold an informal meeting to consider the claims of new applicants for the Test.

One spoke frankly: "I have doubts," he said, "two have failed. The world is not ready yet for this Supreme Achievement.

Let us keep to the old spiritual exercises, meditation, abstinence from luxuries, the care of the sick-"

"Never!" cried the Reformer starting up, "keep on. My turn will come. My-" Suddenly his head jerked forward, his arms fell limply on the table before him. He collapsed; there was a stertorous sigh; then silence.

"It has come," said the Doctor solemnly. "Aneurismit is a wonder he stood out so long. But I will make sure-

that this is death."

A wave of expectation went through the room. There was again a hush as he added a few minutes later-" There is no doubt

that death has supervened."

They waited, still in the careless attitude that had been theirs when the tragedy had occurred, but their faces were rigid, intent, their eyes bent on that still white face now lying back on the couch. Would he return? Would he return or fail them as the others had failed them? Somehow they had hoped much from this man, with his daring, his courage for life, his absolute humanism, and they did not look in vain. As they gazed they saw the eyelid quiver, the lips tremble. It was no vision;the dead man opened his eyes, sat up, arose, and walked to them. "Well," he said, "I have come back."

His voice was toneless; his eyes, as he looked at them, were hard and cold. The old joviality and camaraderie were gone: he gave the impression of a man who finds himself in loathsome surroundings, of which, however, from motives of courtesy he

must not show his abhorrence.

They looked at him. He was the same-yet not the same.

"Was it-hard?" asked someone. "Hard! I try-not to show it." He breathed rapidly; his cheek grew flushed, "I am in a noisome pit. It is horrible. I see and feel what you cannot see or feel. It is strange you cannot. He moved around; they remembered afterwards that he kept away from three of them who were least advanced among them, suspected indeed of the grossness of the outside world. "How long have I been back?" he asked at last. There was distress in his face like that of a diver who feels his breath going. "Three minutes," said the Doctor, consulting his watch.

"Only three-only three!"

"You are doing good already," said the President. "Do you

feel no difference, brethren?"

In spite of their compassion for Brother Lismore, they were conscious of a wave of exaltation and sublime happiness, each in his own soul. The President stood by the window; he pointed to the scene outside. Several persons stood near the beggarman who smiled as a purse was opened; a woman had come out of a frouzy baker's shop and was feeding the children. At the same moment a carriage with two ladies in it drove slowly along the street. The President with a word or two left the room. In a few minutes he returned. "It is as I thought," he said, elated; "a few minutes ago they were urging their coachman to get through this dreadful part of the town. Then it came upon them that they must help someone at once, they told me laughing; they can't understand it themselves. It will spread; it will spread; even greater things will happen. Take courage, brother."

But the man's face was an agony.

"You will get used to it, this earth life."

"Used to it!" He laughed harshly, while they gazed at him in awe; the terror of earth was upon him even as the terror of the other world afflicts those who live entirely in this. The pressure of the whole material plane upon him was a misery. Yet he held to his humanitarianism still.

'I'll manage, I'll go through with it. Sound me, Doctor,

and see how long I have to live."

The Doctor had his instrument with him. He was a Vedantist, but he was a scientist too, and there was a new look of faith on his face as he cried, "It is true, true! The aneurism's gone. He may live forty years."

"Forty years!" cried the man who had returned, "forty years of this!" The dread that he had suppressed flamed out in his face; "All that time! I must live all that time in this pit!" His frame shuddered; his arms flew outward; he fell forward.

The Doctor knelt beside him; but the President turned to the window. The ladies were hastily returning to their carriage; he saw one of them knock aside the dirty hand of one of the children; the other mites cowered again in the doorway; the beggar, sour-faced as before, held out a hopeless hand to the passers-by. From within the lodging house was heard the raucous voice of the landlady.

The President knew the Doctor's verdict before he spoke it;-" Dead!"

"It was the shock of hearing that his heart was sound that broke his heart."

"He died through fearing that he would not die," said another. The others gazed at the still form, while a coldness and sadness stole over their hearts that had beat with the joy of spiritual happiness.

"At least eternity is proved," said one, "and you found

that his heart had become sound. The world would say -"

"A mistake in diagnosis," the Doctor shrugged his shoulders. But the influence he was having-those changed faces, our own happiness-"

"Fancy-pure imagination!"

"He may-come back again." The thought was in their minds, as they gazed at the still form.

But this time the soul of Brother Lismore did not return.

C. M. McADAM.

New Zealand.

PERSONALITY.

DOSSIBLY there is no subject on which the East and the West are more widely divided than in their views on the nature of Personality. Not only do their views on the nature of Personality differ radically, but also their views as to its importance. On the one hand the emphasis laid on it is very great, on the other there is practically no emphasis at all; it is regarded as a negligible quantity. The statement applies not only to the personality of God, but likewise to the personality of man.

The higher the range of philosophy in India the more is the very idea of personality eliminated from the conception of the being of God, and the endeavour made to carry man beyond

what is considered as its narrowing tendency.

In the West there have been wide diversities as to the essential elements of personality. Under the pressure of Hegelianism (and possibly, in some measure, through contact with the East), there is, in many quarters, a marked disposition to seek light on the nature of personality by a study of the relationships which exist between man and man, and between man and God, rather than by a study of individuality, which was not uncommonly identified with personality. It is now felt by very many that personality is not mainly constituted by the walls which separate each man's being from every other man's being, nor by that supposed barrier which separates man in all the breadth of his nature from the being of God; rather is there, through personality, a nexus which is the result of, and a basis for, a vital fellowship with God, and with humanity as a whole. According to this broader conception of personality the distinction between the East and the West becomes largely the distinction between identity and relationship.

What is it that really constitutes a man's personality? There is clearly something of the nature of egoism in it. It means from the standpoint of each man something which distinguishes him from the non-ego; and from the standpoint of others that which is recognised in him as an ego other than themselves. But this by no means exhausts the discriminative process. A discrimination is also posited in the non-ego. It is felt that in the wide reaches of the province of the non-ego while there is very much that is not of the nature of ego at all, there is also a vast tract to which the nature of ego rightly attaches itself. The subject recognises within itself both subject and object, and in that which is not itself not only object but also subject. It is felt that, in many respects, there is a more intimate relationship existing between the ego of the subject, and that in the non-ego outside itself which is of the nature of ego, than the relationship which may be regarded as existing between what may be called the ego of the subject and that in the subject itself which is of the nature of object. The range of personality has been extended beyond the ego of the subject, and there is borne in the conviction that in all other egos there is something which is not individual egoism, peculiar to each individual ego, but an egoism possessing a character and nature, which, if not fully constituting identity between all egos, yet involves a peculiarly intimate relationship, and suggests something of the nature of an underlying basis of identity, at some point or other.

It is fully allowed that all this is very vague, but we are on difficult ground where vagueness is both wise and necessary.

In the West the widely prevalent effort to reach unity in diversity is not confined to the realm of the physical but stretches out towards the domain of the metaphysical. There is no more hopeful sign of the times than the strongly manifested desire to find a basis of unity in so many spheres of life. While actual separations are only too tragically evident there is a deeply felt weariness with the present state of affairs and a yearning to bridge over the great chasms which divide society and to reach union. Not, perhaps the union which approximates to identity, but the union of which harmony is a characteristic feature, a union in which there shall be found a measure of identity, but place also for well nigh infinite variety.

Here, again, we see a different standpoint in the East and in

the West. The East has striven for identity, represented by a very thorough-going Monism. In the West men only *talk* of Monism, and if they use the name and tinker at the production of a theory of identity they are by no means anxious to become possessors of the article itself.

It is getting more widely recognised in the West that strength of personality does not necessarily involve the greatest intensity of individuality, but may, and should, emphasize the close relationship which exists with all in whom also personality is present. Personality has, in the past, been too often undiscriminated from individuality. Probably in the minds of most, this element of individuality enters very largely into the concept of personality. By many those are regarded as possessing the greatest measure of personality who have the most marked individuality. may be long before any clear conception of personality is thoroughly formulated, but the feeling grows that that element which makes for a genuine unity suggestive of identity is not less important, but far more so, in any attempt to understand personality, than those elements which involve separateness. "solidarity of humanity" is not a catch phrase but a reality, party recognized theoretically, operative in experience far more effectually than we often note, and pregnant also with large issues for the future. On the reality of its existence and the accceptance of its implications rest, in large measure, the possibility of improved social relationship in any given country and the realization of the brotherhood of man.

It may be that many will be prepared to modify their views with reference to the personality of man who will not be ready to revise their position as to the personality of God. Yet, are there not grounds for the writer's belief that there is a distinct tendency among many Indian Vedantists to favourably consider the adoption of a conception of God in which something of the nature of personality can find a place? In the West there are indications that many thinkers are disposed to so broaden their views of the personality of God as to make that personality a far "bigger" thing than it was in some of the earlier theology. One need not be afraid of the "non-natural magnified man" dab of mud which has been so often pelted at Christian theology. Perhaps the word "non-natural" is only too true sometimes, for there have prevailed in certain quarters, from time to time,

crude conceptions of God which we should be sorry to see revived. " But the "magnified man" part of the phrase need not move us to anger. "Bigness" is of various kinds. Saul, the son of Kish "was from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people," but Saul of Tarsus was a "bigger" man than Saul the son of Kish. "God is great." As for the "man"-well, in thinking of that which is highest and noblest and best it is difficult to find language and to reach thoughts of God which have not been begotten in our experiences of that which belongs to the realm of humanity. That God should be conceived of as a man, not merely an average man, but the very highest among men whom we have known,—is certainly quite unsatisfactory, but how can we formulate thoughts of God, or give expression to those thoughts in language, in terms which have nothing in common with that which is human? If humanity fails as a basis for our thoughts of the divine, where can such a basis be found? The inevitable answer is,-" Nowhere." Moreover, in the "Absolute" which some would have us substitute for God, there is no "contents." In the place of any attempted definition we have to try and content ourselves with "neti, neti," and a string of negatives is arrayed as an apology for the absence of any positive attributes of God.

Many have shrunk from speaking of God as personal because they thought it would belittle Him. On such grounds the personal pronoun "Him" has been given up by some, and for it substituted the title "It." To some of us who are very simple-minded this substitution of "It" for "Him" fails to enhance the dignity of God. As a matter of fact we have no higher category than that of personality, and simply to say that God must be placed in a category by Himself, a category which is beyond the range of all that is known or knowable, can hardly conduce to our progress in the knowledge of the Most High.

It is surely not unreasonable to conclude that as human personality may be inclusive as well as exclusive, uniting us with others, while at the same time falling short of an identity with them which should exclude difference; so personality may take a still higher range and stand for something in common between God and man, while by no means indicating an identity which makes the term, *divine* personality merely another way of expressing *human* personality.

The significance of Jesus Christ, who is spoken of as human and divine, is very wide. One very important contribution of Christology is the light which it may throw upon this relationship of human and divine personality. If, on the one hand, it be urged that Christ's human personality was unique, it is no less true that one of the most striking features of that uniqueness is the fact that Christ was essentially "The Son of Man," having a personality which reached beyond Himself and united Him with men of all ages and of every race. "Christ in us" and "We in Christ" are not mystical utterances devoid of meaning, but are indicative of an endeavour to express a truth which may, it is true, defy full definition or explanation, but stands for a great reality. Likewise we may say that though the Incarnation involves a "Kenosis" "an emptying out," which leaves wide reaches of the personality of God unexpressed, yet in it the divine personality is manifested, and that in a way which breaks down the absolute exclusiveness of the divine personality, and shews that there is something in common between the human and divine, between God and man.

The significance of Jesus Christ is very wide, it is far from exhausted as yet. He may be found to throw a fuller light on the doctrine of personality than has yet been reached either in the

West or in the East.

EDWIN GREAVES.

Calcutta.

A FEW SKETCHES BY THE WANDERING MUSE.

1.—THE CHILD AND ITS BIRTHDAY.

of his crystal face that mirrors forth his hopes and thoughts. They sleep within awaiting the gentle call of his parents kind. The child reflects the history of the race, and every step and sound contains a page. Filial love needs the hand of science that bids us learn the child's each move and sign. We sing merrily on this occasion and singing mark his lisping words ensouling thoughts expressed in halves and surds. We sing and glean the joy that fills his mind and heaves his heart with raptures all his own. We bless the child to sail on the river of time and anon a feast of budding flowers on its waves dost thou find and fruits of every kind strewn on its mossy banks.

2.—The Religion of Mystery.

Thou art indeed a doctor that drugs the soul with pills of mystery superfine. Blasts of feverish air from the Astral poles and Monads fine heat the helpless brain. A siren, in truth, are you that promises to balm the anxious minds with the spirit of Karma and universal peace and thus you slowly lull discontent to sleep that otherwise would rise and fall on the crests of strife and struggle and scheme for ever to find a self-made joy. Oh mystery! Thou shalt walk in the rear of science and sure are those in all thy dreams where science is also sure, and you shall not cast your grim shadows before the earnest scholar and the statesman wise who pore over nature's lore and glean the light of truth by aid of the telescope and the test-tube.

3.—THE OOTACAMUND HILLS.

That man is only man and not the "superman" no where so tells as on the tops of the blue hills of the Nilgiris. You look here and a splendour great greets the hedge-rose; the other side on the Snowdon peak the Governor has his abode. If I were a bird I would round and round about until I were lost in its mazes, and roll on gardens green and beds of down. The mere sight of your pine trees

and scented eucalyptus fills me with power sweet and I spurn to air the fog born of the cruel sun. Each step on high opens out a world of beauty and you discern a life-like movement in the yonder hills and their green clothed tops.

4.—THE RIVER.

Are you a goddess fair in bridal gait with nature and beauty on the sides as thy bridesmaids? You linger long amidst snow-crowned hills who feast you in caves and bowers green. There, the birds in lovely tunes invite your graceful flow. The mute and the penitent feel a thrill of wondrous pleasure. On the mountain heads a crown of icy white the woven clouds do weave. Marching thence in ethereal flights the silken bands of clouds find you again in cultured climes shedding art, beauty and gold to those that welcomed your march.

5.—MOONLIGHT.

It is the third silver moon that from the clouds a pendant hangs in sombre hills, amid the palms. They stand wrapped in silent thought, and bow their crests to gentle winds that in yarns of silk bind my soul on this side of the dale. All around is asleep; only from yonder road the driver tunes his love, and the moaning winds make a mingled music and lift my spirits to spheres of sweet oblivion.

Doth it not look strange that I should muse this way on the charm of the dale and the moon; when hearts of throngs that toil with fear are filled and doubts and pains of Being desire an eternal swoon? Is it not a breath of madness still to muse this way, when anxious fame feels a feverish dismay and quick beatings of the heart, when nations stand confused between the few that lead and the many that smart?

No, there is a beauty in the life of the unit man or the races of men, and pain and pleasure blend in colours that charm. The bard sings the song of life and peace and hence stills the anguish that swarms the palace dome and the savage wigwam. From his magic voice he wafts a spirit of harmony in life's vast desert. Sing then, O bard, the art and beauty that each wave of evolution pours at our feet.

6.—THE MIND.

Like the silver dust in sunbeam's light, cluding the grasp of playful delight, and like the butterfly in spectrum hues fooling the wary steps of the wily chaser, you play, mind, the truant boy. Like million flies at bright light dart, so thy creation forms start and wake my soul. Thy power is so great that our sole doubt is, "is thy house a mere hive of million cells?" Thy winged fancy spreads to me a net of silken hopes, and through its holes flings many a sure hook that firmly makes me thy victim,

A FEW SKETCHES

7.—Sunset.

A touch of burnished gold I glean on yonder trees and clouds. Whose might it be, to be told? Methinks, the sailing clouds do pause and love their blazing shrouds. Mighty racer over endless skies! What canopy do you weave, and paint it with wondrous dye. To stir aside or wink we grieve. May I rise on wings, sail to etherial climes and build palatial domes, and guild them with crimson foams, woven gold and silvern blinds.

8.—A FORLORN SISTER.

Four summers have come and gone since we espied thy farewell look, which like the blue of flickering light with stifled sorrow vied, and like the retreating moon bedimmed with the dews of dawn, gave just a parting glance. Envy in thee a mute reproof doth find and base revenge a hardened front. Thou art a tender plant misplaced by hands that repent. Brothers' love is flouted with grief and parents' hearts wear out with pangs as blossoms blown by gusts of icy winds.

9.—THE FLUTE.

Play on thy lightest toes, oh muse, thy dance, and trip on the speaking stops thy skilful pranks. Woo thy airy mate caged in the magic reed by soft and gentle kiss. Oh flute, beloved of our Lord Krishna, speak out the thoughts thy tiny form doth hold. Is it joy or harmony divine?

10.—THE POET.

Fly not from the mob untaught and say I sing of wisdom high that is strange to them. Soar not in regions high and spirit airs and harp on the fancy's dreams of the hill and the dale. Pack not thyself in haunts recluse and pride that secret pleasures you alone do find. Sing not the world is misery unmixt and gall not the heart that feign would warm in worlds of mirth. Attune yourself, oh bard, to discern the charms that lie in every work and sport and walk of life. Let your task be to still by song the pain that lies behind the lives of throngs.

11.—A NEW ADDITION TO THE MEN-OF-WAR.

Thy name is "Thunderer," oh armoured giant. Thou shalt not steam anger on sister states; pity the wanderer of path forgotten, and shield the struggling in virture begotten. Thy name is Pallor indeed to blind envy; and Avarice calls thee a monster fiend, bidden by thy masters to presage unthought-of fall to all the nations great and small. Drink deep the calm of the mighty deep and let the East, a rippling wave of gentle spirit sweep. Goodbye! Latest "Dreadnought,"

245

246

EAST & WEST

march forth and bring good tidings that nations by God ordained fulfil their task in peace.

PARTHASARATHY AIYENGER

Madras.

WAH-GURU.

The Dawn in Him reposes,
His Look is a Rain of Roses,
The Maker of the Stars,
The God of Christ and Moses.

The Mountain, Moon and Night, His Look is a Rain of Light, The Planets all of Heaven Are kindled by His Sight.

PURAN SINGH.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER IX

THE VOICES OF THE DAWN.

Surrey; Wyatt; Langland; Chaucer; More; Malory; Mandeville.

MPORTANT as was the organisation of English literature by the precepts of Sidney, the practice of Spenser, and the sudden diffusion of the translated Bibles, there was no violent departure such as took place on the other side of the channel, more than once, about the same time. With the French, alike in letters and in politics, there has often been remarked an impatience of old customs coupled with a readiness to follow new leaders to the very end of their conclusions; the *Pléiade* against Marot, Ronsard against the *Pléiade*, Malherbe when he cries—"cancel all Ronsard"; to burn—as they themselves say—all that they were wont to adore. According to the witty word of Lowell, they too frequently spell evolution with an R.

The English, on the other hand, with a less nimble intellince, have been content to let the present grow out of the past.

I to call for no more change, from time to time, than what is
ded to meet external alterations. Sidney and Spenser did no
lengther than this; they adapted prose and verse to new needs
urising out of a new condition of society; and in so doing they
made use of materials, and even of methods, already to their
hands. George Gascoigne, born in the same year as Sackville,
died just before Sidney began to formulate his criticism; and it
might be difficult to say in which period his work naturally falls,
were it necessary for us to do so. Since, however, Gascoigne's
work is too slight and formless to be considered classical, we need

not concern ourselves with him farther than to note him as a intelligent experimenter in metre; above all as the first Engli. writer of original blank verse, afterwards so highly developed be Marlowe and Shakspere. His lines, indeed, leave much to be desired in point of musical effect and skilful variety; but he is lucid and bold, and bears towards Milton the same sort of relation that the painters of his age bear to Reubens or Vandyke.

Naif, natural, sincere, but deficient in constructive skill; such is the verdict that seems just in such cases of experimental boldness; few indeed of such artists produce works that please posterity; yet who knows what gifts and efforts must have been needed to make them what they were? And here we find one or two precious artists who redeem the crudeness of such primitive attempts. Thus in the year 1557 appeared a little collection of poems which showed a high level of taste, both among writers and readers; it was entitled: Tottell's Miscellany; and it contained poems by two young patricians who may be regarded as in some sort forerunners of Sidney.*

The first of these was the luckless Henry Howard, better known by his courtesy title of "Earl of Surrey." The date and place of his birth are unknown, as indeed is also the case with most of the events of his life. He is, however, known to have made many enemies; among them his own mother, and likewise his sister, the widow of his friend, the Duke of Richmond. illegitimate son to King Henry VIII.; he had also the ill-fortune or imprudence to offend the Seymours, the rising family of the new nobility. The capricious monarch was easily persuaded to include Surrey in the suspicion with which he regarded the Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father. Believing that these noblemen were intending to give trouble after his death-when the successio to the crown was sure to be contested—Henry determined to rid of them both. Surrey was charged with treason, brough to trial as a commoner, and put to death, on the verdict of a jui, in January 1547, leaving the poems afterwards collected by his friends and published, along with others, in the volumes above mentioned; and also leaving some further work, including translations of parts of Virgil's Aeneid in good blank verse.

^{*} This book was reprinted in 1870: Surrey's works have been also twice republished in modern times.

Surrey seems to have been an ill-conducted and unamiable young man, whose misfortunes have perhaps procured him more han his due share of the sympathy of posterity. Not only was he make the conciliate his mother and sister, he was apparently an unfaithful husband; his love-poetry being addressed to a lady other than his wife. But it is of delicate and often musical character; and he deserves—in the words of an excellent critic—" the praise not only of being the first who introduced the Sonnet into our language, but of having made that difficult form of composition the obedient interpreter of a poet's feelings."* His quatrains on the death of his friend and brother-poet Wyatt, breathe a higher spirit still.

The writer thus commemorated, Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-42), was associated with Surrey in Tottell's collection and in other respects also. He was a Kentish Knight, somewhat older than his friend. Surrey in his memorial verses celebrates the beauty of his friend's person and the active wisdom of his mind; and it would seem likely that Wyatt was in truth as superior a man to Surrey as he was evidently an inferior writer. Wyatt was much employed in diplomacy, and died suddenly on a journey. If he had lived longer he might have kept his noble friend from ruin. The critic already cited is one whose accuracy and taste make him an indisputable authority, and he places Wyatt high amongst English authors, as one of the "Dioscuri of our Dawn."

"To Wyatt and Surrey," writes Mr. Collins, "our debt is great. They introduced and naturalised the Sonnet.....in Wyatt we have our first classical satirist; of our lyric poetry he is one of the founders.....They gave the death-blow to that stu-deness, that prolixity, that diffuseness, that pedantry, which is deformed.....the poetry of medievalism.....they fixed permanent standard of our versification."

denir Wyatt did not use blank verse, like Surrey and Gascoigne; Jor was he nearly so expert in other metres or such a master of expression. But he wrote some lyrical pætry of much sincerity and charm, of which specimens may be seen in Mr. Ward's collection, as also in Campbell's *British Poets*, and other chrestomathics. Campbell—who spells the name "Wyat,"—is of opinion that

^{*} Mr. Churton Collins, Ward's English Poets, Vol. I.

the poet had a secret passion for Anne Boleyn, afterwards Queen-Consort and mother of the future Queen Elizabeth: and some of his love-verses indicative of an unhappy attachment would fit into this theory. The poet, however, lived and served his King and country several years after the decapitation of that ill-fated lady. The little ode-" And wilt thou leave me thus "-is very graceful and pathetic, though Mr. Ward was not able to find room for it in his collection. The Satires are in five-foot measure, with rhyme deftly interwoven.

The greatest prose-work of the later Dawn-perhaps we might call it Day-break, -is the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, put together by Cranmer on the foundation of the old breviaries and missals with a Psalter, as already stated, which Coverdale's Bible supplied. As the ritual of a denomination which, while claiming to be the national Church, has never been universal, or "Catholic," among the whole English-speaking race, the Prayer Book has been far less influential on the language than the Authorised Version of the Bible. It was always rejected by the Scots, and scarcely less by those representatives of the Lollards who are themselves still largely represented by the Dissenters in England. Still, many Nonconformists have used prayers extracted from the book, which is also in extensive use, with certain modifications, in the United States and British colonies, as also in the Protestant Church of Ireland and in the small Episcopal community of North Britain. The peculiarity of the Prayer Book is that, while making use of the Latinised locutions that were being brought into use by the scholarship of the Renaissance, and especially by translations from the Latin Vulgate,* it usually accompanies such words by an Anglo-Saxe equivalent. E.g., "acknowledge and confess," "dissemble z cloke (cloak)," "goodness and mercy," "assemble and m together," "requisite and necessary;" are instances taken. of the very first paragraph.† The date of the Prayer By which underwent revision on doctrinal grounds, is from 154 to 1552. About the same time appeared a System of Logic by Thomas Wilson, Dean of Durham, who deserves notice

^{*} A version of the Scriptures made by St. Jerome, which gradually supplanted all others; and which, in spite of its adoption by the Romanists, was much used by the earlier translators of the Bible into English.
† It may be said that "necessary" was as much a word of Latin origin as "requisite"; but it was already naturalised and the other was not.

s the earliest English critic. He was the forerunner of a series of purists to whom the language has been indebted for warnings the subject raised by the Latinising tendency of which the prayer Book gave indication. Wilson was alarmed for the integrity of the tongue used by Englishmen, "these fine English clerks," he wrote, "will say that they speak their mothertongue if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the King's English.....The unlearned, or foolish fantastical that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their day) will so Latin their tongues that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk and think, surely, they speak by some revelation."

The passage is not cited as a good sample of the prose of the time-to which, however, it does no discredit-but rather as showing the movement that was going on, and how it was viewed by a contemporary scholar. Doubtless such obstinate sarcasm was but the conflict of a besom and the Atlantic; new needs will have new expressions; but it was well of Dean Wilson, as it is well for us still, to watch over the purity of our literary organ and guard it from unnecessary and uncongenial neologisms.* There is a Saxon pedantry as well as there is a Latin exaggeration; one would neither wish to see Samuel Johnson and Sir T. Browne followed blindly, nor yet the English Grammarian who, desiring to introduce the learner to the degrees of comparison, prefers to tell him that "there be three pitches of suchness." Perhaps when inclined to smile at Cranmer's double locutions, we may pause to ask how he could have done better to provide for the introduction and naturalisation of the new-comers to our ocabulary.

Another famous prose-writer was Hugh Latimer, the study yeoman-bishop who died so cheerfully in the flames at ard. Latimer's sermons are full of racy English, and extracts them are still accessible in books of Extracts. His language dehmple and less scholarly than that of his metropolitan and low-martyr, Archbishop Cranmer:—thus in a passage of twenty-nive lines, no more than a dozen Latin words have been counted. Latimer was born in 1490 and the year of his martyrdom was 1555.

^{*} Such, for example, as "lengthy" when we have "long" already. Many writers have of late discarded the word "pecuniary" and use "monetary" in its place, which is a word of quite different significance. "Commence" is too often used when "begin" would serve every purpose.

Roger Ascham (1515-68) and George Cavendish (d. 1562^{fil} are scarcely Classics, but may be mentioned as writers not unskilful prose. More famous is Lord Berners (circ. 146, 1552) whose excellent translation of Froissart's chronicle has be reprinted so lately as 1895.

By far the most important prose-writer, however, of th earlier Tudor time is Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), a man versed in many paths of life and famous in them all. More was originally a page in the household of Archbishop (Cardinal) Morton (1420-1500), who is said to have foretold the boy's future distinction. On attaining man's estate More became an Oxonian and a barrister who, for a brief while, won the favour of the wilful Henry VIII. and was the first layman to hold the Great Seal. More became Lord High Chancellor of England in 1529; and one has to admit with regret that, in the opposition to the breach with Rome, which was then just beginning, he sometimes used his power, as we have seen in the memorable case of Tyndale on the side of persecution. Ere long he had to drink of his own cup; for when the capricious monarch, in defiance of the Pope, determined to proclaim himself Supreme Head of the Church, More utterly refused acquiescence and was beheaded, after a week's trial, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

In the intervals of his busy life More found time to do some very important literary work. Some of it was in Latin, which has gained him a place in Continental history as "Morus." But it is, necessarily, with his English works that we are here particularly concerned; and these chiefly interest us in their historica aspect, the parts devoted to religious controversy having sunk the deepest depths of Lethe. The History of Edward V and ... brother, and of Richard III is another matter, and perty better worth our attention than any prose-work of the pe Hallam, not given to exaggeration, characterises this book "the first English prose-work free from vulgarism and pedan" and such a character from such a man deserves the title "epc, making."* It was published in 1513; and although, as we share see Hallam's praise may be a little hasty, it takes a prominent place among the early "histories" as contrasted with merechronicles.

^{*} The distinguished critic would seem to have forgotten such prose-writers as Malom and Wyklif.

More's great monument is the political romance called lopia often reproduced in modern times; but the fact of his laving written in Latin prevents us from regarding it as an English Classic, though it was rendered into our language in the next generation. But More had then been dead many years.

One reason that makes us demur to the entire acceptance of Hallam's sentence is that there was a historical work of the time quite free from both vulgarism and pedantry of which we cannot be sure that it was not written as early as More's, as it certainly had the honour of being consulted and followed by Shakspere. This was Hall's Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, etc.

Edward Hall was a Londoner of whose life little is known but that he was born before More, and is believed to have died at a great age in 1547. His history was published by Richard Grafton some ten years later; and is the work of a well-educated man, in which acts of state and scenes of pomp are set forth with due dignity. In many parts of Shakspere's plays Hall's actual words are reproduced. The best edition is that by the late Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum.* These are the principal writers whom the Renaissance produced in England, if we may judge by our usual criterion of favour with posterity. And, before going any farther back, it will be desirable to give a few facts regarding an epoch which, though it was less influential in England than in some southern lands, did act as a kind of hew departure even in our far-off island.

The fifteenth century had been in England a period of ignoble erbarism. Here and there had appeared a man conscious of ething better than gross sensuality, political intrigue, battle murder, but even these men had been influenced by their age vil, while they wholly failed to influence their age for good. In was the case with "the good Duke Humphrey" (d. 1457), an Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester (d. 1470), the kingmaker Warwick, and Richard of Gloucester, all able but singularly sanguinary and unscrupulous men. Learning, art, and virtue, all languished; with one exception—to be named presently—there were no good writers either in verse or prose; the noblest heads fell on the scaffold; the fields of England were fattened with countless

corpses of her bravest and noblest sons; the dead at Towton alone were computed to number over 28,000, and 85 princes the blood perished during the period.

In the last battle of the War of the Roses there was a prisoner taken, whose case forms the exception mentioned above; and for that reason merits a glance here, though he may not,

strictly speaking, be called a Classic.

Sir John Fortescue (birth and death undated) was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who became Sergeant-at-Law in 1441 and in the following year was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A staunch adherent of the Red Rose, he was taken to the Continent by Queen Margaret in 1463 and for some time acted as tutor to the ill-starred Prince, her son, in his exile there. In that capacity Fortescue wrote a book, which has been often praised and cited, in which he endeavoured to prepare his royal pupil for the possible future. It was entitled The Governance of England; and it undertook to show, by comparison with other European States, the advantages of a limited Monarchy. So high a conception in such an age may well amaze us; and the execution was no less remarkable. The last reprint of this work was at the University Press, Oxford, 1886. Fortescue returned with the Queen in 1471, and was captured on the field of Tewkesbury. He then made his submission to the Yorkist King, and is believed to have lived on in peace till the revival of the Lancastrian cause in 1485; and even a little longer.* He and Cardinal Morton are the two instances of longevity in that terrible century. Fortescue however, is an exceptional man; generally the English of his tim were uncommonly abandoned to crime, and almost with illumination. The light broke at last, and it came from the H The fall of Constantinople in 1453 had caused a great exodu Greek scholars, actual Greeks to whom the tongue of Plato a living language, seeking refuge in Italy and paying for Ital hospitality by priceless gifts. Never in the world's history has been such a mental regeneration as what ensued; at first indeed it took the form of a revolt that was directed equally against light and darkness, an eager scrutiny and criticism of every received opinion and every existing institution. The movement was hardly

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

^{*} Besides the book mentioned in the text, Fortescue also wrote a Latin treatise on the Laws of England.

domesticated in England until the arrival of the Dutch professor. Desiderius Erasmus, who landed there, on the invitation of Lord tontjoy, in 1498. Even then his stay was short; nor was it ill eight years later that in a second visit he began his friendship with More. Whatever was excessive in the Renaissance movement was by this time beginning to die out; and it was natural to that wise and genial Englishman to entertain none but its better element: More is not only the first of the English Humanists but the most justly famous.*

The Renaissance movement was greatly advanced in England by the use of the printing-press, which, until it was supplemented long after by the steam engine, remained the most marvellous addition that civilised man had ever made to his natural advantages and powers.† The first great English printer was William Caxton (1422-91), who was not only that but—such was the dearth of "copy" in that happy time—was oftentimes also his own author.

Of all the works printed at Caxton's press at Westminster, none have proved so permanently popular as the *Mort d' Arthur*, which is frequently reproduced in modern times and has given inspiration to some of our greatest recent poets. Of the author, himself, there is nothing known beyond the meagre statements in the publisher's preliminary address. From this it seems that Malory was a knight, his Christian name being Thomas; that he got his material from French sources; and that he wrote the romance in 1470.

The first edition appeared in 1485, in the form of a black-hetter folio; and it is far from being a mere translation, the lactench materials being digested into a whole which Sir W. Scott stuchounced "indisputably the best prose romance the English guage can boast of." Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an istructive essay on Malory's prose style in 1891, to which all who desire further information may be confidently referred.

Another press was set up in Fleet Street, London, by Caxton's foreman, De Worde, a Belgian. Here was printed a book of only one degree less interest for us than *Mort d'Arthur*. This was the

^{*} A monograph on Erasmus by the late Prof. Froude was published after the author's death; 1894.

† The word "civilised" has to be used because undoubtedly Man's chief

[†] The word "civilised" has to be used because undoubtedly Man's chief invention was the fire-drill, until the introduction of which no civilisation was possible.

famous Travels of Sir John Mandeville, actually believed by such an authority as Halliwell-Phillipps to be the work of an English physician and written in 1336; but now generally admitted to be little more than a literary hoax or mystification. The rea fact is that the printed English version cannot be traced higher than the year 1499, when it issued from De Worde's press, although the style and spelling would appear to indicate a manuscript originally composed a little earlier than Malory's romance-say about the end of the reign of Henry V. The existence of the Knight of St. Albans and of an English original by him is more than doubtful. Nevertheless, it is made good to the belief of many by the undoubted fact that a tomb once stood in an Abbey at Liège, bearing an epitaph in which he was styled: "Dominus Johannes de Mandeville," otherwise called "ad barbam," and said to have been a Knight of England and Doctor of Medicine, who died 17th November, A.D. 1371. In the words about the beard has been believed to lie the key to the enigma.

The original work is now generally supposed to have been written in Latin, about the year 1370; and some French copies are said to bear a dedication to King Edward III of England, which is a confirmatory evidence. But in its printed form the earliest Latin edition bears date: "Lyons, 1480," and the name of the writer appears to have been Jehan de Bourgogne, called "à la barbe." Putting these facts together the bearded Mandeville of the Liège Abbey seems tolerably well accounted for.* But the English version attributed to the apocryphal English Knight and M.D. has so long held the field as the first work of English prose that it seemed desirable that a word about it should be said here. The "Travels" are what Bishop Latimer might have called a mingle-mangle, founded, to some slight extent, upon actual experience of Jehan with the beard in Palestine, mostly compiled, without acknowledgment, from the works Odoric, Carpini and others, and in every respect a gigantic frauch The style, nevertheless, of De Worde's Mandeville is a good specimen of early English prose, and the book has been often

^{*} See an article on Mandeville in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica (Vol. 15.) by the late Sir H. Yule and Mr. E. B. Nicholson. Also one by the present writer in the Westminster Review, 1896.

[†] A handsome edition of the "Travels" was republished by Messrs. Constable & Co. of Westminster, at the end of 1895, in which however the above view is not admitted, and only mentioned as an absurdity.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the best English books the Renaissance, and all that is left to do is to take note of a w—a very few—works produced by those marvellous men who, ursting through all the hindrances of medievalism, anticipated better times with precocious genius. In England, for obvious reasons, the age of the Roses could not but be a barren time. Before Malory and Fortescue there cannot be said to have been any organised prose during the first three-quarters of the fifteenth century. Nor was the case of poetry much better. Lydgate (1370-1440) and Occleve (1365-1450?) having no right to be called Classics by the utmost stretch of courtesy. The best work, indeed, of that time came from Scotland in that old form of Northern English which afterwards grew into the well-known dialect of Robert Burns. Among these Scottish writers were some poets of considerable merit, whose works are still included in popular collections.

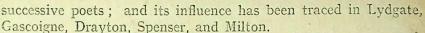
Such were William Dunbar supposed to have been born about the middle of the century, Robert Hennyson about a quarter of a century later;* and King James the First of Scotland, a Prince full of all the culture of his age and deserving of a happier lot than that which fell to him. Born in 1394, James came into the hands of the English when only eleven years of age and was detained no less than eighteen years, during which he became proficient in all knightly accomplishments and in all the known forms of learning. Mr. Campbell says that he fought under Henry V. in France. The stanzas in which he describes his chamber in the round tower at Windsor and his first sight of the lady whom he eventually made his Queen are familiar to all students of English verse. The passage occurs in a poem called The King's Quire, of which an edition appeared in 1884, under able editorship of Prof. Skeat. James married the ladyn Beaufort-in 1424, and being permitted to return to Scotland s crowned King of that country in the same year. But he was , good for the place and time; his efforts to establish order offended his nobles, and he was murdered at Perth in February 1437. His poems can hardly rank as Classics, yet they merit a passing glance as helping to bridge the gulf between Chaucer and Sackville

^{*} See an able and acute criticism in Mr. Ward's English Poets by Mr. W. E. Henley.

There are only three names left on our list but they are great ones:—

William of Langland, the author of the Vision of Pick the Ploughman, was born in Shropshire, 1332, and bred for the clerical profession; but he never took priest's orders, having married young. He began when about thirty to write a satire on the vices of his contemporaries which gradually grew into the book of which the abridged title is here given, for a full account of which we cannot do better than refer to the article by Prof. Skeat in Mr. Ward's Poets (Vol. I.) Though not a professed Lollard, the author shows a disgust of the clerical abuses prevalent in the 14th century; the agricultural distress which finally provoked the risings of the reign of Richard II is boldly described and lamented and the whole is held together by the bond that is spiritual rather than literary. Nevertheless, there is evidence that the author must have had a sense of artistic responsibility; in middle life he went to live in London where he revised and in fact rewrote his poem, and a third revision was made about 1393. The whole of the three texts has been edited by Prof. Skeat (1867-84).

The conception and form of this much-laboured work are alike original, so far as can be now learnt. The subject is as various as life itself: landscape, street, the sorrows of the labourer, the consolations of the Church. There is no thyme, and the metre is so uncouth as to defy classification. Campbell thought it mainly anapaestic, Skeat says it is rather dactylic: the practice throughout is alliterative-which adds to the obscurity of the style. Words of French origin are freely used; the author is generally abreast of his time, as when he mentions "guns," then quite a novelty in European Thus we may fairly cite William as a complete prototype of a English literary man; nurtured as a scholar, yet full of sympac for the poor; seeking his bread in London, yet never forgetting the scenery and incidents of rural life; original and industrious, working less for the pleasure of a thoughtless world than for the satisfaction of his own ideals. But such a scheme has necessarily involved inequality and even tediousness; the Vision can scarcely be called a general favourite, although most interesting to earnest students. It has also been an abundant source of inspiration to



A yet more intellectual writer of that primitive period has been Geoffrey Chaucer (13??-1400), a name only second to that of Shakspere on the roll of England's literary glories. The exact date of the poet's birth is unknown; he was the son of a London wine-merchant and bred in the household of the Duke of Clarence whom he accompanied to the war in France; this must have been during the last invasion of France in 1359, when the poet was perhaps a little over twenty years of age. He was taken prisoner by the French but liberated soon after, the King contributing largely to his ransom. He then returned to England, ultimately entering the household of King Edward III. In 1372 he visited Italy on a diplomatic mission; and, after his return, obtained the Controllership of the Customs in London; he became a member of the House of Commons for the shire of Kent in 1386, and died in 1400. He appears to have been engaged in literary work during nearly thirty years of this laborious life, producing the Book of the Duchess about 1369, while the Canterbury Tales are believed to have occupied his latest years. The Book of the Duchess is a sort of elegy on the death of Blanche of Castile, the first wife of John of Gaunt, by whom the poet was patronised. His next most remarkable work was Troilus and Criscide, afterwards the favourite poem of Sir The poet's climax is seen in the House of Philip Sidney. Fame, the Legend of Good Women and the best of the Canterbury Tales; but the journey to Italy left permanent traces of finished workmanship upon what he did in his later years. Dante, Boccaccio, and Petraich all supplied both matter and manner for these poems; and it was reserved to the days of Milton, nearly three centuries later, for such direct artistic intercourse with Italy to be renewed by an English author. About 1384. Chaucer, having become personally distinguished and prosperous, undertook the great work of his life, the Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrimage. The moment was propitious for a great literary undertaking; the Black Death had ceased its ravages; the peasant's revolt had been suppressed; a conservative reaction held the country quiet; Wycliff had ceased to disturb men's minds by active controversy, and was dying in his parsonage. It was fortunate that at such a period of comparative calm Chaucer

should have been in the maturity of his development. As Mr. Gardiner has pointed out, the hour and the man had met in the happiest accord. The Tales, indeed, belonged in many instances to an earlier period; but what gives them unity and specially connects them with the time is the famous and inimitable Prologue. The idea, perhaps borrowed from the plan of Boccaccio's Decameron, is that a score or so of persons have met at an inn in the Borough in order to ride together to Canterbury to visit and worship at the shrine of Becket, murdered in that Cathedral some two centuries before, and since then canonised as Saint Thomas. All the middle classes of England as then existing are represented; and since the way was long, they agree to beguile the time by relating stories for the common amusement. This machinery may be allowed to be somewhat clumsy and artificial without diminishing our relish for the social and personal descriptions involved and our admiration for the sly humour and genial sympathy displayed in the execution. As in other cases we shall find judiciously selected extracts in Campbell and Ward; and the criticism which has been prefixed to his extracts by the editor of the last-named collection is highly instructive. It would indeed be almost impossible to over-estimate Mr. Ward's service to students in thus calling general attention to the merits of Chaucer; who was not only the father of modern English literature but the inventor of the modern English language.* For it is absurd to give the name of "English" to earlier works which cannot be understood but by the same amount of attention and research which are required by the readers of a dead language. As to the fault sometimes imputed to Chaucer of the excessive use of French locutions, we have to remark, in the first place, that he does not use them so much as the plebian satirist of Piers Plowman's Vision. And, further, that since a sort of French-what the poetn he himself called "Stratford-at-Bow" French-was the current speech of Parliament and Court, the remarkable thing is the quantity of Gallicisms that Chaucer, a frequenter of both, excluded rather than the quantity which he retained.

Chaucer's action upon his successors has been unique: Lydgate, King James, Dunbar, openly professed themselves his

^{*} A recent criticism has established that it was the influence of Chaucer which caused what is known as the "East Midland" dialect to become the classical form of literary English.

disciples; Spenser calls him the well of English undefiled; Dryden and Wordsworth paraphrased his Tales; Tennyson witates and praises him; as—"the morning-star of song."

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler whose sweet breath Preluded those melodious bursts that fill The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still."

Not to dwell on other signs of vitality, Chaucer's Tales have

been lately included in Mr. Stead's Penny Poets.

Adopting Spenser's metaphorical description of Chaucer as suitable to the analogy employed at the commencement of this undertaking, one can regard the author of the Canterbury Tales as the original fountain of the English language and literature, the ultimate well-head in the wilderness of medieval barbarism. Nevertheless, by the side of Chaucer we must place John Wycliffe, (about 1325-84) born perhaps fifteen years before the poet—while his decease at Lutterworth has been mentioned as exactly contemporaneous with the completion of Chaucer's great work—in which indeed he is sometimes thought to be glanced at. The character most lovingly described in the immortal Prologue is the parish priest:—

"He waited after no pomp or reverence
Nor made himself a spicéd conscience;
The love of Christ and his Apostles twelve
He taught—but first he followed it himself."

The first authentic record of this venerable scholar is as master of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1360, when he was probably not less than thirty-six years of age. Befriended by John of Caunt, whose zeal for a translated Bible has been already noted, became known as an earnest and undaunted preacher, and 1374 was presented to the rectory of Lutterworth where he san a series of tracts provoked by the scandal then discredition the practice and—as he considered—the doctrines of the Western Church. What the practice was we can conjecture from the good-humoured sarcasm of Chaucer. Moreover the English Prelates were no longer patriotic and popular men, like Langton and Grossetète, but fine gentlemen belonging to noble families, or in any case sympathising with the landlord class.

Abroad there was animated competition for the headship of Christendom, and the Rector of Lutterworth, who had long been, losing his awe of a single Pope, was not likely to return to a former allegiance when he saw the Holy See contested between Urban Y and Clement VII. He went deep in the study of the Scriptuica where he believed that he found a pure system, the propagatio of which would be the cure of all such disorders; and he accordingly commissioned a company of itinerant missionaries to proclaim his opinions. The work was discountenanced by the Parliament, though strongly supported for a time at least by the Duke of Lancaster, who was even reported to have spoken strongly on the subject in the course of a debate in the House of Lords. To deprive the people of an English Bible would, said the Prince, "make them the dregs of Europe. All nations but they had the Word of God, which is the law of our faith, each in their own language."

Wycliffe escaped direct persecution doubtless by reason of the Duke's countenance or protection; and died in his parsonage in 1384. We have already seen a few lines of his translation which is very remarkable both as an appeal to Englishmen in their own tongue and as the foundation of the subsequent independence of our national character. So successful were the measures taken by the Government of those days to impede the diffusion of Wycliffe's version, that copies, however multiplied, soon became rare and costly. In the reign of Henry V, less than half a century after the work had been completed, a manuscript Bible fetched a price fully equivalent to £40 of modern money. Notwithstanding all this, however, it proved eventually that a seed had been sown which retained complete vitality, though it did not germinate for a period of almost two hundred years, in the full morning time of the Renaissance.

Premature as Wycliffe's religious movement may seem to he been, he shares with Chaucer the honour of being the found our own prose. These are the first of that dynasty nobly spoker by Byron as "Those dead but sceptred Sovereigns who re our spirits from their urns."

(To be Concluded.)

H. G. KEENE.

England



THE OWL, OR A MOVING ACCIDENT.

Bella, horrida bella, Et Thybrim multo spumantem in sanguine cerno, Non Simois tibi, nec Xanthus, nec Dorica castra defuerint.

AENEIDOS. LIB VI.

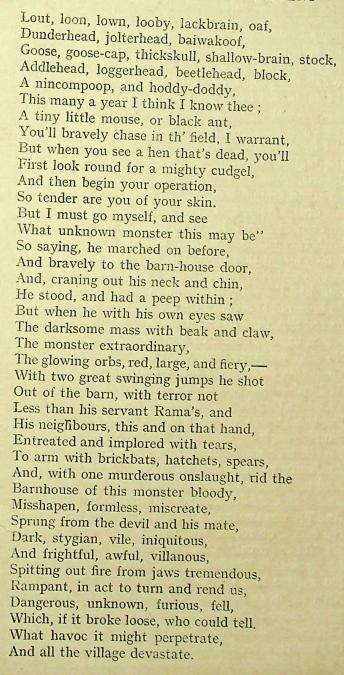
'Twas in the village So-and-so, A full two hundred years ago; An owl from out the neighbouring wood Flapped here and there in search of food, As rats and lizards, smaller birds, And great black beetles borne on sherds, Nor rested till the night was spent, And morn gleamed red in th' orient, When, like a culprit caught in th' act, In fear to go on, or retract, For every bird, or small, or great, Would now in turn retaliate, Obstruct his blinded flight, and peck him, No sparrow e'en would now respect him, For he was top-dog all the night, Plied beak and talon left and right, Spreading round death, destruction grim,-'Twas now their turn to have at him. For Life is but a spinning wheel, For ever turning, never still, And we but clods-no where, nor whence-That stick to its circumference, Now at the top, and now at bottom, Now wedged in here, now thither shot in, Till length, by force centrifugal, We fall away, and that is all-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

And Time's old besom clears the way, And lumps us back to roadside clay. To 'scape unpleasant accident Into a darksome barn he went, And there, secure from light and harm, Sate cosy in a corner warm, Intent 'neath night's dark canopy To fly back to his banyan tree. Old tree, with branches bare and bent, Thy many years' inhabitant, Thou ne'er again shall look on more, For Fate hath other things in store, Hath marked this very bird of all and every, To point a moral, or adorn a story. The barn belonged to a wealthy farmer Yclept Hukumchand Hukumnamer, And Rama was his servant trusty, Obeyed, and never asked kis wasty. The barn he oped at break of day, For fuel, grain, etcetera; Scarce passed the threshold, where he stood As petrified, or block of wood, For there within the corner saw he A pair of eyes glow red, and fiery; He tumbled backward, and pell-mell Ran to his master, and did tell, How a tremendous, unknown monster Lay sprawling in the barn there, Lay coiled up in the corner, and Resembled nought on sea, or land, Had two great rolling orbs of fire, Which here and there he twisted dire, And hissed with dismal sound, and hollow, Would anyone at one gulp swallow, With no more fuss, or ceremony, Than boa constrictor would a coney. "Go," said his master, "you're a dolt, A ninny, nizy, numskull, colt, Clodhopper, clodpate, jobbernoll, Calf, mooncalf, buzzard, gowk, clodpoll,

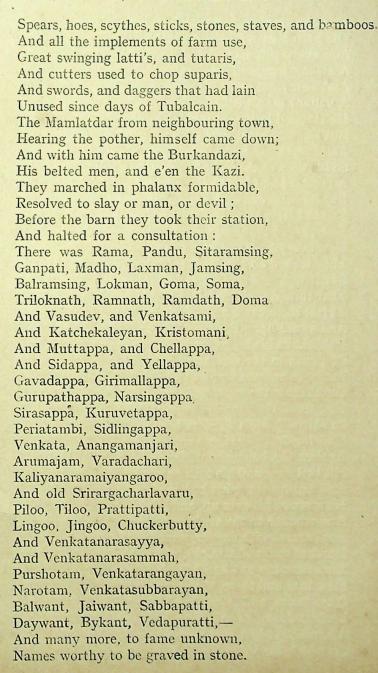






They all came running helter-skelter, The village soon was in a welter, The temple bell rang out a tocsin, To call the people, and all folks in, The tom-toms beat, the gosain monk, Blew dismal on his sacred conch: The Patel sat down in his chowdy. Girt in authority, and dhoti; The Jaglias, Kotwals, Kamdar Mahars, Begaris, pensioned Jemadars, All stood around him, and he gave His orders clear, and quick and grave; To each he gave a kadbi stock, With raven feather wedged in fork, Which meant that they must run, and still run. Device which to this day means 'fouran,' And had the same effect and force, As once old Scotland's fiery cross, As red slip, used in secretariate, Means urgent, quick, or else immediate. No stop, no stay, away they flew To points of compass thirty-two, And ordered all to arm, and come To where they heard the beat of drum. For those were days when all things went Simply—as if by accident: No red tape made, like bonds, or halter, Authority to limp, and falter, And no one questioned this, or that, And each did all from his own bat, And life was sweet as sugarcandy, No codes, no roads, no Jamabandi, No 'for approval,' 'shall,' or 'must.' No geometric Bandobast, No written laws did vex the forum, All was 'in gremio magistrorum.' They caught up hatchets, crowbars, shovels, Pickaxes, pitchforks, ploughshares, trowels, Old matchlocks, flintlocks, blunderbusses, Whose kick's more vicious than a mule's is,





As' twas no play, but real fight here, The barn they set to reconnoitre: And every side was placed a guard on, A strong impenetrable cordon. And now from out the ranks there stepped A valiant man with arms equipped. He stepped in bravely, bolt-upright, But ran out breathless with affright, And speechless, he no word could utter, So horrid was the sight he saw there. A second girt him for the contest. But likewise came off scared, and non-plussed. Scarce better fared the next who came— Just peeped in, and gave up the game. Now everything was at a stand, They looked on this, and th' other hand, For it was sure some dreadful monster, That turned their lives into water. At last there came a mighty man, And swore upon the great Koran. He'd shave his beard, leave hair unkempt, Or perish in the dire attempt. For he in many a war had fought, Could show the cuts, and scars he'd got, Had stood the shock of spears, and swords, " In skirmish with Pindari hordes. Had fought in battles, near and far, Against the horsemen of Berar. His turban round his chin he wound, And tighter drew his kummerband; He screwed his eyes up, and his face, And courage to the sticking place, And, armed with dagger, armed with talwar, Marched stiff and straight, within the barndoor. Meantime the owl had left his corner, Flew here and there, then sat upon a Cross-beam, and from that high station Looked down, as safe from molestation. A bamboo ladder soon was set up, On which the valiant man did get up.

THE OWL, OR A MOVING ACCIDENT

269

All praised his pluck, all grieved to see Him place his life in jeopardy. He climbed up bravely, rung by rung; The crazy ladder creaked, and swung; The poor owl's heart went pit-a-pat; He crouched down on the cross-beam flat, With noise and tumult desperate grown, Flapped frantic, and looked horrid down, And turned his eyeballs dismal round, And snapped his beak with vicious sound, Swelled out his neck, and curved his wings-His feathered head piece rose in rings-And hissed, and hooted in a tone Would terrorise a heart of stone. "Strike home"-"Strike home"-they cried with one Voice-"Strike home"-"and the thing is done." The other breathless, and agape, Stood trembling there from toe to nape. "If you were standing up here," said he, "You would not," 'strike home,' cry so glibly." He took one step, and then another, And then began to quake, and shudder: Not Demogorgon, not Medusa Such horror struck in those who saw her: His head swam round, his legs did shiver, Sharp twinges shot through heart and liver, A mist before his eyes did gather, And speechless he came down the ladder. "It's all up with us now," they said, And knew not where to turn for aid, "The horrid monster, fell, and bloody, Who dare now tackle it?-Nobody-Has only with its poisonous breath Wounded our strongest man to death; 'Tis folly, in such circumstance, To stake more lives upon a chance." The Patel was in thoughtful mood; His satelites around him stood. He now called a council of war, he Now sent away for pan supari,

Tobacco, and some dozen chillem, And ordered all to sit, and fill'em.— As Frederick phantasied on flute, Fore doing things of great repute, As great Napoleon, on a camp chair, Just after Wagram's bloody affair, Sat tired down, and had a nap, and Slept soundly, as if nothing happened, Or at camp table in the field, At a council of war that he held, Slept soundly after bloody Eylan, As if on featherbed and pillow, His generals, with three-cornered hats on, Stood round in silent admiration, And whispers passed amidst their number, As loth to wake him from his slumber; For he had, without fiddle-faddle, Been eighteen hours in the saddle, And, folding, as his wont, both arms Snatched respite brief from war's alarms— The Patel sat-in deep unrest-His arms placed cross-wise on his breast. Long pondered they the matter o'er, Long smoked they chillems by the score, Long did they chew, and chew the cud, Long did they chew the betle-nut. At length the Patel, rose and said, "I've got a thought within my head; The matter now in such a mess is, What will come o' 't beyond all guess is; There's only one way out of it, And that one way is sure to hit; We'll stop the door, and all the vents, And fire the barn with its contents, And thus, with no more fuss and bother, Be rid o' th' monster altogether. But every man must first make good The price of barn, and grain, and wood, By contribution fair, and straight, In light of income, and estate.

THE OWL, OR A MOVING ACCIDENT

Quick, let us all now liberal fork out, By opening each of us his purse out." They all assented to this speech, They all admired his wisdom's reach. No sooner was it said, than done; The warriors rose up, one by one; Four torches they applied upon The four sides of the dreadful barn: And then withdrew to safer distance. To wait results, and save all mischance. With smoke, and flame, and smashes, crashes, The barn was soon reduced to ashes, And in 't-thou most unhappy fowl-Perished this sad mischanceful owl. And who this story does not credit, Let him go there himself, and hear it.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

271

Nagpur.



A CAUSERIE ON BROWNING.

ITH many readers, even now, the name of Robert Browning is a by-word for obscurity and unintelligibility; and having got this impression of him from others, they are deterred from the study of his works. He is no doubt more difficult than many other poets, and requires very careful reading to be understood. Moreover, a considerable acquaintance with literature is necessary to be in a position to follow all his allusions, for he draws upon the whole world of knowledge. Browning despises. nothing so much as mere prettiness; his poems are often uncouth, but in all of them there is deep thought. He dives into the depths of human nature and makes us see common occurrences in new lights. He is a supreme psychologist. He has an almost unique faculty of putting a case from every possible point of view; and there is no doubt he would have made a first-rate lawyer. If in a law suit both parties could have engaged Browning as an advocate, he would have been quite capable of doing ample justice to both his clients, and of afterwards summing up as judge. This he actually does in his longest work, The Ring and the Book, in which he treats of a remarkable murder case, that was actually tried in Rome over two hundred years ago, and in which he gets up briefs for the lawyers on each side, and looks at the case from every possible point of view.

Browning is remarkable for the ease with which he discuss difficult questions in a brilliant conversational, and yet poetical style. In his dramatic monologues we feel that he is writing exactly as the finest gentlemen would talk if they could. Good examples of this may be found in his Clive and in his Bishop

Blougram's Apology.

If it be asked: "What in brief is the chief moral lesson to be learned from Browning?" we may answer that it is this: Live

your life, and fulfil what, in life, you take to be your mission or ask. Do what you really think is the thing you have to do, even f, for doing it, the generality of people would condemn you. Do not be a mere critic of other men's actions. Be a man, live a man's life.

Indeed, we may gather from Browning's poems, that if the fulfilment of our life and the accomplishment of our destiny leads us to breaches of the moral law (in any case as conventionally conceived) or even to actual crime, it is better so than that we should frustrate ourselves, or that we should allow ourselves to become mere will-less organisms, drifting at the mercy of external circumstances or ruled by stronger wills than our own. Like Ibsen, Browning protests strongly against halfness. Do everything thoroughly, he would tell us: do even crime thoroughly, if be a criminal you must. A criminal may at any rate be a man—which a being without will-power can never be.

Anticipating objections to this view, he says :-

"Oh, a crime will do

As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself,
And prove its worth at a moment's view.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

All Browning's sympathies are with those who act, rather than with those who merely dream. In many of his poems we find the glorification of manly feats and acts of courage, as for instance in An Incident of the French Camp, Pheidippides, How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, and most of in Clive. This last is a splendid study of the soul of a man, one most salient characteristic was undaunted courage. are made to realise that the fear of death was absolutely known to him, and that the only dread he was capable of intertaining was that of the loss of his honour—"Lord Clive's hear unique."

Martin Relph, on the other hand, is a study of cowardice, bringing vividly before us the terrible gnawing feeling which wears away a man's heart when he realises that he has behaved like a coward. He carries

"A worm inside which bores at the brain for food."

How he longs to escape from himself. How he strives to persuade himself that his old self is dead, and that he is now a man of courage.

"Get you behind the man that I am, you man that I used to be."

He welcomes physical pain as a relief from his terrible mental anguish. In *Instans Tyrannus* we have the story of a coward, who is pursued to the death by a tyrant, turning upon his oppressor and terrifying him by an unwonted display of courage. As the poet tells the story, the hunted man

"Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed."

Browning looked forward with confidence to another life in which the mistakes and failures of this life of ours will be rectified. The lesson of eternal hope is enforced upon us in a beautiful poem, entitled Apparent Failure. The poet had paid a visit to the Morgue, the dead-house in Paris, where the bodies of those who have drowned themselves in the Seine are laid out for identification. One poor boy, who lay there dead, had perished through overweening ambition. He had broken his heart because he could not be Bonaparte, and, hating the obscurity in which he found himself compelled to pass his life, had thrown himself into the river in despair. Another corpse was that of an old man, a Socialist, who had committed suicide despairing of the accomplishment of his social ideals. The third was a man of the world, who wishing for wealth in order that he might lead a life of sensual indulgence, had gambled recklessly and lost all his money. For him then, as he thought, nothing remained but the river.

Browning's final reflection on all this is that, after all, probably these men had started their lives well, although they came to sure a miserable end. The boy had been full of generous ambition the Socialist had dreamed of social reforms, and even the most the world had perhaps been a good fellow with just a little to much inclination for pleasure. The circle is not yet complete. What began well and is now so ill may yet again, in the future, be well.

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First.

Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.''

But although Browning was optimistic, holding that the errors committed in this earthly life may be remedied in a life to come, he yet considered it a terrible thing for a man to die without having at least striven earnestly to accomplish his life-task. The souls of such he calls "frustrate ghosts," and writes:—

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

The poet has much sympathy, however, for the man whose aspirations are too vast for fulfilment, the man who takes all eternity into his ken, and who is confident of ultimate success beyond the tomb, even though his life seems to be a failure in this world. In A Grammarian's Funeral, the two types of men are well contrasted—the one, easily satisfied, who aims at something small, clear, and definite, which he can reasonably hope to accomplish in the course of his present life, and who dies after comfortably fulfilling his aim; and the other, who builds for all time, who never seems to think of death, but pursues vast plans and projects, for the execution of which several generations perhaps would be required.

"He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success Found or earth's failure.

'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered, 'Yes: Hence with life's pale lure.'

That low man seeks a little thing to do, Sees it and does it; This high man, with a great thing to pursue, Dies ere he knows it."

Browning's optimism, exuberant as it was, was absolutely dependent upon his belief in the immortality of the soul. One would have supposed that as human lives go, his life was a tolerably happy one; yet he writes:—

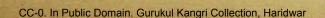
"I must say—or choke in silence—howsoever came my fate, Sorrow did and joy did nowise—life well weighed preponderate."

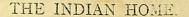
Thus Robert Browning had a clear and definite, yet broad and tolerant faith. In this he was distinguished from most other poets of the Victorian age. In Tennyson and in Matthew Arnold for instance, not to mention others, we find a note of sadness, of doubt and hesitation, as though the foundations of religion were being shaken by the great discoveries of the nineteenth century. But in Browning we discern a faith that never faltered; a belief in man, in goodness, in love, and in God.

WALTER J. BAYLIS.

England.

276





(Concluded from our last number.)
III. THE WIVES.

I.

Have you seen a young girl, who you would be surprised to hear, is married, actually married, and about to become a mother? That was the case with Savitri, the daughter of a rich landlord, daughter-in-law of a richer landlord. She was a good and a beautiful girl, very kind and unassuming. She had many friends. She had no enemies. She was missed by her friends, especially ever since she went away to her husband's house eight months ago. She had come to her mother's house because she was, as they say, in the family way.

"She is only fourteen years old-and-" said one village

woman.

"Do not speak like that. May God bless the child and let her safely go through the pains. Young child, she is very delicate," said another.

"She has wealth, both in her husband's house and in her own," said a third, "and what does she care if she had more than twenty ildren? Let her be a mother to a child every year. She can forc to maintain them all."

"So young-so charming-so exceedingly kind, and simple,

child still, may God bless her!"

II.

"That girl is not married-look at her height!"

Sundari was going to school, she heard it, but she passed it by. She had heard them say similar things of her. What does she care? She only felt sorry. It was all "so shameful" for the little thing—she was only thirteen years old—to hear people pity

her, but it was her fate. Her parents were poor. They could not afford to pay one thousand or two thousand rupees for a husband. And so she still remained unmarried. She attended school regularly, had a good English education and was remarkable for her beauty and attainments, yet, she had to hear these taunts. She was not rich, she feared to bathe in the temple tank. The old women always spoke about her. "If they cannot marry their daughter, surely, they can kill her. It is better to kill a girl than keep her without marrying her." That was the inevitable comment. She never went to the temple, but she was always at home or in school. She prayed to God, every day, with great devotion and earnestness, that He may bless her father, her mother and sisters to whom she was passionately attached.

"Savitri is about to be a mother; Sundari is still

unmarried. Yet both of them are of the same age."

That was the talk in the village. Savitri had the peculiar blessing of God. Sundari had His curse.

III.

"Is she improving?"

" Has the doctor come?"

"How her own mother-in-law is attached to her? How much her husband is attached to her? Will she not survive?"

The whole village was ablaze. Savitri had been seriously ill during her child-birth. There were some complications. The local midwife gave it up. The doctor had to be sent for from twenty miles away, and they had yoked the best bull and the best carriage to bring him.

Her relatives had all assembled. Her husband was sitting by her, and one of her arms lay limp upon his lap. Her metrastood by, eyes red with tears and heart full of pain. The mother in-law was genuinely sorry, a thing unheard of, as a rule.

"Is there no God in heaven?" cried she in all her passion, "How much I loved my daughter-in-law. Why did not my own daughter in 2"."

daughter die?"

The doctor came and all rose to receive him. He felt the pulse. Every eye was on turned on him.

The doctor put his instruments into his pocket and took the bag in hand.

"Doctor, will she live?" asked many voices.

"She has been dead these last ten minutes," was the aswer. "The child is dead in her womb."

IV.

"It pains me much Sundari, to give you to one who does not know English, who is a priest, who is but a beggar in society. You deserve a prince. Oh, that I ever were born, that my children should suffer thus! Sundari, I am prepared to suffer. I shall not marry you. Study on. Rise high in the estimation of the world. Make a name and you will make a great and a good name—and princes will seek your hand. I shall be a martyr. I shall cease to be a Brahmin. I shall cease to go to the temple tank. I can bear all, but not that my daughter should be sacrificed for the sake of custom and usage. No—no—no—!" and he took his little daughter in his arms and burst into tears. "My child, my darling, the pride, the apple of my eye, and is such a fate to be yours? Not if I live."

"Comfort thyself, father," said Sundari, "you know you are raving. It cannot be. You must give me away in marriage to whomsoever that is willing to have me. Martyr, did you say? You cannot afford to be one. You are a poor man. Your master will give you up. Mother is old and is orthodox. She will not like it. The world is not prepared for it. I should be martyr, not you, and I am prepared. Be he a fool, a mad man, I shall love him and live for him, for hath not God ordained it so?

We must yield to fate."

"What is to become of all thy learning, of thy love of books,

of thy great fondness for reading?"

"Think not of that. To you, being your daughter, I appear valuable. There are many girls who are cleverer than I and ave been worse than myself. No, father do not look on me—look t my mother, my sister and my brother, look at the world."

V.

" May I enter, Ruk?"

"Oh, by all means Chand."

Chand entered. Chand was the pet name with which the wife called her husband, Ramachandra. The husband called his wife, Rukmani, "Ruk." They were an affectionate couple, had both a smattering of education and were advanced "Social Reformers"

as the ordinary people called them, and as they also sometimes believed. They were almost of the same age. They went together in an open carriage—did not the Europeans go thus? When the walked, they walked, hand-in-hand—where is the harm? Cannot love be free and should lovers fear the world? When Chand and Ruk thought that the gaze of the public was too much upon them, they did not mind it at first, but afterwards, it was too much. They both put on the European dress. They both loved each other, and liked thus to go about. Chand took to a little smoking and later on to a little "Whiskey and Soda" by way of "medicine." He cropped his hair, and shaved himself, and was every inch an advanced "Reformer." Where was the harm? He liked it, his wife liked it, and that was enough.

Chand and Ruk often laughed at the world. "Ignorant world! They do not know how to live. Why should they do

what their forefathers did?"

Ruk felt sorry for her friends who were all working in the kitchen. She was particularly sorry for Sundari. Sundari was cooking every day. Dear me, Ruk never knew to make a fire or boil an egg. She knew how to read a newspaper, how to drive a horse, how to play tennis. "Cooking is for cooks, not females," she said.

Ruk and Chand had so far advanced in western manners, that they always called each other by name, and asked permission before each entered the other's room, and each kept a separate room. "Is that not what the Europeans do?"

VI.

Pale, dejected, lean, the shadow of herself, the skeleton within her and nothing else, Sundari was often seen at the tank or the temple as much the object of sympathy now, as she was the object of derision for not being married before. It was known that she had often to go on one meal a day. Her mother-in-law was a very cruel woman, who often took delight in persecuting her. Once while Sundari was reading, she said "Reading and writing, indeed! You senseless fool, get out. Draw a hundred pots of water and pour it all on the plants and trees." Sundari obeyed. Great heart, she submitted to fate. Did she complain to her husband? Did she feel that the priest who begged from door to door, brought the rice given by others, brought the annas paid for

prattling mantras, was not a fit husband for her? No. She loved him, she was all obedience to him and to all who were his relatives. For since her mother-in-law abused her, she never touched a bk. She only prayed, long and well, whenever she had leisure.

She bore a child. It was born before time, and was still-born. She had another child. It died. She had a third—it also died. Her husband was only as old as she was and both were fifteen. Her husband was sickly. She had only one request now and then to make to her husband.

"Pray, learn the meaning of mantras, and repeat them with earnestness. Bless all whom you come in contact with. Do not be guided by the money you get. Do not ask for money at all. Let us starve; but be a sincere and a God-fearing priest."

That was what Sundari requested her husband. But her husband feared his mother, and it pained Sundari very much to hear one day her husband actually refusing to go to do services to

a dead man, because the money question was not settled.

"My husband, why do you not go? What a high function is yours, greater than the greatest judge's or administrator's. Why do you degrade it? Go, be useful to all. Come and let us live in poverty, in simplicity, in fear of God. But do not degrade yourself. Your profession is the highest. Do not make it low. I tell this, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, mother' she said, as she found that her mother-in-law had come up.

Sundari's presence, her influence, her conduct and character had all created a good influence in the house. Her mother-in-law

agreed to her reasoning.

Sundari made a happy home, and she had a child at last that lived.

"She is a goddess," said all who saw her.

"Do you lack the attention of a mother? go to Sundari," what all the villagers used to say.

R. CHELLAMAL.

Madras.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE time was full summer, and throughout the long, sunny days every "sea-side resort" was brimming over with hordes of happy families revelling in the wide, free spaces of shore and sea.

Out of the soft blue of the sky shone the golden sun, with a kind of jovial fierceness, as though he, too, enjoyed the riot of fun and freedom which went on beneath his stimulating influence. Like a gay-hearted old god-father, he peeped roguishly beneath dainty sunbonnets, or kissed chubby arms and legs till they reddened and rounded to the proportions of health, as human bodies will, under the magnetic touch of love.

Spreading over one curving stretch of shore in the heart of beautiful Wales, a crowd such as this laughed and splashed and made merry. Whole families, linked hand in hand, ran from bathing tents to sea, bubbling with the joy of life; as unself-conscious as street Arabs.

Grey old men and women beamed and bobbed waist deep in the warm waves, as neophytes might, baptising frail and failing bodies in the "fountains of perpetual health." Small children chuckled and danced in pure glee, on discovering a wonderful world wherein grown-ups forgot—almost—to say "don't." Truly it seemed an enchanted land.

But, as so often happens, in the very midst of this happy land there dwelt a lonely Princess. She was not a wicked Princess. Sl did not grudge one moment's happiness to others, but she did wishoh, so desperately—that there had been someone out of all the throwho could spare time to play with her.

Playing alone is an unsatisfactory game, and the Princess had merry heart, and longed for merriment and frolic. So she sat the on the old grey breakwater, watching the happy folk splashing and swimming and diving into the green waters of the old, old sea, or gazing out dreamily across the distant, mist-clad mountains, and felt that one may be just a wee bit sad, even in so beautiful a world as this.

No one would have suspected what she was feeling; for the Princess was brave and unselfish, and would not cloud the happiness f others by looking dismal herself when in the midst of a gay company. nose who passed merely saw a pleasant-looking woman resting

quietly, absorbed in a deep train of thought.

But there was one there who saw more deeply into her thoughts, and knew the loneliness in the soul of the Princess. And his warm heart went out in love and sympathy, understanding dimly perhaps, yet truly, how great was her need for a mere glance or a tender touch, in token of at least one heart's understanding. He knew, from bitter experience, how the temporary indifference of friends may make one's whole outlook a sheer emptiness and terror; how even one's dearest ones have their moments of forgetfulness, and that such moments are apt to leave behind them perpetual little stings of uncertainty for future remembrance.

Feeling thus, and longing to help and comfort her, he hovered shyly near; determined to do something, yet too shy and embarrassed to quite decide upon any course of action. If she could only become conscious of his presence, something might give him his chance. But that seemed quite unlikely.

As his observant eye rested for a moment on that dainty, delicate little hand, a sudden thought set him vibrating with a mixture of ecstasy and shyness. There lay his chance, clearly; but dare he

venture so bold an exploit?

Even for so gallant a knight, it needed more than all the courage he had never yet found failing him at need. Surely nothing should be too difficult nor daring if it bring comfort to the sad heart of a woman-and so sweet a woman as this! One whose care for others was so widely known; whose tender heart had proved itself a very haven of refuge and help to those in need-as even he, a comparative stranger, well knew.

That she should be sitting thus lonely and wistful, with none to note her gentle heart's sadness, was more than his ardent soul could and pass indifferently by. Yet how could he, a passing stranger. proach this lady-even with the purest of motives-without

Spearing to thrust himself unseemly upon her privacy?

It was a difficult problem for so young and impulsive a knight. The golden moments were flying, and every one bringing the inevitable interruption nearer; and with it the loss of his chance for service. And what knight worthy of the name would risk bringing his honour into so near neighbourhood to disgrace?

He must do something, and that quickly. He looked round. None seemed to see the working out of this way-side tragedy save himself. He thought again of his plan, and shivered with mingled thrills of emotion.

He looked at the Princess, whose face was turned away towards the distant, purple mountains. He looked at that delicately sur browned hand, lying idle, yet firmly closed upon a jutting post of the

old, grey breakwater.

Again his glance travelled to the profile of her cheek, which was just within his range of vision. As he looked, the merest shadow of a quiver disturbed its rose-leaf smoothness, and there was that faint tightening of the muscles which may presage the earliest stage of tears, or a brave effort to suppress their rising. That was more than enough to settle the matter.

Nothing seemed henceforth to matter but how best to convey the message of his overflowing heart to her lonely spirit—that one, at least knew and understood.

Throwing doubt to the winds, and approaching her with that perfect manner which knows no false step nor startling movement, he bent his head; and, lightly as a butterfly saluting a flower, laid one swift, warm kiss upon that rose-leaf hand!

Starting from her reverie, the Princess turned, and with a thrill of understanding and gratitude, flashed her dewy eyes upon him, and with a deep sigh of happiness, gathered the bold knight into her trembling arms, covering his shapely head with the tenderest caresses.

"Ah, doggie!" she whispered, "how did you know? How could you see right down into my foolish heart? Do you, too, need a faithful comrade with whom to share the joy and beauty of this magic Summer-world? Is the glory of it all too much even for your great heart to carry quite alone?"

Soon a faint, shrill piping set the terrier struggling from the arms of the Princess, to answer the call of his lawful owner. But his going

left her sad heart less desolate than before.

His sympathy had given her assurance that at least one "understood." And who would not face even a period of loneliness for so great a gain?

And for him? Who knows? Some glad spring of joy and memor

surely!

Even for a dog, one sympathetic look into the heart of a woman must, of necessity, win some great and lasting reward.

JASPER SMITH.

England.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER V.

JOAN.

PALMER was up early—at 6 a.m. It was dark and bitterly cold He was up early because the Tireurs were moving out of the Forest that day and he had to send La Poupée to Joan.

The Tireurs were leaving at 10 a.m., and Lefebre had given Buck till that hour to return from Sancy. Palmer wanted to see La Poupée

off comfortably-wrapped warmly.

Buck was still asleep. Palmer woke him, then went to the snuggest corner of the cave where La Poupée was lying.

"Get up, child," he said, sitting on the floor and gently shaking

her.

"Mummy," muttered La Poupée.

She had been dreaming of her mother. The night previous she had sobbed herself to sleep in old Bruno's arms.

"You are going to Joan," said Palmer.

La Poupée sat up. The fire in the cave threw its light on the child's features.

Palmer saw a smile.

" Me ready," she said, "you take me?"

"Mr. Buck will take you."

But La Poupée threw her arms round Palmer's neck—"No—you ke me, Me love you. Dad and Mummy there?"

"You're going to Joan," was Palmer's evasive reply.

" Me want Mummy."

A lump rose in Palmer's throat, and he cursed the Kaiser.

And this was only one instance of the terrible suffering caused by this unrighteous war to innocent children. How many little ones like this child were separated by death from their parents. How many little ones, thought Palmer, had been, and were being, left to starve, and die, suffering bitter hunger and cold.

" Me want Mummy."

The child pulled at Palmer's arm. But he heard not her voir felt not the pull on his arm—his soul was consumed with the though of the terrible sufferings inflicted on innocent children. The Kais had called God his partner. When the books were being balanced, the Kaiser would have to answer for his misdeeds. Palmer hoped his punishment would equal the measure of the misery he had inflicted. What would he say when questioned about the massacres? He would lie, no doubt; but he would be shown proofs: corpses of children, terror on their faces, clinging to their dead-mutiliated mothers. He would be shown women—ay, young girls—stripped, tortured, outraged by his brutal soldiers and hanging from trees. Was that all? No, he would be shown his brutal soldiers hacking, disembowelling the victims of their wanton sport.

" Me want Mummy."

La Poupée shook Palmer violently and screamed. She was begin-

ing to get frightened at his silence.

Palmer woke with a start. "I'll take you to Mummy," he answered the child. He only realised the nature of his promise after he had spoken. "I mean," he said hastily, "Buck will take you."

"And Buck is ready," said that individual coming up at that

moment.

"That's right, James. You must keep her warm. I've covered her in my blanket. You can bring it back with you."

"Good Lord! How is the child to walk in that?"

"Walk? You'll have to carry her."

"Nonsense. The distance is not great. Lord! She would ruffle my clothes and——".

"I didn't think of that, I'll carry her."

"You-you are not coming?"

"Yes—I'll accompany you. If you like, you needn't come."
But Buck wanted to go to see Joan, that was why he had you
teered to take La Poupée. "Palmer's an artful dodger," thought
"I didn't quite see the trap he had prepared about carrying the child

He thought that Palmer was also anxious to see Joan.

"Don't you trouble, old man," he said persuasively. "Now the I think of it, the child is over young to walk so far."

"She is. However, I've made up my mind to go."

And they went together, Palmer carrying the child and Buck, in his light-hearted fashion, singing and laughing and keeping up a flow of small talk.

Sancy was still asleep when they arrived, but to Palmer's knock the Curé opened the wicket and admitted the Tireurs. He was ad to see them. Was Joan still with him? She was; she would be it the Church presently, for in ten minutes Mass would be said. They must wait till after Mass. No, Joan was not a Catholic—Roman Catholic that is, but she attended mass all the same; and thus the Curé was asked and gave information, as he made things ready for the celebration of Mass.

Palmer and Buck, the former still carrying La Poupée in his arms, entered the body of the Church. The interior was in ruins—even the Altar had not been spared by the vandals, but the Curé had done what he could to make the house of God a fit place for His worship.

The Tireurs sat on a rude bench at the end of the Church remote

from the Altar.

The bell now broke the silence, and presently men, women and children crept in and found seats in the dark Church. Only the Altar was lighted with candles.

Then Joan came. The Tireurs were in her accustomed seat—but there was room for her. She did not recognise the Tireurs, or they

her. It was too dark to distinguish faces.

But by the time Mass had been sung the sun had risen, and Palmer, who was kneeling next to Joan, glanced at her. At the same moment Joan looked his way. Their eyes met. A slight flush crept under the woman's skin.

"I've brought her," whispered Palmer pointing to La Poupée,

cosily asleep on the bench.

Joan smiled and nodded and then bent devotionally her head as the Curé, with uplifted hand, pronounced the "Blessing."

The congregation quitted the Church hurried by and, when all were gone, Joan turned to Palmer and said:

"Come to my quarters."

She shook hands with Buck and then walked out of the Church lawed by the others.

"I thought you lived in the Church," Buck remarked.

"Only when there is danger about," Joan told him. "Then we get the wounded I am tending into the vaults."

"The quick and the dead," muttered James.

"Just so, but the quick have seen too many dead to be afraid. At present my patients are housed in the village. I'm in the caretaker's cottage; he, poor man, rests in the village cemetery—killed during the bombardment."

They had arrived at the cottage in question, and with a graceful

bow Joan invited the Tireurs to enter.

La Poupée awoke as Palmer was placing her on a couch, and catching sight of Joan she broke away and rushed to her with a joyf cry of "Auntie," and then when she had been kissed, which operation buck watched with greedy eyes, La Poupée asked, looking around her

"Where is Mummy?"

Palmer turned and went outside-he could not bear to witness

the scene that followed.

When he returned, La Poupée was playing with a doll, and Joan, traces of tears still on her cheek, was making tea. She had seen the look on Palmer's face as he turned to walk away and her heart told her that she had been correct in her estimation of his worth.

"Don't refer to-to that subject again," said Buck. "Let us be

happy while we can."

He had come up and whispered this warning to Palmer.

"I can guess what you are referring to," said Palmer, "although, as usual, your speech, old boy, is rather ambiguous. But how do you want me not to refer to a subject I had never broached?"

He smiled as he asked the question.

"Confound it," said Buck, "I'm always saying the wrong thing."

"I suppose it is because your heart is full."
"I know more about an empty stomach."

Joan heard the remark and turned while in the act of making tea.

"I've only rolls and butter," she said.

"A feast for the gods," cried Buck, gallantly.

"Don't look at the clock, Mr. Palmer," said Joan as she handed him a cup of tea. "Mr. Buck has told me that you need not start till nine or a little after, and it is not quite eight yet."

"He was only making sure there was plenty of time to do justice to his tea," laughed Buck. "Dick—I mean Lieutenant Palmer—is

always hungry."

"And what is your designation?" asked Joan, with a peculi smile.

" Captain."

Joan stirred her tea.

"Empty titles," she said, and then growing serious and loo at Palmer, asked:

"Why don't you join the Regulars?"

"For one thing, they won't have me. For another, I'm quite content with my lot."

Joan heaved a gentle sigh.

"Why the devil has she not tried to persuade me?" asked James of himself; and then-

289

"Miss Carew, would you advise me to give up my commission and become a Private?"

"Certainly. At the most yours is an empty commission."

"No pay; true. But I must be worth something for Lefebre to ingle me out for a captaincy. Now, Palmer was a Lieutenant in a Volunteer Corps, and yet—"

"I thought I'd find you here."

It was the Curé who had entered and interrupted Buck.

"Don't move," said the Curé. "I saw you in the Church—good

eyes, eh?"

"We didn't mean it to be good-bye, when we left you at the vestry a little while ago. We intended calling on you before leaving," Buck told him; yet the Curé had not been referred to either by him or Palmer. "It is, however, just as well you are here, for we need not hurry over our tea."

"But that's just what I'm come to tell you to do."

Palmer detected danger. He rose from his seat at once.

"Are the Germans here?" he asked.

"Not yet. One of my scouts has just come in—travelled all night. He says that several German Army Corps are camped about twenty miles to the north-east of us: at least they were last night. He has no doubt they are moving on Ypres."

"This is important," said Palmer, and Joan noted that although Buck was the superior officer, Palmer invariably took the initiative

in all military matters.

"It is; my man says so."

"Some of the corps will possibly pass through here," remarked Palmer, looking at Joan.

You're right for once Dick," exclaimed Buck. "Miss Carew

must go along with us."

"I think so, too."

"I can't leave my patients," said Joan, "I must remain—besides, there are no troops for the Germans to fight with in the village."

"How about Rosenberg?"

"There is the crypt. My patients will, of course, be taken lere."

"May I take the child back?"

Joan's eyes fell, she considered the question a minute.

"She will be quite safe in the Crypt," she at length replied; and then hastily—"Why not remain here, yourself? Mr. Buck will convey the news about the Germans to Lefebre."

"Mr. Buck will remain."

"Of course I will," and James executed a war dance.

"Have you finished? Thanks. If you find," said Palmer, "that there is likely to be danger, bring Miss Carew to our Shelter."

"Who is in command now?" asked Joan with a little scornful

laugh. "Captain Buck, why don't you issue orders?"

"By Gad! Palmer, you are usurping authority. Listen attentively to my instructions: I'll stay on here—"

"You're issuing instructions to yourself," said Joan, unable to suppress a smile.

Palmer walked up to La Poupée.

"Be a good girl," he said, "and listen to all your auntie tells you. By the way, what's her name?"

"Mary," answered Joan.

"A pretty name. However, we'll still call her La Poupée. You'll be good, little one?"

"I's good, you come back soon. No get shotted and deaded like

Mummy and Daddy cause Auntie and me will cry."

As Palmer walked hurriedly out of the room, he turned to have another look at La Poupée. The scene had changed: Joan's face was buried in La Poupée's dress, and was crying.

"Curious woman; too headstrong," said Palmer to Buck who had joined him outside, "you can see she is afraid of the Germans, and yet

she is determined to remain to attend the wounded."

"It is damned funny," remarked Buck, not knowing what to say.

"Damned plucky, you mean," corrected Palmer.

Palmer had delayed longer at Sancy than he had intended, therefore he hurried to get to camp before the hour stipulated had expired. He was not in a happy frame of mind. Was Joan safe at the village? That question troubled him. He was sorry also to part from La Poupée.

"She's damned plucky," he muttered more than once. "Joan is a fine woman. Jim, I think, is in love with her—at any rate he thinks he is. For her sake I hope he is quite certain this time."

The fact was Buck had been in love scores of times in India and in England, and on each occasion tremendously smitten, and broken hearted when the girl had been appropriated by someone else; and merry as ever a few hours later.

Palmer was hurrying home, his thoughts alternately making him

smile and feel sad, when-

He heard a noise behind him. He turned quickly. A German lancer was charging down on him.

Palmer was unarmed. He and Buck had purposely gone unarmed, adopting the rôle of peaceful peasants.

Palmer held up his hands, but the German continued to advance.

was evident the man was not going to parley, but was intent on urder.

Palmer gave himself up as lost.

"I'm unarmed!" he cried.

"Das macht nichts aus," came the reply. "you are dead-" Bang!

It was the German who rolled over dead. Palmer turned to his right, and a thin cloud of smoke came curling from a bush. Then a figure stood up behind that bush.

It was a woman and she was laughing.

"A good shot, eh?" she said, as she came forward.

"You saved my life."

"Well, it was a toss up whether I should shoot you as you came along. I've so often seen Germans in all kinds of disguises; and you were making towards that wood." pointing with her revolver. "Not till I saw the German charging you, was I certain you were not a spy."

"Then you know about that wood?"

Palmer's question was guarded. The woman smiled.

"That wood has been standing for a long time; at any rate, before I was born."

"Then why were you suspicious about my making thither?" She looked earnestly into Palmer's eyes before replying.

"Do you know Lefebre?" she asked.

That settled the matter.

"You are one of us," said Palmer.

"Long before you, for I've never heard of you."

Nor I, of you."

"Because I've been in Antwerp. But come, let us search the soldier. We shall have plenty of time for explanations later."

Palmer noticed, as he stooped over the wounded trooper, that he man's lips were moving.

" He is alive," he cried.

'He'll die, sure enough," returned the woman, who had mistaken lmer's cry to mean that they had better end the man's misery. "I'm good shot with my revolver. Help me search for papers."

Her callousness surprised and hurt Palmer. Curiously the thought struck him that Joan would have answered his cry differently. He stooped over the man. Then gently turned him over, interrupting, as he did so, the woman's search.

"In the spine," said Palmer pointing to the wound.

"I told you he must die."

Palmer turned the man over on to his back again. He saw the

lips move and heard the sound of some words. He placed his ear close to the man's mouth.

"My-poor-wife. My-darling-children."

Those were the words, in German, Palmer heard. Then a sigh-

"He was not so bad after all," he spoke aloud his conviction. The woman heard him and laughed.

"He tried to kill you," she said.

"This is war, ay, an exceptional war. I've found papers, they look like despatches. Come, let us be going."

"After we bury-"

"Bury? His countrymen will do that; they are coming, rolling on like the waves of the sea."

"You've seen them?"

"I have."

They went on, Palmer was silent; the dying words of the man recurred to him at every step he took. How many men had left behind them wives, children; how many sons aged mothers. The crime of the Kaiser was awful. Nothing like it had been committed before.

"You have not said a word for five minutes," said the woman.

"My name is Ninette."

"How long have you been in the Tireurs?"-Palmer was not sure

if Ninette had already told him.

"Since Lefebre formed his little band. I'm related to Bruno. At least that is what he tells people. He found me; rescued me when I was a child; that's what he one day told me. How is it you joined the Tireurs?"

Palmer told her.

"You're too chicken-hearted. But I like you. How handsome you must look in your proper clothes. Even now—"

"Please don't discuss my appearance. James Buck, whom I

just told you about, is handsome, if you like.

"That's impossible; I like you."

"Who's that coming from the wood."

Palmer was glad of an excuse to break off the conversation.

" Lefebre."

"Hurry!" shouted Lefebre. "You're late. Is that you, Ninette

"No other, Monsieur. See what I've got?"

And when Lefebre opened the packet, a look of alarm spread over his face.

"Did you see any Germans-I mean coming this way?"

"Yes, this way, and many towards Ypres. What's the report say?"

And Lefebre told them.

"The German Emperor writes to the Commandant of his forces that he was sending him 12,000 of the Prussian Guards to smash the British at Ypres. First other regiments were to try; when beaten back, the Guards were to destroy the already shaken British ranks."

"And if the British are taken by surprise," said Palmer, "then-"

"A man must be despatched to the British General; he must be warned," was Lefebre's decision.

"I'll go," volunteered Palmer.

"I expected as much. Yes; you'll go-but not just yet. I'll send out a few spies first."

"And I'll go, too," said Ninette.
"No," said Palmer. "It is easier for one man to get through."

"Yes, if he were brave-not chicken-hearted," sneered Ninette, as she hurried after Lefebre who was already on his way to countermand his orders for the day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF YPRES.

The British around Ypres had been attacked for several weeks since the 19th of October. In fact, Ypres had become the focus of repeated violent attacks, the Germans trying their best, and failing, to pierce the Allies' line and advance to Calais. The Kaiser wanted Calais. He had set his heart on capturing it—as on Paris and Warsaw. The German Generals had orders to take Calais, and they were doing their best, and were much annoyed that the British troops refused to be beaten.

There was hard fighting around villages, chateaus and woods. Each piece of ground gained by either side was, at nightfall, strengthened. Trenches were dug, and, behind these, a six foot ditch for infantry reserves. Inside the ditch, further excavations were made for the men to eat and sleep in. Other ditches at right angles connected these trenches, to carry food and ammunition to the men in the firing line and also to bring away the wounded.

At times portions of the line of trenches were violently bombarded; then for a day, perhaps two days, that particular section was unmolested, except for sniping.

It frequently happened that during a charge men got separated from their regiments and found their way to trenches occupied by other units.

After a brilliant charge, one evening, in which Indian troops participated, some Pathans, Gurkhas, and Sikhs, when returning, missed their way and found themselves near the trenches occupied by British troops. The Indians were welcomed by the Tommies, and were led away to the ditches, or "restaurants" as the soldiers called them, for a rest.

"You fought splendidly," said Private Brown to a Sikh soldier. Brown was mightily pleased to think that he had the advantage over his fellow-soldiers in being able to converse with the Indians in their

own language.

The Indian soldiers—there were two of them, a Sikh and a Pathan, in this particular dug-out, the others being entertained in various other "restaurants"—did not smile, and the Sikh, Narain Singh, replied:

"It has been our wish to prove to our English brothers that we would not disgrace them; that we were worthy of fighting side by side

with them; that we are men like themselves."

"What does he say?" asked Private Jones, the other Britisher present.

Brown told him.

"Right you are, Sonny; shake hands" and Jones held his own out to the Sikh, and then the Pathan.

They shook hands all round.

"What about grub?" suggested Brown.

"We have some chapatties, thanks, in our haversacks," replied the Sikh.

"Right-O! munch away. Ha! shrapnel-on our right."

"Rotten shooting," laughed Jones.

It was a 3-inch shell. It burst with a resounding crash, followed by an incredibly more deafening explosion. The last was a 6-incher smashing the old walls of what was once a cottage.

"People said shell fire would frighten us," and Sher Khan, the

Pathan, laughed.

"The Germans said so, Sonny. By the way, did you get any leaflets dropped from an aeroplane? They were meant for you?"

"No; none."

"We did; by mistake. Where on earth—Jones, you were reading it before we kicked off against the Germans."

"So I was. I heard the Colonel call- Mark your men, as I

finished reading. Here it is-in my tobacco pouch."

"What does the German say?" asked Narain Singh.

"Oh—the Kaiser wants to know what you're fighting for. He asks you," continued Brown, slowly translating the sentences, "if

he English have given you all they promised to; do you prefer being laves to free men? The English, says the Kaiser, purposely manuactured this war for the sake of plunder; they are killing women and hildren as they killed your women and children in the old days; your word against an Englishman's does not stand good; you get no justice in the courts; your earnings are taken from you in heavy taxes; and a lot more of the same sort of rot," said Brown turning over a leaf of the pamphlet. "Ha! here is the cream; the German Emperor asks you to desert—to go over to his victorious army and fight side by side with them for 'Kultur' and liberty."

The Indian soldiers listened attentively, but indignation was

clearly visible on their faces.

"India," exclaimed Narain Singh, "is not oppressed. She is a part, and not a small part, of a great Empire; therefore Indians are not slaves, but subjects, as are the English, the Scots and the Irish. If India were menaced by a foreign foe, English soldiers would come to our assistance. As it is, England is menaced, and we have come to fight for the Empire. We may not have got all we want—England does not say we'll not get what we are entitled to, only that we are not ripe for reform. A mistaken idea, but England is honest in her belief. This war will prove that we can be trusted. Oh, that I could tell the German Emperor this to his face."

Narain Singh excitedly shook his fist in the air.

Sher Khan sat savagely pulling at his moustache. Jones had been watching him and envying that moustache. When Narain had finished speaking, Sher Khan, in a quiet voice, asked for the pamphlet. He opened the breach of his rifle, pushed the thin pamphlet into the muzzle, loaded his rifle and stood up.

"I'm going to answer the Germans," he said as he walked majestically out of the dug out. The others followed him. Sher Khan walked into the trench and when he saw a flash in the distance,

deliberately took aim in that direction and fired.

"I hope a German has got that in his stomach," he said, with

augh, as he returned with the others to the dug out.

It was growing dusk now, and along the curve of the battle field fog was spreading a thick grey shroud; from the sodden earth cose a mist, damp and acrid, with the fumes of powder. The men in the trenches shivered. The banging of the guns had ceased; the time had been when night and day the bombardment on either side had continued; the fog, though bringing chills, was a blessing in disguise, for when it arose the artillery men knew they would have some rest.

But the infantry kept things going. By the light of the moon

over the low-lying mist, the British and Germans kept up a tusilade.

During the morning of the afternoon on which some Indiany soldiers had become separated from their units, aeroplanes have reported a considerable concentration of Germans in front of the British trenches occupied by the regiment to which Jones and Brown belonged.

The soldiers, when they got back to the dug out after Sher Khan had sent his answer to the Kaiser, found a Sergeant waiting for them.

"Fall in silently fifty paces to the rear," he said.

Brown and Jones seized their rifles with glee. They were going to have a shy at "Aunt Sally"—thus they expressed it.

"We're coming, too," said Narain.

"I want to find out if the German has any answer to give me to

my challenge," laughed the Pathan.

"Don't question him," advised Brown. "Poke him in the ribs and, Sonny, pay no attention to white flags—they shoot you treacherous like."

And when the men fell in, three hundred were picked.

"The Indians," mused the Colonel when the officer-in-charge of the raid questioned him if they might accompany him: "Yes,

you'll find them useful."

It was a long march, and silence all the way. Eventually the raiders got to the rear of the enemy, behind a thin line of trees. Not a word was uttered and such orders as were issued seemed to pass down the long line as a whisper of the wind in the trees. Such an order came to Subadar Sher Khan. Silently he went to where Captain Smallfort was lying full length on the grass.

"You're the senior officer-"

"But all the Indians are not of my regiment," said Sher Khan.

"There are half a dozen Gurkhas, three Pathans—"

"Take the Gurkhas and Pathans and silence the men in the rear

of the German lines."

Sher Khan saluted and crawled back, stopping at interval whenever he came up with any Gurkhas and Pathans and gave the instructions.

"I'm coming, too," said Narain Singh.

"No-I was only told to take Gurkhas and Pathans."

"But you were not expressly ordered not to take me."

"I've told you my instructions," and to avoid further argument,
Sher Khan crept away in the gloom. He was soon joined by the other
men and they wriggled on their stomachs towards the enemy. A
whisper had reached the Tommies that the Indians were going out and

with craning necks they watched, as far as they could, the gliding movements of the Indians.

The phantom forms soon dwindled into the mist, and there followed an anxious ten minutes.

The Indians got nearer the sentries in the rear of the German lines. The enemy had only arrived that morning and had not made elaborate dug outs for the men not in the firing line, so all were in the trenches, except a few sentries in advance, and sentries in rear of the line.

"We ought to separate now," said a voice in Sher Khan's ear.

"You! Narain Singh?"

"Ay, ay, brother, don't be angry, you yourself would not have missed such fun as this."

"Orders are orders," snapped Sher Khan. "I'll report you in the morning."

"But you'll not send me back?"

" No."

"Good. Now let us separate; each one mark his man."

"I was going to issue such orders," said Sher Khan, and he did.

The German look-out men were on the alert, but they had never encountered such stalkers like the Gurkhas and Pathans. In a few minutes all was over—without noise. The only man who found any difficulty was Narain Singh. As he was about to strike, he tripped over some wire and fell. The sentry drove his bayonet hard into Narain and as he released his rifle, was about to fire a warning shot, when Sher Khan, who had disposed of his man and was quite near cut the sentry across the head.

Then he stooped over Narain.

"No use reporting me now," whispered the dying soldier.

"By Allah! I shall have to—even now; but Allah be my judge, if you had been in my place and I in yours, I would have done as eyou have."

"I believe you. Now leave me and hurry back; no use carrying

a dead body for I am-."

A rush of blood choked him.

Sher Khan sent one man back to tell the waiting Britishers that the sentries had been disposed of, and he and his men stretched

themselves on the ground and waited.

In a few minutes the main body of raiders came up silently; and as silently were joined by Sher Khan's men, and all advanced to the trenches. A few feet from the trenches the raiders uttered a wild yell—and firing and hacking and stabbing followed. Some 600 yards away were other British trenches, and the men there threw fire balls in the

air and by their light were able to see the desperate fight—a mass of struggling men, the gleam of steel and the rise and fall of rifle butts. The Germans had been taken by surprise; the slaughter was terrible and did not cease till the Germans, those still alive, fled.

Then the raiders returned briskly, but silently, to their own trenches.

"I have to report Narain Singh," said Sher Khan. "He disobeyed orders in joining the surprise party."

The Colonel coughed.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Dead, Huzoor."

The Colonel looked out across the plain where the struggle had taken place. He could see nothing but he pictured to himself the scene that had been enacted where the disobedient soldier lay. He turned to Sher Khan.

"I'll see that his family gets his medal," he said. "You may go."

Sher Khan almost shouted in his joy. He had done his duty, and although Na in had disobeyed orders, Sher Khan could understand how impossible it was for the brave Sikh to have kept out of the fight.

"And the Germans say," he mused as he returned to the dug out,

"that Englishmen do not understand bravery in others."

The rest of the night passed quietly.

The next morning, the big guns, as soon as the vist had cleared, fought duels along the line; but nothing else of imputance occurred, and the men thought they were going to have a spell of rest. From 3rd November to 10th November there had been constant infantry attacks.

But the British Tommy had not grasped the meaning of the enemy's silence, even as the German had underrated the powers of endurance of Tommy Atkins. The Germans had pounded the British lines and had made vigorous local infantry attacks to weaken resistance and prepare the way for a great offensive. By November 11th the enemy considered they had succeeded in demoralising the British.

But the morning wore on. The enemy was waiting. The Britis

were soon to know for what.

About 2 p.m. a sentry escorted a man, in peasant's clothes, to the General who commanded the First Army Corps. The man had swum across the icy waters of the canal and escaped a hail of bullets.

"Your name?" asked the General, who was seated with some

officers behind a haystack.

" Richard Palmer."

"Ha! An Englishman. What are you doing in those clothes? Been a prisoner and escaped?

"No, Sir, I'm a Franc Tireur."
The General looked displeased.

"Your place is the army," he said presently. "Had I not been told by the sentry that you swam the canal under a hail of bullets, I would have thought you were afraid to meet the enemy, and prefer shooting individuals when you see a chance of doing so with safety to yourself."

Palmer coloured.

"The Franc Tireurs—at least those to whom I belong—are not

of that sort," he said somewhat indignantly.

"Well, I've no time to discuss the various kinds of Tireurs. All I can say is if you really wanted to fight for your country, there is the army where—"

"We're wasting time," interrupted Palmer. "I could give

you very good reasons why I'm not in the army."

"And I hope," cried the General, "you have good reasons for wanting to see me."

"I have-read this."

Palmer's manner was abrupt. If the General was annoyed with the answers he had received, so was Palmer with the General's crossquestioning.

But Palmer noticed, as the General read the Kaiser's orders

about his Guards, his face brightened.

"Good news," he told his officers. "The famous Guards are being sent to smash us this evening."

'There will be slaughter-on both sides," said an officer.

"Our men, British and Indian, will be pleased to exchange bayonet thrusts with the famous Guards," said the General. "And you, Sir, I apologise if I have offended you. But why on earth are you not in the British Army? Didn't like the long training, eh?"

"I've been in the volunteers—an officer—so have some knowledge of military matters. No, it was not dislike to training, but bad teeth."

• There was a laugh. Presently the General said: "I'll speak to General French about you. For the present, keep with my staff, but for God's sake change those clothes and get into khaki. Have you any further news? Seen anything of the Guards?"

"Yes, sir, I sighted them close to Zonnebeke. Another of our men-I mean a Tireur, brought a report that the German Emperor

is not far off-he is going to inspire his Guards with courage."

Palmer was conducted by an officer to a dug-out where he was given a suit of khaki, and armed with revolver and sword.

2 2300

EAST & WEST

"You'll like some refreshments," said the officer and was going out of the dug-out when a soldier appeared.

"Here's a woman wanting the Funk Terror," he said to the officer.

The officer roared with laughter.

"What kind of corps is that, Brown?" he asked.

"Don't know Sir-but that's what the woman says."

"Somebody wanting you; I'll send her in and you can entertain her while I find you some refreshment," and the officer, still smiling, left the trench.

And presently Brown ushered in Ninette.

Palmer at once jumped to the conclusion that Ninette had been sent by Lefebre with more important news.

"What is it?" was his eager question. "Lefebre sent you?"

Before replying, Ninette cooly opened a cigarette box lying in one

corner of the dug-out, and lit a cigarette.

"I told you I would come with you," she said, as she stretched herself on the ground. "It was no easy matter getting here. I came over a pontoon some way down. The Germans are busy—"

"What good will you do here?"

"That's ungallant of you. I've come to look after you."

"I can look after myself."

Ninette laughed.

"This is no place for chicken-hearted people and ?-"

But the angry look on Palmer's face checked her.

"I didn't mean that," she cried, springing to her feet and coming close to Palmer. "The fact is—I love you."

Her face was now crimson, her bosom heaved with emotion.

"This is no time for love-making," said Palmer. "You can't stay here."

"You say that because you love another."

"You are mistaken."

"Ha! I know. That woman at Sancy."

Her cheeks were pale now and her lips twitched.

"I hardly know her."

"Now you are lying. Where was the necessity for two men to take the child to Nancy? You see, I've heard all about it."

"I'm not bound to answer you that question, nevertheless

I'll tell you-Mr. Buck had objections to carrying the child."

Ninette laughed.

"His objection was just what you wanted. However, I'm not one to cringe for any man's love," she spoke savagely. "I prefer taking their blood."

She moved out of the dug-out.

Palmer called to her.

"Where are you going? It is dangerous—"She turned on him with an angry scowl.

"Where I'm going and what I do, is no concern of yours."

She went a few paces and turned again.

"You'll soon hear of what I do," she shouted to him, and laughed hoarsely.

The day passed. Evening set in, and the General and his staff began to think that Palmer's story of the advance of the Germans was not quite correct. There was nothing in the Kaiser's orders to say when the attack was to be made.

Close on 6 p.m. the General and other officers went to the temporary mess house in Ypres to dine.

Palmer was too disappointed to feel hungry. He was annoyed

that the staff had come to discredit his story.

He got the loan of a motor car and went out along the road to Zonnebeke. He drove cautiously, and nearing the village, hid the motor in a bush, and scouted on foot. Presently he heard the rumble of wheels and the tread of horses; then black masses of men coming towards Zonnebeke.

He motored back to Ypres at top speed.

The staff were at dinner. The General immediately issued orders; and in an incredibly short space of time, the troops marched out and held the plain of Zonnebeke. The British guns opened fire.

There was no reply.

"Where is that man, Palmer?" questioned the General.

• Some of the officers began to think that Palmer was a spy. He was brought to the General.

"What about your information? If you have led us into a trap-"

"I'm an Englishman," retorted Palmer haughtily. "I told you the truth when I said the Germans were massing on the plain—horse, foot and artillery."

The General said to a Staff officer: "send a wireless to Ypres and order aeroplanes to leave Ypres and direct their search-lights on the plain."

In a few minutes the aeroplanes were busy and revealed the enemy 200 yards south of Zonnebeke. The Germans were advancing on the British lines. The enemy, by some means had been informed of the Allies' movements and while the latter expected them from the north, they were preparing to attack by the south, thus hoping to create confusion in the British lines.

"We are in for it hot," said Colonel Grey of the "No Surrender" regiment.

7

"Somebody," said the General to the staff, "has communicated our movement to the enemy; but it is not that man Palmer."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Ha! I didn't know you were here. I'll make ample apology afterwards. What's that?" as an aeroplane directed its search-light on the enemy's advance guard.

A few hundred yards from the British lines were the Prussian

Guards.

Staff officers rode away instantly with orders to various parts of the British lines. The British troops presently were seen to make a right-about-turn—and the battle began—of small arms and big guns. Flames shot up from behind mounds and the crumbling walls of ruined houses. The flashlights revealed the German masses forming—men falling. Shells burst, too, round the British, but the men fired steadily.

Colonel Grey swore hard.

"Why can't we get at them?" he said to an officer standing near.

"No orders from the General."

" Fire low!"

The men were firing low and with good results.

"Now they come," cried someone. It was the Prussian Guard that was coming in one dense mass.

"Plug them with bullets."

They were being plugged. Men fell in dozens; whole lines disappeared, to be renewed from the men coming up behind. It was magnificent.

It was butchery.

The Guards halted. Surely they were not going to retreat?

They had no thought of retreating. Quickly and orderly their ranks opened, men stepping over their slain comrades easily and with no hurry. The opening ranks disclosed mitrailleuses.

"We're getting hell," said a soldier. At short range the machine

guns did dreadful havoc in the British lines.

"What on earth are we waiting for?" growled Colonel Grey. "Not one of us will require chota hazri in the morning if—"

"The General has ordered a charge."

It was Palmer who conveyed the message.

"That's better." The Colonel sprang to the head of the "No Surrenders," and drawing his sword cried: "Now lads—for England's honour."

The men were eager to get at the enemy.

"Kick off!" shouted the wit of the regiment, "and mark your men."

The men answered: "Mark your man." That was their battle cry as they advanced.

Palmer sprang from his horse and went with the regiment in front, with the Colonel. If Ninette could have seen him she would never again have called him chicken-hearted.

Colonel Grey scowled at Palmer.

"Look here-what the Dickens! You get in front of me, I'll shoot you."

Palmer took care not to get ahead of the fighting Colonel.

The British wave struck the German wall; there was no receding, no breaking back of the wave to return again.

Thrust and stab. Hand to hand fighting of a most desperate nature—savage you might call it.

"Now for a goal," cried the wit.

He lunged. The Prussian warded the blow. Quick as lightning the wit brought the butt of his rifle to the front, and bashed in the Prussian's jaw. "Goal!" cried the wit, as he went on.

"The Germans are giving," cried the Colonel.

It was more as encouragement to his men to use more pressure.

The fight went on as furiously as ever.

Palmer had cut his way through the first line of the Guards. He paused an instant to take breath. The mass had dissolved into one whirling melee of struggling groups. The combatants were splashed with blood—their own and of the men they had slain. Some men faced each other—too weary to strike—taking breath.

Colonel Grey, not far from where Palmer stood, was hotly engaged with three or four Germans. Palmer sprang to his succour—and on to the bayonet of a German. It was his left arm. As the German recovered his bayonet, his blue eyes looked savagely into Palmer's. Once more he was preparing to lunge; but Palmer's revolver was up—he fired. The blue eyes closed for ever.

That he was able to use his revolver satisfied Palmer that his wound was but slight.

"You!" exclaimed the Colonel when he saw who had come to his escue. "I saw you—go—in front!"

The last word was in a high key. The Colonel had driven his sword into one of his opponents. The point stuck. He was at the mercy of a giant Prussian, when Palmer used his revolver again. The wounded Prussian fell on the Colonel and knocked him over. Palmer was left to fight two men.

304

"Just move your legs—divide—quickly," said the Colonel as he sprawled on the ground. "Thanks."

There was a report and one of Palmer's attackers fell.

At that instant the German General sounded the retreat. The Prussians had had enough of fighting. The British General had watched for this moment. He let loose the remainder of the infantry, and the rout was complete.

It was near midnight before the troops returned to Ypres.

The General, as he passed down the lines, praised the conduct of the "No Surrenders."

Colonel Grey went up to him.

"Who was that man you sent to me, Sir?"

"What man? Oh, I remember—a Franc Tireur. Where is he?"

"Gone to get his wound dressed. He saved my life. He is a pretty fighter."

"Send him to me after the Doctor has done with him," and the

General rode on.

In the trenches the men were discussing the fight.

"What I say is," argued Brown, "that that Funk Terror is the grandest fighter I've seen—barring the Colonel. Well, we can sleep now. The Germans have had a belly-full for one night."

Brown was mistaken. In a few hours, before morning broke, at another point in their line, would begin the biggest battle yet fought

at Ypres.

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER,

Lucknow.

THE MONTH.

A RESPONSIBLE English statesman assured the public last year that the Allies would be ready to invade Germany in the early months of this year. Two The War, months have elapsed and the German offensive seems to be more determined and marked than that of the Allies. In the West it has not succeeded with any degree of uniformity which presages an advance either towards Paris or towards Calais. A little advantage that may here and there be gained is not followed up; on the other hand it is counterbalanced by a corresponding success of the French. The British have had more rest in Belgium than in the previous month, and hence it is inferred that the advance to Calais has been abandoned as hopeless. While the headings of telegrams received would at first prepare the reader to expect some decided achievement, all that is apparent from the details is that the tide does not turn on either side. The Allies, however, believe that time is on their side and they have repeatedly declared that they will not lay down their arms until their object is gained, and probably similar declarations are made in Berlin. It appears that the Socialists in Germany are tired of the war, and the food supply in many parts is so short that the Government has been obliged to assume control over it. According to the expectations of experts, a famine will be inevitable in about June, if not earlier, if the present state of things continues. A nation under arms and skilled in the latest methods of warfare does not dread a signal defeat on land: starvation appears to be the only calamity which it fears, and to avoid it desperate measures are proposed. The German navv is too yeak to protect the commerce of the Fatherland, and therefore chas threatened to destroy that of the enemy by means of submarines and mines in the Irish Sea and the English Channel. This is a novel method of warfare, and how the plan will work remains to be seen. One of the ways in which the submarines will be met will probably be that the mercantile vessels will arm themselves and move in groups. If a submarine appears above water to ascertain the nationality of a ship, an armed vessel may punish

t for its temerity, and Germany has no submarines to spare. If it does not appear above water, it may hit a neutral ship in the area which Germany proposes to treat as military. The neutral Powers, especially the United States, protested, and the threat was not carried out on the day announced, the 18th of last month, though a few of the enemy vessels were destroyed before that date. The press in Berlin is reported to have assumed a threatening tone towards the United States, but the responsible Government has shown more caution. The belligerents have freely charged each other with violation of international law and Hague Conventions, and they have pleaded that the situation created by the opposite party is unprecedented and has never been foreseen. To starve a civil population is said to be against international law, to which it is replied that a nation under arms cannot be treated as civil population. To attack all ships promiscuously is said to be piracy, to which it is replied that one breach of law justifies another. Indeed, in the very beginning of the war, when the neutrality of Belgium was violated, the German Chancellor declared that necessity knows no law, and perhaps that maxim will be acted upon throughout. In the Eastern theatre, the German pressure on the right wing of the Russians has been so great that they have withdrawn from East Prussia to fortified positions within their own borders. If America had not been dragged into the naval controversy, President Wilson might have repeated his offer to mediate But that stage is apparently past.

大大大大

Turkey did not abandon the hope of invading Egypt without making an attempt. Experts predicted from Outside the beginning that an attack on the Sueze Europe. Canal by troops who have to pass through waterless tracts would be doomed to failure, and German officers were credited with sufficient insight to deprecate the enterprise. But for some reason or other, possibly to satisfy the extendive, it was undertaken by a Turkish general and it failed. The Turks were first believed to be entrenching themselves; later advice stated that they were not to be found within twenty miles of the Canal, and many of their levies had deserted. In Persia the Russians have retaken Tabriz, and the Russian navy in the Black Sea is said to have bombarded some of the Turkish ports.

SD

'EAST & WEST.

VUL. XIV.

APRIL, 1915.

No. 162.

TWO VIEWS OF ALFRED NOYES.

I

AS it not Burns who said that, could he write the song of a nation, he'd let who would make its laws? And Arthur O'Shaughnessy said of the poets:

"We are the movers and shakers Of the world forever it seems."

Popular fancies and popular ideals in every generation unite with popular practice to form the "spirit of the age." And the nations of the world follow the idealists and the dreamers—if not immediately, at least after a little time. Yet the ideals of a writer are influenced by the society in which he lives, and so the output. It was this combination of dependence and independence which led Shelley to say: "Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age." The idealist is not apart—at once does he serve and lead, by marching in the advance guard of his own time. He serves by leading.

Thus Shelley aimed to reform the world: thus Wordsworth played the rôle of seer and prophet, and teacher; Byron assailed what he found despicable and unworthy of humanity; Tennyson "looked into the future" and declared "some work of noble note may yet be done." The poets of the nineteenth century have been individualists, have sought to accomplish things, "with wonderful deathless ditties"—if you will. They are the music-makers, they are the dreamers of dreams; they have time to

314

think inasmuch as they do not act. We, groping in touch with the world of affairs, see but darkly face to face, they "with a new song's measure" present the idealism of the nation. And their thoughts, phrased in lasting rhyme, shall lead us on toward truth.

Is it not foolish to talk of truth, of humanity, of worth and unworth, of ideals and dreams and fancies—to think and talk in abstract terms of these things when we have war, brutal horrid war in our midst? War where men are slaughtered for patriotism's sake—war where both sides cannot be right, but both believe themselves to be, and so they settle the matter with scientific, cold, slaughtering machinery: with might instead of right.

Anti-militarism is a matter of common humanity, promulgated by all the Churches. It is as old as socialism, as old as Marx and Engel's "Communist Manifesto," - and older. It is as old as anarchism, as old as the first anarchist of pure reason, Godwinand older. The British radical writers of the 1790's, Godwin, Holcroft and the rest, agreed with the principles of the French Revolution but, with the notorious exception of Tom Paine, they deplored the use of violence. Mrs. Inchbald in Nature and Art, Godwin in Political Justice, and Byron later in Childe Harold spared no feelings in their denunciations of militarism. Robert Bage, another of the English revolutionary novelists, has a cutting remark. In Mount Henneth he makes Nancy Sutton urge her brother not to go to war: "Are there not a thousand schemes you might have fallen upon to obtain, in your own country, a free and independent subsistence, but you must fly to foreign climes, to tainted regions, where war and desolation reigns, to become an adept in the murder of mankind?" But, interesting as all this is, it is in an eighteenth century novel; and eighteenth century novels are usually left unread to gather library dust. Better results may be obtained with the reading public by a popular poet who has the ability to press the lesson. The combination of brutality and diplomatic machinations render war an easy victim to one who sees things as they are, and would have others see them so. We have been struggling toward international peace and arbitration for some time; and one of the chiefest set-backs given to the cause before the present war was this forlorn affair of the Balkans. Useless, unnecessary, all a matter of greed and jealousy, of insisted "rights" and curious "demands"-it

TWO VIEWS OF ALFRED NOYES

315

might all have been settled in arbitration by justice instead of "the cold arbitrament of steel." And it is proper that there should have risen with powerful protests,* a poet whose ability and previous achievement have dignified him to a position where its voice must needs be heeded.

Alfred Noyes has been prominent as an advocate of international peace. He has written several poems on the subject, fincluding New Wars for Old, The Dawn of Peace, The Prayer for Peace, The Peacemaker, Lucifer's Feast, To England in 1907, The Litany of War, The Last Battle, In Time of War and A Word of Peace for England in the Dawn of Nelson's Year. He wrote a laudatory preface to a translation of The Human Slaughter House which caused such an astonishing sensation in the original German and which may have suggested this work. He has waged bitter war on militarism—sometimes in a vein of "didactic religiosity," sometimes with a power of damning that would do credit to Lord Byron himself. Witness the closing lines of Lucifer's Feast:

The champ of teeth was over, and the reeking room Gaped for the speeches now. Across the sulphurous fume Lucifer gave a sign. The guests stood thundering up! "Gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

Every yellow cup Frothed with the crimson blood. They brandished them on high! "Gentlemen, drink to those who fight and know not why!"

And in the bubbling blood each nose was buried deep. "Gentlemen, drink to those who sowed that we might reap! Drink to the pomp, pride, circumstance, of glorious war, The grand self-sacrifice that made us what we are! And drink to the peace-lovers who believe that peace Is War, red, bloody War; for War can never cease Unless we drain the veins of peace to fatten War!

"Gentlemen, drink to the brains that made us what we are! Drink to self-sacrifice that helps us all to shake The world with tramp of armies. Germany, awake! England, awake! Shakespeare's, Beethoven's Fatherland, Are you not both aware, do you not understand,

^{*}The Wine-Press; A Tale of War. By Alfred Noyes. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

316

Self-sacrifice is competition? It is the law Of life, and so, though both of you are wholly right, Self-sacrifice requires that both of you should fight."

That is what Mr. Noyes had done previously. In The. Wine-Press he has written a new poem of real power and of horrible intensity. So well is the terrific mood maintained that one has to pause, in reading, for relief. It is the effect Mr. Noyes intended: disgust, revulsion, and through all a glimpse of the blind cruelty of it. He has told a tale of the Balkan wars, how the Greeks and the sons of the mountain advanced on the Ottoman crescent, and how little they understood it all save that they fought "those hosts of Christ" for the faith that was in them:

"Comrades," he cried, "you know not The splendor of your blades! This war is not as other wars: The night shrinks with all her stars, And Freedom rides before you On the last of the Crusades."

Over a valley of sunlit wheat the long lines crept under a cloudless sky; there was no enemy in sight; only, occasionally, a shell from the hidden enemy tore red havoc through their ranks, or the maxims opened great gaps; mechanically they advanced or took to cover at the command of the bugles, and so staggered into the hail of lead "to carry their warm and breathing breasts against the cold machines."

The brutal inhumanity, the bloody horror of modern "scientific" warfare is impressed upon us by Mr. Noyes. We see the dead, torn to pieces with shrapnel, lying on the field; pieces of flesh are hurled through the very air; we take one glimpse into a well, choked with corpses—one, we want no more. But slaughter and bloody horror could almost be endured so long as it were in the cause of freedom and faith. There was something inspiring in the fond hope that mass might once again be celebrated—after an interval of nearly five hundred years—in the splendid church of Sancta Sophia.

"Conquerors, what is your sign, as ye ride thro' the city? Is it the sword of wrath, or the sheath of pity? Nay, but a Sword Reversed, let your hilts on high Lift the sign of your Captain against the sky!

TWO VIEWS OF ALFRED NOYES

"Reverse the Sword! The Crescent is rent asunder! Lift up the Hilt! Ride on with a sound of thunder! Lift up the Cross! The cannon, the cannon are dumb. The last Crusade rides into Byzantium!"

And this was very well until the Allies quarrelled, and they who had fought side by side turned their guns against one another, ergaged in a second war because diplomats had disagreed.

As, after this present European war, friend and foe may need to turn against Russia.

"The men he must kill for a little pay Had marched beside him yesterday!"

The whole mechanical aspect of war is shown; the troops huddled into cars like cattle, the scientific slaughter by far-off machinery—because diplomats had disagreed.

"The tall young men, the tall young men,
That were so fain to die,
It was not theirs to question,
It was not theirs to reply.

"They had broken their hearts on the cold machines;
And—they had not seen their foe:
And the reason of this butcher's work
It was not theirs to know."

Here Mr. Noyes has followed his acknowledged master, Tennyson; but he views the matter in a different way. He has given an echo of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, but instead of sentimental hero-worship he has aroused disgust at the blind brutality of war—at the murder of men, not because "someone had blundered," but because diplomats had disagreed.

But because diplomats had disagreed—that is at the bottom of Mr. Noyes's thesis. Because diplomats had disagreed and because they would not submit to arbitration to determine which was right, because the common law of private rights, settled in civil courts and not in bloody family feuds; has not been extended to international relations, because each side believes itself right—naturally—and there is no social agreement or higher pact to keep the peace, there must be murder in its most horrible form—war. Because diplomats had disagreed—and who were these diplomats?

EAST & WEST

"One was the friend of a merchant prince,
One was the foe of a priest,
One had a brother whose heart was set
On a gold star and an epaulet,
And—where the rotten carcass lies
The vultures flock to feast.

"But—each was honest after his way,
Lukewarm in faith, and old;
And blood, to them, was only a word,
And the point of a phrase their only sword,
And the cost of war, they reckoned it
In little disks of gold.

"They were cleanly groomed. They were not to be bought,
And their cigars were good.
But they had pulled so many strings
In the tinselled puppet-show of kings
That, when they talked of war, they thought

Of sawdust, not of blood;

"Not of the crimson tempest
Where the shattered city falls:
They thought, behind their varnished doors,
Of diplomats, ambassadors,
Budgets and loans and boundary lines,
Coercions and recalls;

"Forces and Balances of Power;
Shadows and dreams and dust;
And how to set their bond aside
And prove they lied not when they lied,
And which was weak, and which was strong,
But—never which was just.

"For they were strong. So might is right,
And reason wins the day.
And, if at a touch on a silver bell
They plunged three nations into hell,
The blood of peasants is not red
A hundred miles away."

To his task Mr. Noyes has brought his deftness and power, his beauty and strength, all the resources of his active mind. True, the book is padded to some extent by a dedication poem, a prelude, an epilogue taken from his earlier collected edition, and the different tone of these somewhat detracts.

On the whole, however, the poem is remarkably well versed. Mr. Noyes has brought to his task all the skill of his art, his tricks of repetition, his flamboyant use of the verb "to dare," his varying meters and various stanza forms, his apt descriptions, his telling imagery. He is a traditional poet, and the book is full of phrases reminiscent of other writers and other days. But beyond all the details is the sheer achievement of a poet. Here are a couple of his neat touches:

"The levelled rifles cracked like whips Against the dark hill brow."

Again:

"Then all the black unguarded woods
Behind them spat red flame.
A thousand rifles shattered the night.
And, after the lightning, up the height,
A thousand steady shafts of light,
The moonlit bayonets came."

Mr. Noyes is a poet of distinction. The Wine-Press is worthy of him. Scarcely ever before has there been penned a more terrible or a more convincing indictment of war—nor shall be. The horror of it, the stupid, slavish submission to "patriotism," the matter-of-fact "interest" of the diplomats, the ignorance of the world over the true state of affairs (for all men are not as Mr. Shaw's gunmaker, unashamed), and the cold and inhuman unconcern with which men of the nation let others be murdered by thousands for the profit of a few—these are put into living lines that shall remain with the reader for many a day.

In closing, I am going to do a thing quite unprecedented. I am going to put together scattered verses to give a final effect:

A murdered man, ten miles away,
Will scarcely shake your peace,
Like one red stain upon your hand;
And a tortured child in a distant land
Will never check one smile to-day,
Or bid one fiddle cease.

Not for a little news from hell
Shall London strive or cry.
Though thought would shatter like dynamite
These granite hills that bury the right,
We must not think. We must not tell
The truth for which men die.

The truth that all might know, but all,
With one consent, refuse;
To call on that, to break our pact
Of silence, were to make men act.
Good taste forbids that trumpet-call,
And a censor sends our news.

It comes along a little wire

Sunk in a deep sea;
It thins in the clubs to a little smoke
Between one joke and another joke;
For a city in flames is less than the fire
That comforts you and me.

Play up then fiddles! Play, bassoon!

The plains are soaked with red.

Ten thousand slaughtered fall out there,
Clutch at their wounds and taint the air,
And...here is an excellent cartoon
On what the Kaiser said.

For lust of blood, for lust of blood,
His greasy bludgeon swung:
His rifle-butt sang in the air,
And the things that crashed beneath it there
Were a cluster of grapes in the wine-press,
A savour of wine on his tongue.

On with the dance! In England yet
The meadow grass is green.
Play up, play up, and play your part'
It is not that we lack the heart
But that fate deftly swings the net
And blood is best unseen.

321

For O, good taste, good taste, good taste, Constrains and serves us well; And the censored truth that dies on earth Is the crown of the lords of hell.

And these lords of hell shall attend Lucifer's feast and "drink to those who fight and know not why."

And now, if we may change the subject and take another view of Mr. Noyes, I would like to call attention to the religious idealism in his work revealing itself in rich sentiment. I have been amusing myself of late by looking over some critical notices which appeared in British periodicals, at the first publication of the poems of Lionel Johnson, Coventry Patmore, and Francis Thompson. There can be no doubt in the mind of even the most casual reader of the works of these three, that the religious spirit composed the underlying motive of their writing. A very high idealism, a bold aspiration, and a lofty courage—these elements are very evident, and very evidently arise from deep And yet-and most of the many very recent religious faith. papers on Francis Thompson are likewise at fault in this respect -reviewers have been prone to overlook this side of the poems and to speak of the "medievalism," the "beauty of words," the "spirited verse," the "vivid colouring,"—to speak of almost anything except the faith which dominates.

This omission is really very strange. Poetry necessarily means idealism. So does religion. These poetic writers built their idealism on their religion. And yet the reviewers refuse to recognize the fundamental fact which breathes through all the lines. We wonder what contemporary critic could have written of George Herbert or Henry Vaughan or Richard Crashaw and not have mentioned the religious idealism?

"A verse may find him whom a sermon flies," and both *The Catholic World* and *The Churchman* are now coming to realize the utility of poets. They are devoting much more space than heretofore to criticisms and appreciations of Catholic and Anglican poets. Yet the other periodicals usually eschew the religious phase, probably because they believe such emphasis not popular, in spite of the universal truth that to every man thoughts of God and the life to come always have been, are and ever will be the most interesting and pressing of all his daily problems.

So also it has been with Alfred Noyes. In his case we have a poet of noteworthy achievement as a lyrist, whose religious idealism critics have overlooked, slighted or discouraged. Richard Le Gallienne, writing of the American edition of Poems (1906) in the North American Review,* speaks of Mr. Noves chiefly as a singer, as a handler of moods and a manipulator of words, praising the "spontaneous power and freshness, the imaginative vision, the lyric magic." One reviewer; laid emphasis on his "sweetness rather than depth" and another; declared that he was "not good on the high notes" and should limit himself to the middle paths of human loves and pleasures." The Outlook§ boldly classed him as "a singer, not a thinly disguised philosopher or reformer." Mr. Noyes, in view of his own attitude toward life, could scarcely have been pleased with this criticism. the days of our own mystic-prophet, Wordsworth, the rôle of priest and teacher has been acknowledged to be the province of the poet and Mr. Noves has claimed for himself that position. Even Francis Jeffrey, arch-assailant of the romantic "fraternity," said: "A great poet is necessarily a moral teacher."

Mr. Noyes has led into fairy-land and into the world of a child's simplicity and faith with evident intention, remarking in the preface to the *Flower of Old Japan*, "a certain seriousness behind its fantasy." In *The Forest of Wild Thyme* we read:

"Oh, grown-ups cannot understand And grown-ups never will, How short's the way to fairy-land, Across the purple hill."

The poet follows on the road of the young,—remember, my reader, the childhood intimations of immortality of Wordsworth—and, on his journey

"Once they brought to his earthly prison The passion of Paradise."

for they, "with a love that is clear as the dawn" have their own songs and visions "that are far more steadfast and true" than his. Yet, in spite of all this stated purpose, the reviewers

^{*} North American Review, 183: 1179. † Athenæum. 1908. I; 156.

[†] Spectator, 100: 119 § Outlook, 85: 372

have not looked behind the fantastic, the strange, and the imaginative elements of *The Flower of Old Japan* to learn the vision itself. Then in noticing later volumes, one critic* said quite incongruously, that he was "pre-eminently the poet of fairy-land" and not suited to the part of missionary; another; favoured the stories of the fairy Mustard-Seed and exhorted Mr. Noyes to "continue to hunt fairy gleams and not run in" straighter lines of chiselled speech.

Drake and the Tales of the Mermaid Tavern have revived for us the spirit of Elizabethan England. Reviewers have praised the poet's skill in reconstructing the social spirit, have praised his beautiful interpolated lyrics, have praised his metrical effects, have praised his narrative and descriptive skill. They have, however, omitted to note that the permeating spirit of England's fighters and adventurers was an essentially religious, as well as nationalistic, sentiment. The pilot of the Marchaunt Adventurers was "a wind from Galilee" and their final aspiration was "God's free kingdom and the glory of the sea."

The antagonism to Spain was based on religious idealism; in Flos Mercatorum, in Raleigh, in A Knight of the Ocean Sea there is continued emphasis on this religious idealism. The lyric lips of Astrophel and The Singer of the Faerie Queen both had to do with religious idealism. If, as had been said, these two books are great monuments to the British nationality, they are as great tributes to the religious idealism of other years. Andrew Lang thought Drake good in parts—"like all epics but two (and these are three thousand years old)." We wonder what parts Lang meant. For ourselves we like the two books in their entirety as standing for the spirit of Mr. Noyes.

We do not like to see Mr. Brian Hooker inveighing against the "didactic religiosity" of Mr. Noyes.‡ We believe the writer in the Saturday Review to be mistaken when he says:§ "the serious poems are not what we want from young writers of promise. It is depressing to find a really vigorous and inventive pen moving contentedly in a safe orbit of hackneyed conception." In a paper in the Fortnightly Review, April, 1911,** Mr. Noyes outlined his Acceptances, saying that these are certain heritages which we must accept from the past or perish. He remarked rather truly

^{*} Athenœum, 1910, I; 9. † Saturday Review, 105: 145. † Bookman, 31: 483. § Saturday Review, 105: 145. ** Fortnightly Review, 98: 86.

that "the lonely idealist, the lonely rebels, at the present day, are not to be found among the crowds of self-styled "rebels" who drift before every wind of fashion and every puff of opinion." As we have noticed, in the reviews, the tendency to disparage his religious idealism, as opposed to the rigid though picturesque materialism of other poets, we become inclined to agree with him. "The real rebels, in the great and honourable sense, are to be found—to the astonishment of their "advanced" friends, and, from a lonely point of view, a solitary height—accepting the gifts of their fathers, and sometimes, not without a need for courage, kneeling to their father's God." Thus in the face of the critics who discountenance religious teaching in verse, Mr. Noyes has become a "rebel." This is what they call "hackneyed conceptions."

We find a reviewer declaring concerning his work *: "We rank them as talented verse, above the average of such things, but importing little when all is said," and then our mind runs back to what Coleridge said anent Southey and his critics: "The merest trifle he ever sent abroad had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms, which prove no more than that the critic was not one of those for whom the trifle was written."

We suppose it was but natural that a Catholic weekly like The Tablet should have paid particular attention to the religious phases evinced in the Collected Poems of 1910.† Yet it is hard to understand why the Saturday Review thought they offered "few glimpses to the mind."‡ In 1907 Miss Rittenhouse, noted for her fine criticisms of contemporaries, remarked: "He plays as yet but a wandering prelude, through which at times one catches hints of a vaster theme."§ In the intervening years, with the expected improvements, Mr. Noyes has taken a definite stand for religious idealism: "Poetry is the strongest part of what is called religion, because in the very broadest and grandest sense that can be given to the words, Poetry is Religion."** And so when we recall that Whitman said very nearly the same thing in his introduction to Leaves of Grass and Wordsworth in the essay supplementary to the preface in the second edition of Lyrical

^{*} Saturday Review, 110; 551.

[‡] Saturday Review, 110; 551.

[†] The London Tablet, 3 Dec. 1910. § Putnam's, 3: 364.

** N w York Sun, 9 March 1913.

Ballads, we realize that Mr. Noyes has assumed the same position

as the poets of other years.

Mr. Noyes has gone with the scientists of the present as far as they can lead, and watched them grope backwards to find the Origin of Life, and he has represented his own thoughts in a poem of that title. There still remain unsolved the two great unsolvable mysteries of life and matter. Behind it all there is the working of a great power which we cannot completely comprehend. So, Mr. Noyes concludes: "in the beginning, before the worldwas God. He is a spiritual view, painted with rich sentiment, consistent with every creed and inconsistent with none, because supplementary to all."

A critic has recognized the value of the bold position: "If Mr. Noyes has a vision of a new religion of poetry expressive of the harmony of life, it is a vision not unlike that toward which Tennyson groped in the stanzas of In Memoriam in an age when men were wondering whether the new discoveries of science had not sounded the death knell both of poetry and religion." We look over the work of Mr. Noyes and read Mount Ida, Rank and File, Creation, The Watchward of the Fleet, The Origin of Life, Glimpses, What does it take to make a rose? The Carol of the Firtree, and his many poems on international peace. Here, and in many other passages, we find this religious idealism which the critics ignored or neglected.

"Is it nought to you that hear him? With the old strange cry The weary hawker passes, And some will come and buy, And some will let him pass away And only heave a sigh, But most will neither heed nor hear

When dreams go by.

" Lavender, Lavender! His songs were fair and sweet, He brought us harvests out of heaven, Full sheaves of radiant wheat;

He brought us keys to Paradise, And hawked them thro' the street;

He brought his dreams to London, And dragged his weary feet."

EAST & WEST

In the light of what we have said, and what we have implied concerning misinterpretation and misunderstanding, it may seem a little presumptuous for us to dare offer our own conception of Mr. Noyes. We thought differently of him, when he was last in America than we do to-day; we may think differently of him and of his spirit a year hence. So we offer this little sketch for itself, for what it is worth to-day—remembering with proper humility the statement of Coleridge's already quoted: "The merest trifle he ever sent abroad, had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms."

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York City.

THE CALIPHATE.

GROWING sense of duty as a Muslim in face of the recent tragedy that is being enacted in Europe and a hope, perhaps illusory, that I may contribute to remove certain misunderstandings regarding the question of the Caliphate, have impelled me to pen these lines. The fateful decision of the Turkish Government to throw in their lot with Germany, and thus be dragged into a conflict which is not their own, has cast a shadow of gloom over the entire Muslimw orld of India. This ill-fated community, since the outbreak of the European war, and before Turkey joined in it, had been living in a state of hope and fear, and all eyes were turned towards the Government of the Sultan. But alas! their fear was justified; fate decreed it, and Turkey deemed it not right to remain neutral.

This event has brought into prominence at once the fundamental question of the loyalty of Indian Muslims to their King-Emperor and their attitude towards Turkey. The gravity of the situation cannot be overrated too much. The official declaration of the war with Turkey placed the Mussalmans of India in an indescribably tragic position. And whether for this state of things we are to thank the folly of the young Turk leaders or the forces set into motion by Sir Edward Grey's Eastern policy, based as it is on the Anglo-Russian Convention, is beyond the

scope of this article.

Be what it may, a misfortune of the greatest magnitude has befallen the Mussalmans. They had to look the grim realities in the face and decide the line of action they were going to adopt. Their decision was not long in coming. It has come; and now the whole world knows what it is. But, on the other hand, there is no denying the fact that the Mussalmans of India; no less than

the Muslims of the other parts of the world, feel themselves strongly attached by a religious, traditional and sentimental tie to his

Sultanic Majesty; the Caliph of Islam.

To an European this tie which binds a person in the Gangetic valley to an individual on the Bosphorus—persons who have never seen each other, nor are ever likely to see—may seem incomprehensible or even absurd. Yet such is the fact and it deserves, I venture to think, on the part of all right-thinking people, a consideration more grave and a less intemperate reprobation than it has hitherto received. For it is an expression of a feeling which is, and must always be, the most potent factor in the relation of one Islamite to another. Its causes are to be sought in the deep-rooted religious ardour of the Semitic races among whom Islam first sprang.

The religion of the Semite must always demand the first attention of the student of his laws and institutions. This strong religious sense has been a powerful factor elsewhere, and particularly where there existed a strong priestly class, as in India; but for the Semites this reached a limit and Islam formed

no exception to it.

The real origin of the Caliphate may be sought in the character and institution of the Semitic races, who could not think of a ruler without an absolute authority coupled with a religious sanctity. Individualism preponderates among the Semites so greatly that they can only adapt themselves to a firmly settled state at the call of great religious impulses. Some sort of an elective system always existed amongst the Semites and was regarded as a sacred and political institution. Such an election has ever carried with it a kind of implied religious authority. The Kings of Edom appear, in very early times, to have been elective princes. And the Phænicians (including Carthaginians) present a very large variety of political constitutions, which fact reminds one of ancient Greece. Absolute patriotism, in the modern sense, hardly ever existed amongst them, yet they were not wholly incapable of such a feeling as is seen by the wars of the Phœnicians against Rome in which Carthage perished, and the mortal struggle of Tyre against Alexander (though in the latter religious motives also played some part). But, then, who could say that the heroes of Marathon did more service to humanity than the armies of Maccabees? Islam effected great changes in the character and customs of the Arabs, but it doubled their racial characteristic of religious ardour. Never before had the Arab people a national religion. Mohamad gave them one, and united his disciples in a politico-religious tie, the zeal of which even time and distance never seemed to have abated. Since the Prophet established himself as the head of an independent political community at Medina, Islam became the faith of a political as well as a religious body; and while he invited the faithful to accept his religious injunctions, he also gave them laws as their king. "He was their Imam," says Noldelke, "the leader in their prayer, and he was their Emir and Kadi,—prince and magistrate." Thus the supreme temporal and spiritual authority became linked together and "Islam was from its beginning a nation no less than a Church."

After the death of the Prophet it was necessary to elect his successor who would act as an Imam in his place. The question of the Caliphate was not altogether absent from the mind of Mohamad. He did not nominate anyone to succeed him, he left it to the choice of the faithful to elect whom they willed. word Caliph is derived from the Arabic root Khalafa, "to leave behind," which in the legal sense came to mean a successor of the Prophet and heir to the temporal and spiritual power. The Muslim law, when originally framed, did not recognize the existence of a king. The position of the early Caliphs and their authority might be compared to that of the Dictators of the ancient Republic of Rome, each successor being chosen from amongst the people by common consent. In the eyes of the Muslim law the Caliph is the only legal authority on matters of innovation. being a successor to the successors of the Prophet. He is competent enough to bring about any political, legal or social reform on the authority of the Koran. The first four Caliphs had arbitrary power to legislate. They modified at will the yet undeveloped Leges non Scripta of Islam, and not only did they administer the religious laws but they were its interpreters and architects as well. As a Caliph, the Sultan of Turkey can change or modify any religious law which ill-suits the modern conditions, as Suleman the Magnificent did actually promulgate a series of decrees affecting the civil administration.

The ferocious nature of the Tartar combined with the humane injunctions of Islam produced a wonderful character in the person

of the Ottoman Turk-a courageous yet mild, a lethargic yet energetic, a fierce yet tolerant human being. Gibbon remarked of one of these Turkish monarchs: "The Catholic nations of Europe who defended nonsense by cruelty, might have been confounded by the example of a barbarian, who anticipated the lessons of philosophy."

Mussalman writers have generally recognized four distinct phases which the office of the Caliphate has undergone, and four

distinct periods of its history.

The first historical phase was a pure theocracy, in which the Caliph was a saint as well as a priest and king, and was also, to a certain extent, inspired. The period was only of thirty years' duration and is represented by the four Caliphs-Abu Bekr, Omar, Othman and Ali-who occupy, after the Prophet, the highest position in Islam. They are known as Khalifaur-Rashadeen. This was the most sacred historical period in Islam and represents the highest ideal of State and State-craft.

The second period, which lasted for six hundred years (661 to 1258 A.D.), was that of the Arabian monarchy, in which the Caliphate became hereditary. The Caliph no longer remained saint or a doctor of law. Mawiyah was the first Caliph who nominated his son in his lifetime to succeed him. This phase of the Islamic Caliphate ended with Mostasem Billah, the last ruler of

the Abbasides.

The third period, which lasted for nearly three hundred years, was a phase of temporal interregnum during which the Caliph exercised no sovereign rights. The temporal authority was

delegated to the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt.

The last period is that of the Ottoman Caliphate. The election of a Caliph was regarded as such an important event that the citizens of Medina proceeded to choose a successor before the burial of the Prophet. Even in the second phase of its history, when the Caliph was no longer a saint and a preacher, the Caliphate was held in great awe and veneration, so much so that it caused many a fierce war between the rival claimants for the office. dignity and authority were so deeply engrafted on the mind and imagination of the people, that a titular Caliph, like Baqi-Billah, could make the mighty Sultan Mohamad of Ghazni walk a mile merely to receive the Caliph's envoy who brought a robe of honour for the Sultan with the title of Eminud-Dowla.

Selim I onquered Egypt in 1517 A. D. from the Mamluk Sultan and received a bestowal of the dignity of the Caliphate from Motawakkel Ibn Omar el Hakim, the last remaining descendant of the Abbaside under the title of Sultan es Salatin wa Hakanel Hawakin, Malekel Bahrayn wal Barraeyn, Hamin Din, Khalifah Rasul-Allah, Amirul-momenin, etc., etc. This form is preserved to this day. It was an irony of fate that the very people who destroyed the Islamic civilization became the defenders of the faith. It was a remote ancestor of Selim who sacked Bagdad in 1258 A. D., from which shock Islam never recovered. Though the moral and intellectual stagnation caused by the destruction of the garden of justice by Halaku could never be repaired, yet the descendants of Halaku always fought the battles of Islam since their conversion to Mohamadanism.

Thus Selim had more than one claim to be regarded as the champion of the Mussalman faith. He was the grandson of Mohamad the conqueror, who had finally extinguished the Roman Empire of the East and in its place had established the Islamic rule. And he was the most powerful of all the Muslim rulers of that time. And then, to crown all, the dignity was delegated to him by the last scion of the Abbaside Caliphate. When Selim took the title a great controversy arose amongst the Doctors of Law as to his right, and after a long discussion and protracted debate of several years, his successor was formally accepted and acknowledged as the rightful Caliph at Mecca in 1522 A. D. Since then no one ever seriously or with any amount of success disputed the right of the Sultan to be the Caliph of Islam. The title of the house of Ottoman to the Caliphate is based on the following claims:—

1. Nomination.—Mutawakkel, a descendant of the house of Abbas, nominated Selim as Caliph. A precedent can be found in the recommendation of Omar by Abu-Bekr on his death-bed as his successor in the Caliphate.

2. The Guardianship of the holy shrines, Mecca, Medina

and Jerusalem.

3. Possession of the sacred relics. These consist of the cloak of the Prophet, and the sword of Ali. It is all universally believed by the Mussalmans that after the sack of Bagdad, in 1258, these relics were saved and brought to Cairo and thence transferred to Constantinople.

- 4. Election, that is, the sanction of a legal body of Elders. It was argued that as Ahl-el Agde had been removed from Medina to Damascus, and from Damascus to Bagdad, and from Bagdad to Cairo, so it had been once more legally removed from Cairo to Constantinople. A form of election is to the present day observed in Constantinople. Each Sultan on his accession has to receive the sanction of the Ulema and the sacred sword of Ali from the hands of the Sheikh-ul-Islam in the mosque of Ayyub to complete his title to the Caliphate.
- 5. Independent Muslim State.—This is an essential feature of the Caliphate.
- 6. The Consent of the Muslim population—Ijmaul-Ummat. The last mentioned is the most important condition.

If even a Mussalman ruler seizes the holy shrines, he cannot be regarded as a Caliph unless and until he is accepted as such by the Mussalmans at large, as it happened in the case of Karmathian in the tenth century and the Wahabites in the eighteenth century. So it is quite a misconception to suppose that the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph only because he is the servant and protector of the holy shrines.

We have thus seen that this institution is a very old one and always carries with it religious sanctity. It has taken such a firm and strong hold on the minds of the Mussalmans that it cannot easily be eradicated.

Such, in brief, is the origin and history of the Caliphate and such is the influence which it exercises over the millions and millions of the Mussalman population of the world.

There is some discussion as regards the time when the Sultan of Turkey began to be recognized as the Caliph of Islam in this country. It is a fact which cannot accurately be ascertained. Yet the materials on this point are not altogether lacking.

It will be remembered that Selim I. received this title from Mutawakkel in 1517 A.D. And in 1533 A.D., when Humayun marched against Bahadur Shah, the ruler of Gujarat, the latter immediately sent an envoy to Sultan Sulaiman the Magnificent, soliciting his imperial protection. A big fleet consisting of 80 vessels was accordingly sent in 1538 A.D., which after successful battle took the two strongholds Kukele and Ket from the Portuguese. The fleet proceeded to Bender-i-Dity, Bahadur Shah's son, Malik Mahmud, the then ruler of Gujarat;

refused to supply food or render any assistance and the Ottoman Commander was compelled to retire. Since then the Sultan Sulaiman cast a longing eye on India, in fact, he aimed at the subjugation of the whole of the then existing Muslim East; hence his diplomacy in the Arabian and Persian seas. He was their spiritual lord and wanted the Muslims of the world to recognize him as such. Emissaries were sent to China, India and Afghanistan carrying with them the Fetwa of the Ulema and holy men of Mecca. And as the name and power of the Turkish Sultan was then well known and the story of his ever-increasing dominions was in everyone's mouth, it did not take long for the people to be convinced of his right and title to the Caliphate.

An authentic account of his travels in India, Afghanistan and Persia has been left for us by Side Ali Reis, the Commander of the Ottoman fleet, which was sent to conquer Ormuz from the Portuguese. The fleet landed in Gujarat and "great was the joy of the Mussalmans of Surat when they saw them come." The book is entitled Miratul-Memalik, and a German translation of it by Heinrich Freidrich Von Diez (which originally appeared in his Denkwurdigkeiten von Asien) is now before me. The observations of Side Ali Reis throw some light on the topic under discussion. He was hailed by the Mussalman population of India, wherever he went, as an envoy of the Padishah of Islam (Sultan of Turkey). He expresses his astonishment at the enthusiasm with which he was received by the Mohamadan rulers of India who presented to him "addresses of loyalty and devotion to the Padishah of Islam." While in Gujarat, "I visited the Sultan." says Side Ali Reis, "his Grand Vizier, Imadulmulk, and other dignitaries. The Sultan, to whom I presented my credentials. was pleased to receive me most graciously, and he assured me of his devotion to our glorious Padishah." Another Indian dignitary is reported on another occasion to have said: "We cannot afford to seek a quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. We have need of Moreover, he is the Padishah of the Islamic world." A very interesting account of the arguments and conversation which took place between Emperor Humayun and the Turkish Admiral on the subject of the Khutba and the Caliphate is given, but in order to avoid details I would only mention one or two facts. The Admiral, on the occasion of the conversation referred to above, informed the Emperor of India that even in distant China the

name of his Sovereign was inserted in Bairam prayer. "Muslims," continues he, "approached the Khakan (the ruler of China) with the request to allow them to insert the name of the Turkish Sovereign in Khutba as the latter was the Padishah of Mecca, Medina and Kibla. The Khakan, although an unbeliever, had insight enough to see the justice of their request which he granted forthwith; he even went so far as to clothe the Khatib in a robe of honour and to make him ride on an elephant through the city." This story, we are further told, found credence in Gujarat where it was first brought by the merchants coming from China and narrated to Side Ali Reis. "Ever since that time," goes on the Admiral, "the name of the Padishah of Turkey has been included in the Bairam prayers."

The Emperor Humayun on a different occasion asked Side Ali Reis if the Khan of Crimea was under the Sultan of Turkey, and on being told that he held his office under the Ottoman Sovereign, Humayun remarked, "If that be so, how then has

he the right of the Khutba?"

"It is a well-known fact," replied the Admiral, "that my Padishah alone and no one else has the authority to grant the right of Khutba to whomsoever he wishes. The statement" says he, "seemed to satisfy everybody" and thereupon Humayun turned to his nobles and said, "Surely the only man worthy to bear the title of Padishah (Caliph) is the ruler of Turkey, he alone and no one else in the world," and then the Emperor and his

Court prayed for the welfare of the Padishah of Islam.

Akbar did attempt, as we think, to seize the religious sceptre of the Muslim world, and did wish the people to look up to him as the Caliph. He was even styled, Hazrat-Sultanul Islam, Khalifatul Anam and Amirul Mominin. (vide Badauni, Vol. II., p. 271). His desire to be the spiritual as well as the temporal lord is discernable from the famous document drawn up by Sheikh Mobarak, Abul Fazal's father, a paragraph of which ran:—
"Should therefore in future a religious question come up, regarding which the opinions of the Mujtahids are at variance, and His Majesty be inclined to adopt, for the benefit of the nation and as a political expedient, any of the conflicting opinions, he is free."
(Badauni, pp. 279-280). But all his pretensions fell flat to the ground and he miserably failed in his futile attempt.

It will not, therefore, be rash to draw the conclusion (though

THE CALIPHATE

from the strictly historical point of view it may not be quite safe) from these and similar data that the Sultan of Turkey was recognised and acknowledged as the Caliph in India even in the early days of the Moghul rule when the Caliphate had just devolved on the House of Ottoman. Thirty-six years had only passed since the transfer of the holy title to Constantinople when Side Ali Reis visited India, and as it is seen the enthusiasm of the populace for the Padishah of Islam was unbounded everywhere. Moreover, a large number of Indian Mussalmans every year used to go to Mecca for the purposes of pilgrimage, so it is not unlikely that they returned with feelings of great reverence and affection for the protector of the holy shrines and spread them in the country. is, therefore, misreading history to suppose that the introduction of the idea of the Sultan's Caliphate in this country is of a recent growth.

Following the advice of Abu-Bekr we have given the real facts, for "to tell the truth," said the first Caliph, "to a person commissioned to rule is faithful allegiance, to conceal it

is treason."

And now what effect would an attempt to meddle with this question produce on the masses-with whom it has become a tenet of religion-I leave for the politician to solve.

SYAD MAHMUD.

Bankipur.

PERSONALITY—INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE.

THIS article does not in any way pretend to be a scientific treatment of personality from a psychological standpoint. Its aim rather is to illustrate by a few examples the striking effects of personality as a universally-acknowledged existing force. By personality here is meant that inherent force or influence which certain individuals exert over others. The influence may be at times subjectively unconscious but in almost all cases it is conscious objectively. For example: we all remember how as children we easily influenced or were influenced by others, and how later on as men the same influences were still at work, only with this difference, that at the later period we thought we were able at times to account for the various influences thus exerted; perhaps a more common experience is the effect of a woman's Personality. Certain women without any conscious effort on their part are liable to excite all kinds of desire, whereas others quite as unconsciously have a tendency to arouse all that is good and noble in man's nature. Whether the cause of this is psychological or physical or both doesn't concern us at present. The fact, however, that personality exists as a force—a decisive force for good or evil-nobody will care to deny.

It is always possible, of course, that while one man may exert a certain amount of influence, he himself may be influenced by another and still stronger personality. This process does not go on indefinitely, for we arrive eventually at the original fount whence the force proceeded. In this case the original is a very powerful personality indeed and may be called a magnetic personality. Two examples, striking but probably different in effect, are worth recording.

The literary society of a certain college in the United Provinces invited Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya to address the students. Naturally there was great excitement and preparations

PERSONALITY-INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE 337

when he accepted the invitation. A large shamiana was erected in the grounds and all the students had taken their places long before the appointed time. His appearance was the signal for loud and prolonged applause. When he stood up to address them, however, there was perfect silence. Just for a moment a slight rustle might be heard as each student somewhat shifted his position either to get a better view of the speaker or to place himself in the most convenient posture for listening. His voice, when he commenced to speak, seemed to float on an absolutely still atmosphere. He scarce spoke above a whisper, yet each word slow, distinct and penetrating went home. There was very little applause during the address. One felt that applause would be out of place in an atmosphere undoubtedly solemn and almost sacred. Then the ascetic appearance of the speaker lent an additional force. He scarcely moved. His eyes alone showed animation and they were alight with enthusiasm-an enthusiasm which somehow or other was transmitted to the audience. He ended as he began—on a prolonged note of quiet insistence.

The scene when he sat down at last is hard to describe. The students who were sitting immovable as statues a moment before seemed all of a sudden to be possessed. They shouted-nay yelled themselves hoarse. They surged round him in crowds, still cheering. They wanted to chair him, but he quietly and firmly refused. Then they wanted to take the horses from his carriage and this he also quietly prevented. They insisted on accompanying him, however, for a greater part of the distance home, calling aloud his name ecstatically and now and again breaking into wild, ringing cheers. It was a wonderful sight—the pale, calm figure in the carriage surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of jostling; hustling students, all anxious to be as near him as possible. They were his, body and soul, for the time being. And what brought about this effect? It wasn't his address or the subjects he treated. The subjects were ordinary subjects, dealing as he did mainly with the ideals which a student should always have before him, and towards which he should be constantly striving to attain. Nor was it his delivery, though he spoke with fluency and precision. It was the personality of the man-a personality at once marvellous and striking,

No less striking was the visit of Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, though the effect produced was totally different. The same

arrangements were made as on the previous occasion and the shamiana was crowded with eager expectant students. After the first outburst of enthusiastic greeting all settled down quietly in their places. His appearance invited calmness and tranquillitya tall dignified figure with long white hair brushed back in waving curls from a high and noble forehead, and wonderful eyes. seemed to diffuse tenderness, compassion, sympathy and love. His voice when he spoke was silvery in tone and soothing in the extreme, and the address, all too short, which he gave the students was sufficient to show that the internal emotions of the speaker were in no way belied by his external appearance. He spoke of honour as a tombstone laden with inscriptions, a suitable recognition and tribute for the dead, but for the living an impediment which at all times was heavy and at most times awkward. Love, an all-embracing, comprehensive love should be the lot of the living. It was on this note of love he ended.

When he finished speaking there was silence for a time and then came the applause—enthusiastic applause, but then a restrained kind of enthusiasm which showed that the personality of the speaker had made itself decidedly felt. The students rose and followed him quietly to his carriage. When he drove away finally there was more applause—the applause of loving children for a fond parent. He hadn't been amongst them, in all, above half an hour, yet it is safe to say that the impression he left behind was abiding and permanent. What produced this impression? Partly his appearance, partly his voice and speech, but especially

and above all his personality.

Perhaps it is that the Indian, like the Celtic races, are more or less susceptible to this kind of influence. It may be too that the imaginative element, when it exists, tends to make people peculiarly susceptible in this way, and imagination certainly forms an important part in the characteristics of both the Celt and the Indian. The students listening to the two addresses idealised the speaker. They were not listening to the words of a mere individual, but they were listening to the utterances of men who represented for them the embodiment of patriotism in the first instance, and in the second the essence of a loving sympathy. Similar things happen in Ireland, where masses of people are capable of being wrought to a frantic state of enthusiasm for "the cause." Any individual might, and probably would, be at a loss for

PERSONALITY-INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE 339

the time being to explain exactly what he meant by "the cause." Yet it was for him an inspiring and vital force.

There is a vast difference between Individual and Collective personality. The one is undoubtedly inherent, whereas the other is as undoubtedly acquired. It may be acquired in various ways, and it is interesting, in view of the present state of affairs in Europe, to compare the collective personality of the component

parts of the opposing masses.

The German army, for example, clearly depends for its personality on the fundamental principle that might is right. How far this is attributable to the philosophic tenets propounded by Nietzsche is a debatable point. There is no doubt that their splendid organization, their devoted loyalty to the Kaiser, their firm belief in their own superiority are largely due to the popular idea that their views are right, and most important of all that they are strong enough to enforce them. This, as a driving element in prosperity, is of incalculable value, but it is scarcely likely that it will last long under the strain of defeat and adversity. Austrians and the French alike have their personality founded on tradition. But whereas the Austrian tradition goes all the way back to the palmy days of the Holy Roman Empire, the tradition of the French may be said to have originated in the Napoleonic war. The effect of this long tradition on the Austrians is to make them more or less indifferent to the failure of the moment, and it is the main reason why defeat after defeat, capable of paralysing others, have not the same effect on a nation which recognises to its full extent the instability of human grandeur. The tradition of the French, on the other hand, is still young enough to make its influence decidedly felt, and it is at all times an incitement to the nation to rival the glories of the early nineteenth century. Then the personality of the Russians and the English is founded on religion and secularism-but a secular spirit gradually evolved from, and in its final analysis dependent on, religion. The Russian spirit depends largely upon a personal element, the Tsar, who is for the most part an ideal to the masses, and as such closely connected with their ecclesiastical eikons. The English spirit depends likewise on an ideal, but the ideal is "to play the game," and the spirit of "play the game" is, after all, nothing but the secularisation of all that is noble and self-sacrificing in religion.

340

EAST & WEST

In most cases their collective personality springs from an ideal, and on the intrinsic value of the ideal depends the force of the personality. Whether a personality founded on the primitive elements of barbarism allied to a traditional indifference can cope successfully with a personality founded on chivalry, religion and fair play, yet remains to be seen. There is scarcely any doubt, however, about the importance of the part played in human affairs by personality—both individual and collective.

T. F. O'DONNELL.

Agra.

THE PRESS IN INDIA AND JAPAN.

COMPARISONS AND CONTRASTS.

HE Press in Japan affords some curious contrasts with the Indian Press. Both are exotics from the same stock that have taken root strongly, but they have borne strangely different flowers. That there should be a newspaper Press in Japan at all is no small tribute to Japanese ingenuity, for the language is the most cumbersome in the world. It is entirely different from the Chinese, but is written in Chinese ideographs; and as one ideograph may have several pronunciations, each line in a newspaper has a smaller line running beside it, in which the words are spelt in the Japanese alphabet (or syllabary, as grammarians prefer to call it). Having the words spelt, why not omit the ideographs? is the natural question. They cannot be omitted, because while one ideograph may have several pronunciations, the converse is also true—one word may have many meanings, each represented by a different ideograph. The English language is not free from the same difficulties. We have "lead," to guide, and "lead," a metal; we also have "rain," "rein," and "reign." We manage to do without a guide to the pronunciation of "lead;" and any member of the "Simplified Speling Sossiety" would tell us that if we have the sense to distinguish "rain" from "reign" in conversation we could also distinguish them in reading, though spelt alike. There are two reasons why these dicta do not apply in Japanese: the first is that the possibilities of confusion are far more numerous than in English; the second is that there is an almost complete divorce between the colloquial and the written language in Japan. The owpanese practice of borrowing from the Chinese for the multitude nemew words required since their adoption of modern ways has ofade confusion worse confounded in the language.

With this premise, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding that, with four thousand ideographs in common use, and as many more which may be called upon, besides a sort of running commentary in an alphabet of fifty letters, the Japanese compositor's life is not a happy one. He wanders among a multitude of cases, attended by two or three acolytes who help him in gathering his types. He has the one trifling advantage over his fellow-craftsman in Arabic or Hebrew—he can set up a whole "stickful" without having to lift it line by line, for a language which begins at the top right-hand corner and reads downwards comes to the same thing as one that begins at the top left-hand corner and reads laterally.

With a language like this it is impossible even to use the typewriter, and typesetting machines are out of the question. Even the hand-setting is painfully slow, and distribution must be slower still in comparison with the facility attained in European or Sanskritic languages. The difficulty, however, is not insuperable, and, when once it is surmounted, the rest of the process is on up-to-date lines. Stereotype plates are cast and fitted on the cylinders of rotary machines, and the outturn thenceforward is as swift as even this hustling age demands. It has to be, for the circulation of the most popular papers is enormous-running up to a quarter of a million. It is here, to begin with, that there is a great difference between the Indian and the Japanese Press. I think I am well within the mark in saying that no paper in India reaches the tenth part of a quarter-million circulation, with a consequence that printing direct from the types is the rule, and the coolie affords most of the motive power to the machinery. As samples of printing there is little to choose between the Indian and the Japanese newspapers; both are wretched productions, badly printed on the cheapest of paper. Both have the merit of cheapness, and neither has the reputation of paying well.

Four reasons may be suggested for the greater circulation, which Japanese papers enjoy as compared with Indian: the people are of a more busy and inquisitive temperament in Japan than in India; their system of government simulates many of the party excitements of more democratic countries; the ability to read is more widely disseminated; and though the poor has hard struggle to live, subsistence is not reduced to so exactly calculation as in India, and the price of a paper can be squeen

out of a small wage. Of these four, the political factor is undoubtedly a very powerful one. India has a minimum of politics—perhaps for its own good. There is no burning question to be settled by popular vote, no road to Utopia except that along which, it is devoutly hoped, that mysterious entity called the Government is in its wisdom leading the country. The advantages and disadvantages of this interest might be set down, like the troubles and recompenses of Robinson Crusæ, in parallel columns, and there would be enough in the column of disadvantages to enable any philosophic mind to regard with equanimity the slow growth of the democratic ideal in India; but the balance would certainly be turned in favour of the condition which encourages the circulation of the newspaper by the stimulus it gives, in all but its basest forms, to an extension of the reader's interest in affairs.

The circulation of the Japanese newspaper, however, judging by any standard of averages, is large out of all proportion to the interest of the majority of its readers in politics. The franchise is restricted, and the Government may be repeatedly defeated by a parliamentary majority, without going out of office. It may even pass and enforce legislation against the will of that majority. The popular voice is not without effect, however. A sufficient number of indignation meetings, seasoned by a riot or two in the capital, will make the Government consider it discreet to climb down; of course, the Press is a powerful factor in this process, and the riksha-coolie who heaves a stone through ministerial windows feels at such a season that he is a political unit in the State, and, if he can, reads his paper accordingly. Curiously enough, the mob is most strenuous and the papers are most strident in the very matter where the Japanese Government dare not give in to their clamour. Two successful wars have somewhat turned the heads of the journalist and his reader in the street alike. The "go on with the war" riot is historical, and the Japanese Press is ready to declare war on the United States or to annex China at a moment's notice. The lack of interest in foreign affairs in the Indian Press is in striking contrast to this.

of spreadeagleism, though the annexation may be the sequel to the victorious valour of Indian troops; more often there is a dignified disapproval of the imposition of alien government on lands which had not theretofore known it.

As regards the liberty of the Press, it is very difficult to find out where its limits in Japan lie. There seem to be fundamental differences of view both on liberty and propriety. Nobody could say that the Japanese Press is not outspoken. It is most unsparing in its denunciations. Not only this, but it plunges lightheartedly into the vilest slanders. When the present Premier (an Admiral) took up office, newspapers stated, without incurring reproof, that he was known for his proclivity for accepting commisions and that the country might look out for a "big navy" policy accordingly. Other public men are as freely slandered and with as little grounds. The newspapers are celebrated for their "third page," which is popular reading, but does little credit to the taste of its readers, as it spares neither age nor sex in its indecencies. One would think there was no law of libel in the land, yet at the present moment a case is before the Courts where the authors of a book are sued for libelling the elderly complainant's late grandfather!

In some directions, however, the Press is absolutely muzzled. While liberty, and even license, are allowed as a matter of policy, every now and then a Procurator's order is circulated to the newspaper offices, forbidding them to publish a word on some happening which the police think it best for the public that they should not know; and the subjects thus proscribed are of such curious diversity that there seems to be no limit to the extent to which the Press could be silenced in time of need, or supposed need,

without the public being any the wiser or the Press itself being able to make any comment. Certain it is that the prohibitions cover opinions as well as facts. How far an Indian paper might go scatheless in speaking ill of the King-Emperor is, fortunately, never the subject of experiment, but certainly an indiscretion would not be attended with the abolitions and confiscations that would follow a disrespectful reference to the Mikado in a newspaper in Japan. An Indian journalist might also preach socialism.

his heart's content so long as he did not create a riot, by Japan the propagation of socialism is a criminal offence, an sailing near the wind to discuss the benefits of republican

what though Dr. Ariga, the Japanese legal adviser to the Chinese Government, recently sailed for China with a scheme of his own for an ideal republic in his pocket, wherewith to deliver President Yuan Shih-kai from all his vicissitudes!

With all its outspokenness on domestic affairs, the Japanese Press maintains an ominous silence with regard to the strange things that sometimes happen in the recently acquired territories of Korea and Formosa. In Formosa there is a strict embargo on the dispatch of news to Japan, and, except an occasional official record of wonderful progress, news is rare. A belated complaint in a Japanese newspaper is almost the only notice that has ever been taken of a system of expropriation which has borne with great heaviness on Formosan cultivators. A Cingalese Buddhist named Dharmapalla, who lately did a Japanese tour, addressing meetings as a "representative of the Indian Aryans," and slandering the Indian Government, much to the admiration of Japanese journalists, who said his courage was the more conspicuous in that he was shadowed by two Indian detectives, stated in one of his addresses that the Japanese had done more in Korea in six years than the British had in India in fifty. One thing the Japanese have done in Korea-probably not in Mr. Dharmapalla's mind at that florid moment-is practically to extinguish the native Press-only two little papers being left, which both have to be extremely careful. It may be that this is not intended illiberally, for it is a part of Japan's fixed policy to denationalise the Koreans, absorb them, and make them all speak Japanese. It is worth recording, however, that when a Japanese writer recently criticised the Oriental Development Company (a subsidised concern) very severely in a Korean magazine printed in Japan, the copies arrived in Korea with the article blacked out, à la Russe.

There is not a great deal to choose between the ability with which the Japanese Press is conducted and that which distinguishes the Indian Press. The large circulation which the chief Japanese papers enjoy enables them to command a far more extensive news service than the Indian papers can aspire to. Some keep their own correspondents in England and America, who cable important news; but it must be confessed that these gentlemen's telegrams often convey little information in a good many words—which may be the result of "expansion" by the receiver, coupled some-

times, no doubt, with an inability to grasp the import of the message. The best journalists in Japan and India are men of extensive knowledge and keen judgment; the lesser lights in neither country have yet acquired the journalistic art of cloaking a grotesque ignorance in a dignified disguise. On the whole the Japanese Press achieves higher flights of misinformation on Western matters, and its readers swallow it with practically no corrective. Comparatively few Japanese know any European language, and the number of Europeans who read the Japanese papers is infinitesimal; the less important ones have no foreign readers at all; besides, none of them correct their errors even when they are pointed out; so all sorts of queer beliefs are imbibed by readers with no corrective at all.

Foreign newspapers in Japan occupy, of course, a very different position from that of the Anglo-Indian Press, though both wield far more influence than their limited circulation would suggest. Both also are published largely in the interests of the communities which chiefly subscribe to them. In India the English papers are the chief gatherers of news—even of that which is mainly of interest to Indians; in Japan, with the greater influence and larger circulation of the vernacular Press, the foreign papers do not hold such a predominant place as sources of a public news supply, and a considerable amount of translation from the vernacular papers is done. This is by no means confined to a lifting of news items, however; it is of more service as showing to the outside world the course of public opinion, which would otherwise, owing to the difficulties of the language, hardly become known.

This brings us to the subject of the Subsidised Press. Opinions differ as to the benefits to be derived from the Government having a newspaper in its pay. Several of the European Governments do it and appear to be satisfied with the results; but there is always a danger that the system will bring contempt both on the paper subsidised and on its paymasters. This has certainly happened both in India and Japan, though it must be confessed that the Japanese are much greater experts in the art of subsidising papers than is the Government of India. The latter was altogether too straightforward for its attempts to be successful. At a time when a flood of seditious rubbish was spreading devastation over the country, the Indian Government thought of encouraging a

dissemination of more truthful information and of sounder views, by becoming subscribers on a pretty large scale to one or two papers which were paying the penalty of their virtues in being left behind by organs which pandered to evil passions. These subsidies were made known to all the world, with the natural result that the papers subsidised became objects of the most virulent criticism. In Japan the subsidy business is worked more secretly, and a semi-official paper is recognised mainly by the impossibility of accounting for its existence and opinions in any other way than by supposing that it is paid by the State. are, of course, items of confirmatory evidence at times. It is singular that while in India the subsidies are for the cultivation of native opinion, in Japan this care is largely bestowed on the showing of Japan in a favourable light to foreigners. Semiofficial organs appear in English accordingly, and there are papers published in California, Hawaii and Shanghai in Japanese interests. When these sheets are edited by Japanese the result is merely funny. When a European, as sometimes happens, goes in for the semi-official business, he generally overdoes it and creates ill-feeling by blackening the faces of his countrymen so that Japan shall shine the brighter by the contrast. Of course, there is no proof forthcoming that the newspapers and magazines belonging to this class do receive any direct support from the Government. It is mainly that there is no other way of accounting for them. It is hardly necessary to add that their ultimate effect is quite contrary to that which they endeavour to attain. Judging by the amount of Japanomania published quite voluntarily in English-speaking countries during the past few years, besides the smaller quantity of well-informed commendation, one would not have supposed that Japan was in any need of artificially improving foreign opinion. However, the national sensitiveness is a well-known (and much-advertised) quality, and it does not take a great deal of Japanophobic literature to make the authorities consider the necessity of supplying counteraction; so, besides the daily papers there are one or two a semi-official magazines which add to the gaiety of nations. The hired foreign editor in a patriotic Japanese pose is a quite delightful caricature.

One grave fault of the vernacular papers in Japan is their inclination to prejudge cases. Notable instances are those of the Japanese socialists who were executed two or three years ago

and the Korean conspiracy case. In both these important cases the Japanese Press proclaimed the guilt of the accused in a chorus of condemnation before they had even been arraigned before the Court. The same sort of thing happens daily and never appears to suffer reproof. It is, in the last issue, a fault of the Courts as much as of the Press. In India the Courts are extremely sensitive on this point, and not long ago the Bombay High Court solemnly reproved and penalised a paper for a report into which the most morbid sensitiveness could hardly read an improper comment. On the whole, however, the Press in Japan is held on a much tighter rein than in India. The law demanding in certain cases a large pecuniary deposit as a sort of guarantee fund for pains and penalties was regarded as a great hardship, if not an infringement of liberty, in India. In Japan, however, all newspapers have to provide this security. The seizure of a whole issue, whether of a daily paper or of a magazine, on account of its containing some article which the police consider detrimental to morals or order, is a common occurrence; it is also rather futile, for often the greater part of the issue is in the hands of subscribers before the seizure can be made. Sometimes it is impossible for the ordinary critic to discover anything in the confiscated paper worthy of suppression.

"Prison editors" became quite common in India in the blood-thirsty days of the Yugantar. Although the Press laws in Japan are not at all unlike the measures introduced into India for dealing with sedition by Lord Minto's Government, they have not succeeded in abolishing the "prison editor," who is still a regular institution in vernacular newspaper offices, and whose existence has been ingeniously traced to an analogy in the dual form of Government as it existed under the Shoguns. He serves his purpose so long as the case is not sufficiently serious to bring down the ire of the law on the whole staff, printers and all.

As for vernacular journalism as a profession, its popularity both in India and Japan is out of all proportion to its pecuniary rewards. It is said that not even a circulation of a quarter of a million secures to a Japanese editor an income much over Rs. 350 a month, while the great majority of editorial stipends are more in the neighbourhood of Rs. 50. Indian journalism is no better paid—except in proportion to its circulation, and editorial, like other salaries, reach a lower mark in India than in Japan. These

miserable rewards probably account for many of the shortcomings of the Press in both countries, but if the public will not pay for good journalism it cannot expect to get it. The fault possibly lies in a want of popular discrimination due partly to the novelty of the profession. Things will doubtless improve as time goes on, and meanwhile the Indian or Japanese journalist who is badly underpaid for good pioneer work has the satisfaction of knowing that he is working for a future generation which shall be taught to appreciate merit and show discernment in its reading.

A. MORGAN YOUNG.

Japan.

THE DREAD REALITIES OF LIFE.

THE founder of Buddhism was by the strict order of his father carefully shielded from every sight of woe, and as far as possible protected from all the chilling blasts of life that blow upon ordinary mortals. It was the desire of the fond parent that his royal son should grow up in happy ignorance of the existence of the problem of pain-that problem which has vexed and baffled the most thoughtful men of every age. Gautama's eyes were not allowed even to behold the sights of sorrow that pierce the tender heart; his ears were not permitted to hear the cries of those who wept and would not be comforted, because those for whom they shed the bitter tear were no longer within reach of voice or friendly hand. The cruel thorn-crown that sorrowful experience plaits and places upon the brow of every mortal was not to be worn by this much-favoured, dearly beloved prince. Such was the well-meaning but wholly vain determination of his father. But such fond fancies were doomed, for in spite of every precaution the thoughtful and curious prince crossed the threshold of the royal palace and witnessed sights of woe that wrung his heart and stirred to the depths his fount of sympathy.

To most of us childhood and youth are like the walls of the royal palace that bounded the experience of Gautama. Youth is above all else a time of joy. Youth thirsts for joy, and is gifted with a short memory of its own wrongs and pains. All the tentacles of youth are out to gather pleasure, and sorrows and trials are only incidents by the way, no more thought of than the knocks received in a scrimmage or the scratches one gets while picking blackberries. Indeed, youth is capable of turning the most tragic circumstances of life into a game or a pastime. Witness a band of children playing at funerals for example. The sorrows of life are drowned in its deeper joys, at

least until the hour arrives when reason awakes and begins to sift the heap of garnered experience, and divide its wheat from chaff. To some this awakening comes early, and to others it comes late in life. It does not always come at the time when young people begin to talk solemnly about "the problem of pain," and "the enigma of life." We begin to talk about these things early enough, and are quite familiar with the vocabulary long before we have had any experience of what it really expresses. We catch the current speech of our seniors, or we read about the problem in books, or it may be that the sad, bitter wail of the world echoes in our soul. But just as young and inexperienced people can talk glibly of the deep problems of the spirit that are still but dimly descried upon the far distant rim of their own spiritual horizon, so those who have never felt a real pang, and who have no first-hand knowledge of suffering, can talk freely of "the dread facts of life," "the problem of pain," "life's insoluble msyteries and inexplicabilities."

But the hour of awakening does come, when for the first time a man becomes experimentally aware of these dread facts and insoluble mysteries. How it comes it is scarcely necessary to ask, for there are varieties almost innumerable of the experience. Here, for example, is a poor bed-ridden woman who for months past has been fighting with all her feeble strength for mere breath. Her life hangs on a filmy thread that may snap to-day or to-morrow, how soon no skilled physician can tell. Life is already on the wing, and as swallows hover round the old nesting place ere they take their departure, so her life hovers round the tottering body ready to depart at any moment to a more congenial home. Ask that bed-ridden patient her story. She will tell you that thirty years ago she was the mother of five sturdy children, and the possessor of average health and strength. Life was a sweet song. Every lisping tongue, and every clutch of baby fingers was an eloquent testimony to the mercies the bountiful Father had bestowed, and they were all prophetic of better things to come. They were fulfilments and promises laden with hope. But a day dawned, the record of which was cut as with a pen of iron upon that poor woman's quivering heart. It was a dark day; for death "the shadow feared of man" spread his pinions over the happy home and within two brief weeks carried off three of the darling children and seriously threatened the life of the two who were left. Consolation was not wanting. Faith was not eclipsed. God was not forgotten. The glorious hope was not ignored. But that fortnight and the shadowed weeks and months that followed it have never been forgotten and the wound then made in the heart has never been healed. Other losses followed and there was no strength left to stand up against them, and so twenty years ago that shadow upon the bed became a confirmed invalid; and now for fifteen weary years her only surviving daughter has had to bear the burden and live a secluded life, clean cut off, or almost clean cut off from the current of joy that cheers

and refreshes us on our pilgrimage.

Thus came the awakening. There is another family wrapped in weeds which the observer sees are but the least, and only the outward conventional expression of the soundless grief they feel. Their's was a happy, home type of Heaven, and he, his every act helped all to understand what they really meant when on bended knee and with folded hands they lisped or said: "Our Father which art in Heaven." He was their sun and shield, and his smile of approval was their exceeding great reward. If friend can be bound to friend with "hoops of triple steel," then how strong must have been the bond of union between this man and his devoted family; and how terrible must have been the wrench that separated them! But a day came when the sun was blotted out at mid-day, and the world upon which he had shone with such soft light, such glorious splendour, was plunged in a darkness deeper than that of night. An accident occurred, and the warm palpitating, loving, allembracing life fled from its crushed tabernacle to its permanent building in the heavens. Here, too, there was consolation, encouragement, faith, and hope undimmed, and in the end blessed peace. But peace was won only after untold agony, and not without a wound, in a long-drawn-out battle. There was the awakening of a whole family to "the dread realities of life." To some of them it came after manhood and womanhood had been reached, while to others it came in life's dewy morn, but to all of them it came in the stern, emphatic, unapologetic way such awakenings generally come.

And so at some time and in some way we are all awakened from our dreamy slumber by these dread realities. To one the awakening comes through broken health, crippled energies,

paralysed endeavours. To another it comes through the reverse of fortune, the loss of worldly goods, the failure of cherished ambitions and carefully projected schemes, "the hopes that have turned liars." To another it comes through the loss of friends, the breach of trust, the whispered secret, the betrayal of confidence. And to another it comes through the fading of the vision splendid, the passing of love, the mysterious, inexplicable change of feeling that withers life and dries up the fount of hope. A favourable breeze had filled the sails and the bark was being blown towards the harbour, but suddenly the wind died away and the boat was becalmed on the high seas far away from home and rest. Others are awakened by the current events of life, by such things as coal-pit explosions, railway disasters, shipwrecks, the devastation of plague, the ravages of famine and the dread havoc of war, and in the midst of all the awful silence and seeming aloofness of God.

These experiences and observations cause the iron to enter into the souls of men and lead many, rightly or wrongly, to find expression for their feelings in Tennyson's words:—

"And Time a maniac scattering dust, And Life a fury-slinging flame."

There are times when even the faithful is hard put to it by these enigmas of life. There are occasions when even the best of men are tempted to think what they would shrink from putting into formal speech: namely, that if the destinies of this world were in the hands of some arch-fiend who deliberately plots and ingeniously plans how he may most successfully and cruelly thwart and buffet men, he could not conceive of a treatment more harsh or cruel than what is meted out to some people we know. It looks at times as if some skilled but cruel alchemist had laid his finger upon human lives, and by a single touch had turned all their hoarded gold to dross. The thought is a wrong one, is but a spectre of a mind temporarily deranged, but it embitters and unnerves many a man. To indulge such a thought is irreligious if not indeed atheistic. No matter how dark the night! may be, the sky that silently looks down upon us is studded with stars whose light is constant and unchanging. "All things work together for good to them that love God." "These light afflictions which are but for a moment

EAST & WEST

work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Such stars of hope and promise shine upon our darkened ways. Happy is he who has learned to "stand alone and find contentment in the stars," for they are but the guiding Eye of God which is "upon all that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine."

ROBERT BOYD.

Wadhwan.

A FEW SKETCHES BY THE WANDERING MUSE.

(Continued from our last Number.)
An Illustration to Shelley's Poem.

VAIN artist! what madness sways thy ambition? Canst thou dip thy pencil in the odours of the hyacinth and jessamine or the fleeting shadows of clouds and the spheres, or the delicious music of the skylark on the towers. Nature, and not you, is Shelley's artist and the vernal showers and the crimson rays of the setting sun are her brush.

ON SEEING THE LONDON "PUNCH."

Life is seeming, life is a dream; never mind, another has said "life is real, life is earnest." We dream in the day no less than in the night. We pause, we falter, we decay and die before we resolve and act. The present, no less than the past a speedy grave do find in Stygian waves, and the future hastens to follow suit. We err, we offend, we clothe ourselves with vanity ware, we suffer and for a time do seem to enjoy. I hail thee *Punch*, as thy pen draws aside the veil that shadows our life. Thy frontispiece in the wake of the new creed of 'futurism' calls up, in a few dappling lines, a host of dreamland freaks.

ENNUI.

The solitary crow in half sleep crows, the goldsmith hammers in rhythmic blows, the sun-burnt hawker in the noonday tunes, the sunbeam dust in silence flows, the lizard rests with aimless looks, and my half-closed eyes conjure up a world of forgotten bliss. But suddenly the wind blows and moans and whistles through my window chinks. The forest heads of palmy groves maintain a perpetual swing. It looks the world is again astir with change and is busy shaking off its sloth. Why should I alone, a soulless life maintain when nature around girds up and cries "life is motion, motion life?"

EAST & WEST

ON HUMOUR.

I draw a picture in light humour. I dip this side and the nose lengthens. This stroke again makes a warrior dight, and a third makes another on a chair reclined. It is woeful, yes, this picture's plight. Each stroke indeed doth make a wight and a newer life grows out of every bend. Be not this picture short or long, bow not thyself to every chance. Draw thyself but be not drawn. Be not a sport to circumstance.

TO HENRI BERGSON.

Behold, the sage of mystic love doth pour his magic spell over the East. His voice is the voice of Indian sages of yore and his theme is again the *ever sublime*. Hail prophet! Open unto us the vision that seeth life's profound mission and reminds us God's breath flows in all that nature calls her own. The sacred breath that bids the atom move, moves us to think, act and go. To greatest heights it is given to us to rise, for man is the privileged being whose will swings in regions wide, and crowns himself with noblest things.

ON A COLLECTION OF LOVE POEMS.

As nature's varied hues clothe creations fleeting forms and bid them move with panting joys, so love weaves around its beloved many, many a spectral shade from its fancy-begotten world, and drinks the beauteous air that charms, that kindles and dissolves its soul in ethereal waves. The beaming eyes that dart the amorous looks, the heaving breast that summons the crimson blush, the sprightly wit that brightens the sombre depths, the gentle step that but the green grass bends, and the cloudy locks that embower many a stolen kiss lend ever vernal wings to fancy's flights. Oh, bard of beauty and love, play on thy tunes to love's ever-changing themes, and let the hearts of the youth, like lotus feed on the dews of love's ambrosial joys.

ON SEEING A YOUNG WIFE.

The Zephyr plays on the temple locks, the lover's gentle curls, with whispers sweet. The hyacinth wafts delicious airs and the rose forgotten kisses. The evening skies shed golden colours on thy cheeks and the blithe bird sings harmonious hours. But whence from thy cornered eyes a streak of pity runs on the wight by thy side, and thy heart like a billow sends up many a stream of hot-felt sighs? Why does thy soul pent up thus set a hardened seal to the doors of gentle love? Perhaps thy cup is with bitter liquid filled by hands that yoked thee to that human form. But shall not love free thee from the tangled webs of custom?

356

PREMATURE DEATH.

How am I to think of thee my child? Thou wert a fleeting form across the expanse of my memory. Hardly three summers had passed and yet the pains of life and its fickle joys were thine. Full loads of fretting and moments of innocent glee crowded thy life's but short space. Memory saddens our life, sadder are thoughts of our past pleasures, but saddest still are those of those we had loved before. We loved thee when we had thee, but why do we pine we have thee not? Death lay his icy hands, but is it to smite the budding soul? Ah what a gap in nature! The air, the earth and the fire made thee. By the self same air, earth and fire wast thou too soon consumed. Death's massive waves swept thee away. Silence crowns thy head. Shall we hear thee yet in the evening breeze, see thee in the setting sun, feel thy presence in the ashes of the dissolving earth?

For thee we are content to be weak, to embrace the weakness of sorrow, to shed feminine tears, to dream of pious hopes and false

personifications.

P. PARTHASARATHY AIYENGAR.

Madras.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Concluded from our last Number).

CHAPTER X.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LANGUAGE.

IAVING traced English literature to its source, we have nothing more to do than to examine very briefly into the origin of the language and the gradations whereby it passed from the swamps of a formless barbarism into a clear and welldefined stream. The idioms of the piratical tribes who, crossing from the estuaries of the Elbe and the Rhine, gradually drove the Welsh into the Western Hills and laid the foundation of the modern British races, were complicated like most early sorts of speech. The inflections, genders, and tense-forms which are still abundant in the "Low Dutch" languages of that part of Europe were once characteristic of old English; and in comparing Netherlandish, Frisian, and Danish with the antique ballads of Scotland we become aware of a vocabulary and, to a less extent, of a grammar bearing some resemblance to those, but which have been eliminated from classical English. Indeed, it may be said that this language is the only one of the Teutonic group which has discarded the encumbrances referred to and which puts the words of a sentence into a reasonable and immediately intelligible order, besides employing compounds of Latin and Greek in lieu of ruder combinations. Take a common phrase such as,-"I shall take a second-class ticket": a Dutchman has to say for this, "Ik zal een kartji vor de tweadi clas nehmen," where you are not sure what he means till his sentence is finished.* And note

^{*} Until you heard the last word you could not be sure whether he meant to take the ticket for himself-or to give it to another.

that nearly every word is more or less identical with its English equivalent, yet one feels that to read a page of such sentences would be pain and grief to us.

So again, with what the experts call "old English," we are told that late in the tenth century there was a ballad made in that language on the defeat of the Scandinavian pirates by Earl Brihtnoth at the battle of Maldon in Essex. And this is how it begins:—

"Het tha bord berau becomas gaugan thaet Hi on tham ea stede calle stodon."

This is not gibberish, it is even an ambitious literary effort if we please to say so; but we could not venture to say it is the language of Tennyson. In fact that supreme artist published a version of a later ballad of this kind: frankly classed it among his "Translations" from foreign tongues, availing himself of another rendering in prose to enable him to turn it into a sort

of poem in English.

The period immediately preceding Chaucer was, in the South of Europe, one of considerable illumination which produced in England something analogous to what in Persia known as "False Dawn." At the end of the 13th century the triumph of the Guelfs and the prosperity of some of the Italian Republics had brought about a temporary civilization of which Dante was at once the product and the recorder; and the establishment of petty tyrannies in most of the republican States rather increased the signs of culture, by the erection of standards of taste, and by making over military life to a class of professional soldiers. The little courts of the tyrants patronised the arts, the citizens did their best in the pursuit of commerce with its intercourse with the East; an inglorious luxury took the place of rough but manly freedom. Some refraction of this light, some echo of these tones of melting melody found their way into England soon after the subsidence of the Black Death and the French war; and the Papal scandal that began in 1308 naturally affected men's minds in all Catholic countries where the relaxation of physical calamity gave time for thought.

Then the period immediately preceding the accession of Edward III was in England a time of considerable activity, though hardly favourable to the development of art—whether literary, pictorial, or musical. What culture there was took the form of architecture, and the fine church-building of the age was far in advance of any literary undertakings which—whether in French or Latin—might timidly appeal for favour. A voluminous versewriter, named Adam Davy, is believed to have produced a quantity of rhyme about 1300, which Chaucer appears to have had in his eye when he was telling the Rime of Sir Thopas and recording the hostile criticism of the Host of the Tabard, the jovial but short-tempered Harry Bayley. About the same time Robert of Gloucester brought out a rhymed chronicle in which is an interesting incidental notice of the prevalent fashion of speaking, the style is already too archaic to be easy reading:—

"Ich wene ther ne be man in worlde countrys none That he holdeth to her kinde speech but Engelonde one. Ae wel me wot vor to come both wel yt ys, Voe the more that a man con the more worth he ys."

Before this came the long and barren time of the Barons' war; in the feeble reigns of Henry III and his worthless father nothing worth recording was produced—though there was no moment of total silence.

The Romance of Sir Tristrem, edited by Walter Scott, has been with some confidence assigned to the year 1230, and is in the Northern dialect. Of the same period is The Owl and the Nightingale, assigned to Nicholas of Guildford, a southern writer, who uses the following style:—

"Ich was in ane sumere dale In one suthele dithely hale Ich herde holde grete tale Ane hule and ane nightingale."

The pretty ballad beginning "Sumere is ycomen in Lhude sing cucu."

is of the same period, as also the Ancren Rinole, or Rule, a treatise on the duties of female anchorites; * the Ormulum, a metrical arrangement of the Gospels intended for Church use,

^{*} Edited by the Rev. Jas. Morris, and by him ascribed to Bp. Poor (d. 1237) the English is pleasant and can be read with a little study and practice.

by Robert Orme, an Augustinian Canon; and lastly the Brut of Layamon, priest of Bewdley, about 1205. This poem about 56,000 lines in length is a translation of a work by the Jerseyman commonly known as "Robert Wace" in the mythic history of the ancient Britons. With Layamon we may be said to touch bottom: he is thought to embody the current language of the time; and an uncouth language it is; e.g.:—

An preost was on leoden Layamon was y hoten, He was Leonenadhe's sone; Lidhe him beo drihten."

Beyond this we are unable to trace the English language; the clergymen and chroniclers write in Latin; Wace and Map and Marie de France are intelligible in their old-fashioned French; but the vernacular is what the earlier historians ending with Hallam recognised as "Anglo-Saxon" and which it seems pedantic mystification to call by any other name.

The various styles of this primitive tongue have, however, been for some time past known as English of various denominations which may be understood from a chronologic arrangement, namely:—

First transition period, 1000—1200. In this the language is seen struggling to shake off case, tense, and gender, described by Hallam as the passing of Anglo-Saxon into English; sufficient, in the opinion of that able historian, to constitute "a new form of language." The most valuable monument of this process is The Saxon Chronicle, bringing down the history of the southern part of Britain to A. D. 1154. The authorship of the early portion has been traditionally ascribed to King Alfred; but that is somewhat earlier than the period under consideration, although the language was nearly stationary from the time of Alfred to the Norman conquest.

Late "old English" is held to have some small increase of archaism; and it is dated from 800 to 1000; and includes "the works of King Alfred in the end of the ninth century."

Early "old English" (700 to 800) is illustrated by Baeda ("Venerable Bede"), born about 673 near Durham, the author of a very famous Latin *Ecclesiastical History*, who has left a vernacular translation of the Gospel according to St. John, which he

362

had just time to complete when overtaken by death in 735. Baeda gives some particulars regarding a still earlier writer, Caedmon, the putative author of a poetical work which is thought to have supplied some ideas or materials for Milton's Paradise Lost.

All sorts of doubts have been propounded as to the author of this work, which is mainly a "paraphrase"—as it is generally entitled—of the earlier chapters of the Scriptures called Genesis, with subsequent portions ending with an original narrative of the triumph of Christ over Satan. All that is on record of the supposed author is derived from a tradition put on record by Baeda, to the effect that Caedmon was a servitor in the Abbey of Whitby in Yorkshire, who was patronised by Hilda the Abbess on account of a gift of poetry which he ascribed to a vision; and the date assigned to this event is A. D. 680. Some parts of the text were preserved by Baeda, some by King Alfred; and there is a manuscript of the tenth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The opinion among scholars is that several authors are to be supposed; and it has been observed that a Latin version was published at the Hague in 1655, which might well have been known to Milton. How far an ordinary English reader of education could have used the paraphrase without some such assistance may be judged from a specimen taken from the description of the enemy of mankind setting forth on his fatal mission:-

> "Haeleth helm on hea fod asette And thoune full heande geband, Spenn med spangum."

Which being interpreted is said to be "old English" for :—
"The chief on head his helmet set

And it full strongly bound Fastened with clasps."

But things of this sort are only proper subjects for special study, like the *Vedas* or the *Odes* of Pindar: and they have no particular connection with our present subject beyond showing from what rude and rough beginnings our language and literature have arisen. We may be pretty certain that if England and Scotland had been left to their indigenous resources, they would have had little more literature than the Faroe Islands.

In point of fact, however, our country has not been so entirely divided from the rest of the world since the days of Horace. In the 14th century we notice the Italian intercourse of which we have seen an example in the case of the Sonnet, in which Surrey was the first to use the correct Italian form. As soon as the Civil Wars were over a strong current set in from France which never ceased until the middle of the 18th century when the current was reversed and French writers began to copy ours. The inspiration of Richardson by Marivaux has been hinted at above, although rather as a conjecture than as a certainty.

In conclusion, we must admit that the English Classics, like the English people generally, show a mixed strain and are none the worse, but all the better, for so doing. What the future may have in store for us it would be beyond the scope of this little study to foretell; let us finally express a hope that writers now living will never forget their great predecessors, but will bear themselves ever as inheritors of great traditions and citizens of no mean city. Especially let us never forget that continuity has been the peculiar characteristic of our whole literature. From Chaucer and Wycliffe to Macaulay and Tennyson we may find occasional interruptions of progress but the spirit of the race remains a spirit of love and hope, of moderation and energy, of reverence for the past and courage for the future.

H.G. KEENE.

England.

"SADHANA" AND A PESSIMIST.

"SADHANA" fell into the hands of a pessimist. He was an out and out pessimist. There was no optimistic element in his nature. It is, therefore, not surprising that he did not find "Sadhana" quite to his taste. In fact, the perusal of the book threw him into a melancholy fit—he was so much upset by reading the simple truths so simply stated in the book. He had just recovered from his fit when some of his friends called on him. Wondering whether they had read the book and, if so, what effect it had produced upon them, the pessimist began to question his friends as follows:—

"Have you read 'Sadhana'?" he asked.

"Yes," cried several voices enthusiastically.

"How did you like the book?" This question was addressed to one of the men who had said "Yes." The pessimist decided to make this individual his victim, as his "Yes" was very loudly,

unhesitatingly and, therefore, truthfully uttered.

"Very much indeed," replied Abinash. "I enjoyed reading the book. It is so fresh, so bright and so cheerful. There is not a single melancholy thought in the whole book. It inspired me with hope, it filled me with joy. I only wish that the author were not so brief. 'Sadhana' comes as a boon and a blessing to us in the midst of our sorrows and anxieties."

"So you admit that there is such a thing as sorrow in this world," said the pessimist. "You, at any rate, do not deny the existence of

suffering, which the author of 'Sadhana' does."

"Does he?" said Abinash. "I was not aware of it. My impression is that he considers pain to be the negative aspect of pleasure. He does not say that there is no evil in the world. Such a statement would be false. Evil, as someone has said, is a dark and dismal night-shade which casts a gloom over every department of human life, and which continually pervades its brightest and fairest form. What the author of 'Sadhana' seems to believe is that this nightshade is no absolute, positive thing. In other words, evil and happiness are two

inconsistent things. They differ in kind. One is positive and permanent; the other is negative and impermanent. I am convinced by the book that it is so. Can you prove the contrary to be true?"

Pessimist: "I do not know if I can, but I should certainly like to have a chat with you on this question. May be I am wrong."

And then the pessimist and his friends settled down comfortably in their chairs. They knew what was coming. The pessimist was a fighting man. He fought for his opinions and fought hard. And they liked to hear him talk, as he always spoke earnestly and truthfully, and perhaps also convincingly. Abinash knew what the pessimist's line of argument would be, and so he quietly waited for him to speak.

Pessimist. "Let me first state as clearly as I can the theory elaborated in the 'Sadhana.' 'What is death?' asks our author. 'It is the negative aspect of life.' We must not keep 'the searchlight of our observation turned upon the fact of death.' If we persisted in doing so, the world would appear to us 'like a huge charnel-house.' It is life that counts. Death does not count. It is an ugly fact, and facts are odious things-brute beasts of the intellectual domain, Oliver Wendel Holmes called them. Death is no positive thing. It does not blacken existence, and in that respect it is like the sky which 'does not leave its stain upon the wings of a bird.' Again, the author does not want us to be always thinking about our failings and shortcomings, for if we did so we should lose all hope of bettering ourselves and, perhaps, 'die of utter depression.' Let us therefore ignore evil, ignore suffering, ignore sin. If they cannot be ignored, regard them negatively, treat them as the negative aspects of their opposites: joy, pleasure and purity. Nothing is gained by keeping our eyes fixed upon what does not inspire us with joy. Think of evil as if it were not, and then the realization of yourself by yourself, whatever that may mean, becomes easy. Let me tell you that this is the idealist's usual way of approaching the study of the question of pain. The idealist hates facts. He has his own theory of creation. Whatever contradicts his theory, he likes to omit. He mentions it as seldom as possible. He makes an attempt to leave it out altogether. When he fails in that attempt he makes light of the whole affair. He lacks the courage that takes the bull by the horns and faces the facts squarely and boldly. Does it make any difference to the existence of facts whether you consider them or ignore them? Not the slightest. Your method misleads you, and in the end it is you who suffer. It is true that 'the more steadily you fix your eyes upon the darkness, the more immeasurable does it appear,' but is that any reason why we should for our own sakes turn away from the question of evil? As the wellknown device of the ostrich does not save it from the weapon of the hunter, so the mere shutting of our eyes to the reality of evil does not make it vanish, but delivers us only the more surely into its power. "†

Abinash: "But the author of 'Sadhana' recognizes that there is evil in the world. In one place, I remember, he speaks about 'our lust, our greed, our love of comfort' which result 'in cheapening man to his lowest value' and about 'ugly sores in the body of civilization' which 'give rise to its hovels and brothels, its vindictive penal codes, its cruel prison systems, its organized method of exploiting foreign races to the extent of permanently injuring them by depriving them of the discipline of self-government and means of self defence!" "

Pessimist: "But what is the best way of dealing with these ugly sores? Can they be removed by regarding them philosophically and talking about them metaphysically? Suppose a doctor were consulted about the sores in the body of one of his patients. Would not the patient feel a bit surprised if the doctor instead of taking measures to cure him began to lecture him in the following strain: - 'My dear Sir, I know there are ugly sores in your body. The sight is painful. But I assure you that disease is no absolute, positive thing. It is merely the negative aspect of health. Do not, pray, keep the searchlight of your observation turned on the fact of these sores, for that would distress you. We shall talk no more about sores; and, by the way, death itself is no evil. It is the negative aspect of life. Let me change the topic,' and so on. I wonder if such a doctor will kill or cure most of his patients by dosing them with a theology of doubtful value instead of medicines. And to consider the question more carefully: what reasons have we for asserting that pain is the negative aspect of pleasure? Pleasure is simply a feeling and so is pain. The feeling of pain is as real as the feeling of pleasure. Suppose I asserted that pleasure is the negation of pain, and that pain is the only real thing, the absence of pain being pleasure. How could you contradict me?"

"I do not see your point," 'remarked Benode, who was taking a keen interest in the discussion.

Pessimist: "I will state it in the words of the philosopher of Königsberg: 'Our lot is so cast that there is nothing enduring for us but pain, some indeed have less, others more, but all at all times have their share, and our enjoyments at best are only slight alleviations of pain. Pleasure is nothing positive; it is only a liberation of pain, and therefore only something negative.' Socrates practically held the same view: pleasure and pain are inseparably connected together. If we obtain the one we are 'almost always under a necessity of accepting also the other, as if both of them

[†] Muller on the Christian doctrine of sin.

depended from a single summit; and' continued Socrates, 'if Aesop had perceived this he would have written a fable upon it and have told us that the Deity being unwilling to reconcile their conflicting natures, but at the same time unable to accomplish this design, conjoined their summits in an existence one and the same, and that hence it comes to pass that whoever partakes of the one is soon after compelled to participate in the other.' Plato's doctrine was the same—that pleasure is the negation of pain, pain being its root and antecedent. Sir William Hamilton reached the conclusion that both pleasure and pain are 'to be considered both as absolute and as relative:—absolute, that is, each is something real, and would exist were the other taken out of being; relative, that is, each is felt as greater or less by immediate contrast to the other.'"

"I will not conceal the truth from you. I object to 'Sadhana' because the book is too optimistic. An idealist is an optimist. He cannot be a pessimist, for pessimism and idealism are two inconsistent terms. Contrast the language of Kant with that used by our author. The world is 'a creation of joy.' 'From joy are born all creatures, by joy they are sustained, towards joy they progress, and into joy they enter.' And if the question be asked: Where can joy be found?' the answer is: 'It is everywhere; it is superfluous, unnecessary, nay it very often contradicts the most peremptory behests of necessity.' Could anyone tell me whether Buddha believed in a Creator?''

"No definite answer can be given to this question," said Abinash. Pessimist: "The charge of atheism has been brought against Buddhism. We cannot say whether Buddha did or did not even theoretically believe in a Creator; perhaps he did, but this, at any rate, is certain that his god was not a personal deity, an Ishwara. ' If the world had been made by Ishwara there would be no such thing as sorrow or calamity or sin,' remarked Buddha once to Anathpindika. And this is most true. A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended by modern theological writers in explaining away sin, which is the most formidable form in which evil encounters us. Sin has been attributed to a personal devil, to a being who is not God but is His rival in authority and to a man's free will. The story of Adam and Eve was probably invented to account for the existence of sin. But there is no getting away from the fact that sin exists and that a sinful world with its 'hovels and brothels' is very far from being a perfect, ideal world, or a 'gift of joy!' Experience shows the world to be 'in a very strange state,' as Butler put it, and 'it may well be doubted if it was ever in a perfect state, or that mankind will ever become perfectly good.' It was the existence of pain and suffering which led Buddha to renounce his faith in a personal god, and it must be admitted that evil is 'the supreme difficulty which theistic faith has to overcome.' Buddha overcame this difficulty by frankly recognising the existence of evil. 'Birth is suffering; old age is suffering; disease is suffering; death is suffering; sorrow and misery are suffering; affliction and despair are suffering; to be united with loathsome things is suffering; the loss of that which we love and the failure in attaining that which is longed for are suffering; all these things, O brethren, are suffering!'* And it was probably to explain evil and the inequalities of life, social and political, that Buddha was driven to invent the theory of Karma and the doctrine of re-birth. I feel strongly tempted to add to Buddha's list of human suffering. May I do so?''

"I have no objection," said Abinash.

"Certainly, if that will give you any satisfaction," said Benode,

with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Pessimist: "Social abuses are suffering; poverty of all kinds is suffering; to starve in times of famine is suffering; pestilence is suffering; to lose your all by fire or flood is suffering; wage slavery is suffering. The list is capable of infinite expansion, but I am, perhaps, growing tedious. A complete description of human ills and how mankind has suffered will fill volumes."

Abinash. "But does it not appear to you that the amount of evil is rapidly diminishing? A day may come when the dream of Rabindranath will be realized, and evil, the vestal virgin, casting off her dark veil will 'bare her face to the beholder as a revelation of

supreme joy.' "

Pessimist: "That day will never come. Evil is permanent. We have been waiting for the millennium for more than a thousand years, but the time for ordering our ascension robes, as Oliver Wendel Holmes puts it, has not yet come. The golden age, curiously enough, always belongs to the past. Men can more readily believe that the past was idyllic than hope that the future will be ideal. For each evil which we have been able to eradicate there are ten that have defied our power. Evil can assume a thousand forms. Sometimes it comes to us in the form of physical calamities, sometimes in the shape of moral or social inequalities. Its resources are unlimited. The most that we can hope for is that in the future we may not suffer so much as we do now. A mitigation of suffering is possible, but the abolition of suffering is inconceivable. Men must first be transformed into angels, and the world into heaven before you can persuade me to believe in the extinction of suffering. Human nature must change before classwar, civil strife and economic poverty disappear. And when that time comes the world would stand still. All progress would be ended.

^{*} Gospel of Buddha-Carus.

The law of evolution would cease to operate. For progress, as has been conclusively shown by biologists, depends on competition, on continual selection and rejection, on the victory of the strong in the struggle for existence. Will such a stationary world be worth having? Most of us would say 'No!' But if the struggle for existence would continue indefinitely, the dream of a perfect world in which there is no sin nor suffering will never become a reality."

Abinash: "Can we not wish for the impossible? Human nature may change and the change bring with it peace, joy and eternal contentment."

Pessimist: "Wish away, my young friend. As for myself, I have freed myself from this delusion. The seed of evil was sown in man's heart and the harvest has been abundant, even superabundant. You may be able to rid yourself of external evil, but how can you escape the monster that is within you? We think evil almost instinctively. Sin has been defined as a perversion of a man's mental nature, as a disease of the will, as the opposite of reverence and trust towards God. However we may define it, the fact cannot be ignored that it is not a mere negation. A bad motive is something quite as real as a good motive. A bad motive can incite us to rob, steal, or murder, all positive acts, just as a good motive can impel us to do good to our fellowmen. A cruel and dishonest purpose, as has been said, 'is surely something that actually enters into the mental experience of the cruel or dishonest man.' Moreover, sin is a permanent defilement and corruption of the heart, and the innate tendency or bias towards sin exists in every human being. No world can be perfect in which sin exists, and no man is perfect whose nature is sinful. We heartily disapprove of sin and yet have formed a life-long connexion with it. The evil which we would not, that we do. Pain may not be evil, but sin is nothing but How human beings can pretend to be happy, in spite of the spectre of sin, is an enigma to me. How anything can be a thing of joy to us when the very centre of our being, our vital nature, has been corrupted by sin, is a riddle which I cannot solve."

Abinash: "Then what would you have us do? Shall we cease from work and begin to rail at God and the universe? There is, at least, this much to be said for idealism, that it is a religion of hope. Pessimism is the religion of despair. If I were to choose between hope and despair as incentives to activity, I should certainly choose hope."

Pessimist: "And you would be doing the right thing. But you must not forget that you choose hope for the sake of being saved from despair. One who chooses hope for its own sake is a dreamer, a sentimentalist, an idealist. He lives in an atmosphere of hope and love, and for him there is no evil in the world. The pragmatic value of

idealism is nil. The idealist sees the One and the All everywhere. The All obsesses him, never leaves him, comes between him and his business. He is always at the universal standpoint, seeing God in man and man in God. For such a man the most hideous spectacle is the revelation of supreme joy. How can the idealist work for the salvation of his fellowmen? An idealist as an idealist must be a dreamer of dreams. India has ever been the home of idealists, of people who have developed their imagination at the expense of other faculties. Imagination predominates over our understanding. Our imaginative faculty has produced systems of philosophy which, as works of imagination, are without their equal. But I long for the time when idealistic visions will cease to appeal to us. The actual is not the ideal and the conflict between the two is irreconcilable. Why mistake the one for the other? Leave the ideal alone. It will take care of itself. We have paid dearly for idealism. Let us learn a lesson from the past. What India wants is a practical, manly, vigorous system, not a system of Infinite love, Infinite joy and Infinite laziness."

And here the discussion ended. Pessimism and smoking evidently went hand in hand, for the pessimist, having brought the discussion to a close, leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

BRIJ NARAIN.

Delhi.

THOMAS HARDY: OUR GREATEST PROSE POET.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

Thas been remarked already that Under the Greenwood Tree is almost the only novel in the score or so fathered by Hardy which does not end in tragedy, or at all events in the discomfiture or ruin of the bulk of the characters those novels contain. And even in this tale, which is a short one, we seem always to be standing on the brink of disaster; catastrophe is merely averted, deferred rather, for knowing the author's bias, and indeed without knowing it, in the nature of things we know that there is no likelihood were the novel continued, that alluring but vain little creature, Fancy, who gives herself haltingly to the most attractive young man in the village, would have been proof in after years against any serious temptation; while in any case the secret she is harbouring from her husband must have poisoned and embittered her existence. Fancy is, in fact, the rough sketch for that long series of more finished pictures of frail but beautiful women, led into the wrong paths by vanity and love of admiration, which are the commonplaces of Hardy's novels.

The story is certainly the least depressing of the author's creations. It is indisputable that apart from the keen pleasure of encountering a consummate artist in words, a nature poet in prose of the highest genius, Hardy's books are sombre enough to sadden Mark Taply himself. He pursues his people with relentless, with almost savage purpose, with the merciless persistence of the Greek dramatists; they may wriggle, they may double; they may fast and they may pray; they may try this way and try that; but we know they are finished from the beginning; there is to be no escape for them; unkind fate is to hunt them to their doom. Hardy penetrates into the very heart

of humanity and reveals the canker that is concealed there. He is a past master in depicting the pathos, the ineffectual nothingness of life. This is doubtless one reason, another being that he deals with the humble walks of life, that outside a comparatively small circle of readers, who read because to them literature, and not an idle story, is meat and drink, Hardy cannot be said to be a popular writer. His treatment of his children, the children of his brain, is thought by many readers to be cruel and perverse, and they strongly resent it. They are up in arms at the dominant note of sadness. It must be conceded I think, however, that prevailing sadness, or in any case a high and severe seriousness, is the note of nearly all art of the first distinction, be if in literature, painting or music.*

As to their being any definite philosophy, other than that which the narratives themselves unfold, underlying his stories, I do not think, as I have already indicated, that Hardy has any serious intention to emphasise any particular teaching. In the preface to Jude the Obscure, he would seem to repudiate distinctly any such inference. "For a novel," he writes. "addressed by a man to men and women of full age; which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, to tell without a mincing of words of a deadly war waged with the old Apostolic desperation between flesh and spirit; to point the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken. Like former productions of this pen, Jude the Obscure is simply an endeavour to give shape and coherence to a series of seemings or personal impressions, the question of their permanence or their transitoriness, being regarded not of the first moment."

"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
Of saddest thought."

^{*} I know this proposition will be fiercely challenged; but I am sure it is sustainable. In literature from the Greek dramatists to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to Shelley and so on to Francis Thompson: from Cervantes to Dickens and so on to Meredith and Hardy. In music from Handel to Mendelssohn and from Mendelssohn to Wagner. In painting from the Italians to the great landscapists of the Barbizon School, for even the art of the sprightly Corot is, at its best, productive of chastened thought, there is scarcely a great work of art in which the note of pathos and sadness is wanting, even when the theme is, in itself, joyous.

However this may be, it is certain that no Isaiah, no St. Paul, St. Francis, Ignatius, Savonarola or Dante has emphasised or could emphasise the lesson with greater force than Hardy has emphasised it, the lesson, not to step outside my province, which may be briefly indicated by the text, "the wages of sin is death."

Hardy's attitude toward orthodox religion is uncertain; there is nothing in his books to show precisely where he stands. That he is familiar with the hundred and one forms of free thought, so called, is obvious; he associates himself with none of them. Likewise, although he has apparently a healthy horror of the nauseous doctrines of free love, discerning plainly that in practice they are destructive of woman's purity and of the institution of family; he never misses an opportunity of representing marriage as something worse than a lottery, for with him it is one in which nearly all his men and women draw blanks. It would really seem as if he regarded life as something to be borne with as much equanimity, quietude and resignation as one can command; a journey to be got through as best one may; leading nowhere and meaning nothing.

Occasionally, as in the last few lines of Tess, Hardy bursts forth into a rebellious and defiant note. The concluding paragraph of the Mayor of Casterbridge, when Elizabeth Jane has finally found rest as the wife of Farfrae-and by the way it must be, I think, that Hardy intends this man, the very pink of respectability to stand as the type of a heartless, shallow prig, thereby to make us love the sinner, the man of blood, bone and human failings, Michael Henchard, the more—this concluding paragraph would seem to go some way to epitomise Hardy's view of life. "Elizabeth Jane's experience," he writes, "had been of a kind to teach her, rightly or wrongly, that the doubtful honour of a brief transit through a sorry world hardly called for effusiveness, even when the path was suddenly irradiated at some-half way point by day beams as rich as hers. But her strong sense that neither she nor any human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who had deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate, she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquility had been accorded at the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode

in a general drama of pain." These last lines re-assert Hardy's position and tell us plainly that had he continued his story, the drama of pain, in one form or another, would re-open for Elizabeth Jane, about whom he tells us elsewhere, making his puppet the vehicle of his own philosophy, that "She felt about life and its surroundings that they were a tragical rather than a comical, thing; that though one could be gay on occasion, moments of gaiety were interludes and no part of the actual drama."

This novel, the 'Mayor of Casterbridge,' may be instanced to uphold Hardy's claim to be considered a master of dramatic situation, though almost any of his stories would amply vindicate this claim. There are two situations in this story which could hardly be equalled for dramatic intensity. Here is one of them: Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, who it will be remembered in early life, in a fit of drunkenness, pique and devil-may-care had sold his wife and child, and never ceased thereafter to deplore his infamy, had come by his own again. The wife is now dead, the child has become the apple of his eye. This child has gone by the name of the sailor who gave five guineas for the wife. Henchard is entirely convinced that the child is his. He has succeeded in inducing her to take his name, and to satisfy her that she is actually his child, he goes in search of certain confirmatory papers. It is then he leaps upon an envelope containing a statement written by the wife on her death-bed and marked not to be opened until the day of Elizabeth Jane's marriage. The seal is insecure. Henchard withdraws the paper to find it contains the confession that his daughter, his Elizabeth Jane had died, and that the girl he had in recent years treasured as his own, is another Elizabeth Jane, of whom the sailor, who had purchased the mother, was the father.

As to Hardy's humour, almost every chapter of the greater number of his books bristles with it; humour as spontan ous and unlaboured as anything in fiction. It is the comparative absence of this quality in *Jude the Obscure*—for the village yokels, full of their sententious quips and quirks are lacking in this novel, that has much to say to its general unacceptability. Perhaps in none of the novels is the saving grace of humour more conspicuous than in *Far from the Madding Crowd* and in the eighth chapter, the chat in the malthouse, where Gabriel Oak, the shepherd, is engaged in discursive conversation with

the ancient malster and his familiars, high-water mark is reached.

One constantly comes across the assertion that Hardy is a "democratic writer," whatever that may mean. In this particular connexion it commonly means however, democratic in the special and limited sense in which that term is used in party warfare. Certainly Hardy pleads for a greater measure of charity between man and man, class and class; he shows how the ramifications of blood, resultant upon the changes and counterchanges in the social placement of units and families among the people, have gone far to weld together, in blood that is to say, the different races and classes in the existing make-up of English folk. So far Hardy is a democratic writer. But in the political sense there is nothing in Hardy's writings to justify any political party claiming him for its own, much less the party which affects to believe in the political equality of men It is difficult to imagine that a mind so scientific as his, by which I mean so supremely conscious of the laws of cause and effect, could have any sympathy with those illogical political theories, which are generally understood to be implied under the head democratic. For Hardy, although full of sentiment, rarely allows sentimentality to obscure his judgment; he is never a sentimentalist in the sense that the protagonists of the French Revolution were sentimentalists, and neurotic ones at that. He shows that whatever of excellence there is in mankind is no chance creation, but has resulted from steady growth throughout successive generations. For the rest Hardy has generally held himself aloof, standing as he does immeasurably above the ugly and sordid game of party politics, and although he has occasionally been led into betraving sympathies, one side or the other, in certain political controversies of the moment, it is, I think, quite beside the mark to assume that the revolutionary spirit which sometimes tinctures his writings predominates over that passionate affection for things grounded in the past to which his pages constantly give evidence. Particularly one traces in his work, over and over again, strong sympathy with that system of human governance which the socialists of to-day delight to hold up to ridicule and abuse; the so-called feudal system; a system so logical in its theory. and in practice so nearly in accord with the unalterable facts of human nature, that shorn of its abuses, in the realm of actuality

no less than in that of theory, it still, in the opinion of some of us who have given some attention historically and practically to politics, holds the field as the most perfect of all political systems

invented by man.

Obviously it will not be possible to attempt a close analysis of all Hardy's novels. There is, indeed, from first to last, a strong family likeness about them: the same insistent note of tragedy; the same sacrifice of the higher types to the lower; the same underlying vein of humour, the salt of life, which, however, as Hardy uses it, causes us to laugh pitifully at ourselves; to dismiss ourselves scornfully as individuals and as humanity in the abstract; to brush ourselves aside impatiently as poor fools for taking our loves and joys, our debasement and uprisings so seriously, for Hardy is determined we should see ourselves as the atoms we really are, and teaches us to acquiesce silently in our final overthrow and oblivion. On the antidote to this gloomy outlook, altruism, Hardy has little to say; nor does he point to that other and surer way in which so many brave souls find deliverance.

It may be profitable, however, to run through two of Hardy's novels: The Return of the Native as representing his earlier period at his best and Tess of the D'Urbervilles as so representing his later. The first-named story, The Return of the Native published in 1878, opens with a description of Egdon Heath which illustrates to the full Hardy's genius in penetrating to the very heart of external nature. "The time seems near," he writes, "if it has not already arrived, when the chastened sublimity of amoor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the mood of mankind." Across this waste of Egdon, strewn with barrow and tumuli, silent records of a vanished race, Hardy brings certain travellers whose casual meeting marks the beginning of entanglement—the skeins of their lives merge to their confusion. The sentiment of mystery is created and sustained. Bonfires glow everywhere on the heath which owed their origin not so much as the invention of popular feeling about Gunpowder Plot, but are rather, to continue in Hardy's actual words, "unconscious survivals, jumbled and distorted, of Druidical rites and Saxon ceremonies." To continue from the pages of the book :--

"The brilliant lights and sooty shades which struggled upon the skins and clothes of persons standing round caused their

lineaments and general contours to be drawn with Dureresque vigour and dash. Yet the permanent moral expression of each face it was impossible to discover, for as the nimble flames towered, nodded and swooped through the surrounding air, the blots of shade and flakes of light upon the countenances group changed shape and position endlessly. All unstable; quivering as leaves evanescent as lightning. Shadowy eye-sockets, deep as those of a death's head, suddenly turned into pits of lustre. A lantern-jaw was cavernous, then it was shining; wrinkles were emphasised by ravines, or obliterated entirely by a changed ray. Nostrils were dark wells; sinews in old necks were gilt mouldings; things with no particular polish on them were glazed; bright objects, such as the tip of a furze-hook one of the men carried, were as glass; eyeballs glowed like little lanterns. Those whom Nature had depicted as merely quaint became grotesque, the grotesque became preternatural; for all was in extremity."

Presently we enter into the orbit of the impending tragedy. Wildeve, half genius, half adventurer, is torn between his love for Eustacia and another. Eustacia is a woman of appealing beauty "whose mouth seemed framed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss," a creature who would be Wildeve's natural mate, were it not obvious that neither one nor the other, the woman or the man, was a possible mate for anyone save for a reason, because of the instability of their characters. Eustacia though in a less brutal sense, is as much a Ninon as was Arabella in Iude. She is a compact of contradictions with feelings and aspirations unsustainable on any solid bedrock of ability or character, and both she and Wildeve are the victims of their temperaments-the artistic temperament, which when there is more temperament than artistry about it, is a curse to its possessor. Wildeve, then, is torn between his passion for this woman, and his feeling for a woman, Thomasin, of quite different mould, a woman with whom honour and duty, rather than pomp and vanity, are the impelling forces of life and conduct. Eustacia tiring of Wildeve increasingly, as she perceives he is not made of the stuff either to realise his owndreams, or to dream of one woman that she is ever fair. sets her affections on Clym Yeobright, the counterpart, as a man of his cousin Thomasin; for the solid things of life, rectitude and fidelity are his loadstars. Eustacia wins Clym, only to find that

there is a fatal antagonism between them, for as with Arabella in Jude the Obscure and many another of Hardy's women, Eustacia has not married for love of the man alone, but mainly of the things—which in her case took the shape of a gay life in Paris—which she has secretly resolved he shall give her. So, she reverts by a natural law to Wildeve, who meanwhile has drifted, his heart being very little in it, into marriage with Thomasin, When unexpected fortune comes to him, the inevitable happens, and more by the force of circumstances, which are ever ready to conspire to the destruction of wayward souls, than from any actual preference for evil courses, the two, Eustacia and Wildeve, are brought together again, though in this case Hardy is somewhat merciful. Rather than allow them a brief spell of unhallowed bliss, to descend step by step into the hell appointed for them (and in saying this one is not merely echoing the conventions of morality, but is stating the law of cause and effect as it operates in civilized communities, upon which law the aforesaid conventions are based), he sends a swift thunderbolt to hurl them into space. Such then, shorn of subsidiary details, are the outlines of the tale, and out of such materials, most of Hardy's tales are constructed. In the bald telling, of course, a gross injustice is done to the author, for it is in the manner in which a plot is unfolded all the value of a story lies; and above all in the setting, and the setting of this tale as of all Hardy's tales is inexpressibly beautiful. Take for instance this description of nature's sounds, the linguistic peculiarity of the heath. "Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds, that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain in the throat at fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiæ in which it originated could be realized as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and there were neither stems, leaves, fruit, blades, prickles, lichen nor moss." And again:

"The water at the back of the house could be heard, idly spinning whirlpools in its creep between the rows of dry feather-headed reeds which formed a strong stockade along each bank. Their presence was denoted by sounds as of a congregation praying humbly, produced by their rubbing against each other in the slow wind." And yet again:—"The pause was filled by the intonation

of a pollard thorn a little way to the windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth."

As an example of Hardy's uncompromising directness, recalling that memorable saying of his in Tess where he describes the village swains and maidens masquerading in their best at Sunday service, as "flesh coquetting with flesh," this may be instanced. "In an ordinary village or country town one can safely calculate that any villager who has been absent and has not lost his appetite for seeing and being seen, will turn up in some pew or other, shining with hope, self-consciousness and new clothes." Of Hardy's second period I select Tess, because it is perhaps the most distinctive, as, apart from *Jude*, it is the most debated novel of Hardy's later life; and also because, it so happens that I have a special reason for being interested in it, since at the time of its publication I was selected by the editor of a weekly review to defend it against the Quarterly, that sedate periodical, whose reputation is largely based on arrogating to itself a traditional right to attack every vital and unconventional demonstration of literary genius.

"I don't know about ghosts," said Tess to her lover, Angel Clare, "but I do know that our souls can be made to go outside our bodies while we are alive." Had Tess also said that our bodies can be made to go outside our souls, she would have aptly expressed what actually occurred to herself. George Moore, in A Mere Accident, horrified a great many readers by bringing home to them, in all its bald unloveliness the terrible risks the purest of women may encounter in daily life. Hardy, in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles, emphasises the same solemn lesson. Those who take the conventional view of what constitutes purity in woman have quarrelled with this book. They pity Tess, but deny her right to be considered a pure woman. Yet St. Augustine's authority, despite his austerity, may be cited for what Mr. Hardy claims.

The facts of Tess's case are these: She is the daughter of a poor higgler, John Durbeyfield and his wife Joan. The Durbeyfields suddenly discover that they are the lineal descendants of an ancient Anglo-Norman house. This discovery leads them to all sorts of castle-building. They find occasion to send Tess, a beautiful girl just blossoming into womanhood, to fulfil a nondes-

380

cript situation in the house of a family bearing the name of her forefathers. But these D'Urbervilles are of a coarse stock, they have obtained wealth by sweating the poor, and think to make themselves distinguished by filching the name of the patrician race which they suppose to be extinct and with which race they are not even remotely connected. The son Alec, the kind of man whose life is spent in "leading captive silly women," is a self-indulgent waster, the hero of many an easy conquest, to whom the virtue of a village girl is a thing of no moment: such as he appear to question its existence. The poor girl resists this creature's insidious advances as best she can. She hardly understands their nature, and so far from her compliance being obtained, she is really the victim of stratagem and force. Hardy has done a real service in demonstrating how dangerous a thing purity, that is to say innocent ignorance, can be. For a time, before and after the birth of her child, Tess's spirit is crushed, though these are really the days of her spiritual awakening. She seeks and obtains at a farmhouse another situation, and there she meets Angel Clare, a young man of gentle birth who is learning practical farming. Clare's ideal of womanhood is as high as D'Urberville's was low. He is drawn to Tess not only by her physical beauty, but because of the nobility and sweetness of her character. Conceiving after what has happened to her that such is her duty. Tess struggles desperately against her growing love for Clare. She evades him persistently and refuses his offer of marriage several times over. He imagines her sensitiveness to her social disabilities to be answerable for her conduct, for it is clear to him that she loves him. At last, having gained over his parents to the union, Tess consents to be his wife. Within a few hours of their marriage Clare tells Tess of certain dark spots in his own past history. Then it is she is emboldened to impart to him her own secret, a secret which she had longed from the first to divulge, but has been hindered by her natural delicacy. At first he disbelieves the story; but when he is convinced he tells her that she can never be anything but a wife to him in name. Situations are introduced here, open to objection on the score of their impossibility, but which bring home to the reader the supersensitive delicacy of Tess's womanly reticence and spiritual purity. Clare goes to Brazil. Tess's family encroach on the money he has left her. She is driven to undertake the meanest kind of field-labour. In

THOMAS HARDY

an unhappy moment she meets her seducer. The creature's sensualism has taken another turn: he has blossomed into a revivalist preacher. So soon as he sees Tess the old passion is re-awakened in him. He pursues her ruthlessly, using every cunning wile and vile sophistry, the pernicious doctrines which are the stock in trade of such as he to win her back. Her family are in the greatest straits and through their necessities the pursuer makes them his allies. He assures the perplexed girl that her husband has deserted her once and for all, and indeed his silence, for her pleading letters remain unanswered, confirms this theory. Clare's hardness, the subtle incitements of Joan Durbeyfield-how often does a base and sordid mother contribute to the undoing of her daughter-induce absolute recklessness and despair, and drive Tess in the end to yield to her tempter's advances; so that when at last Clare returns, broken and repentant, he finds her living under D'Urberville's protection. The scene between the husband and wife is the most dramatic in the book which teems with dramatic situations. There is nothing for the unhappy man to do but to leave and this he does. But D'Urberville discovers that Clare has returned and directs a slighting word at him. This awakens the latent devil in Tess's breast, and in a moment of uncontrollable frenzy she stabs the man who has defiled and ruined her to the heart. In her flight she overtakes her husband who now offers her the protection he has so long withheld. But the end is not far distant.

The book was ruthlessly attacked. The underlying note of the *Quarterly*'s attack was that it is virtuous for a girl to sell herself in wedlock, thereby profaning a sacrament, virtuous to bind herself by a bond from which there is no honourable escape; but that a woman who has been caught unawares in a snare has lost all right to the title of purity. For the rest, the interest in Tess is so absolute in this novel that we can but regard all the other characters as mere shadings of the picture. It is about Tess, and Tess alone, we care. She dominates the drama, in much the same way as Electra, in Sophocles' tragedy of that name is dominant. None but a master of the highest powers could have created such a character. Walter Pater says of Mérimèe's *Colomba* that it vindicates the function of a novel, as no tawdry literature, but in very deed a fine work of art The like may be said of Hardy's *Tess*.

I have had occasion more than once to class together Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. It is a curious fact that they were accidentally associated from the first, apart from any literary affinities. The first published work of both authors appeared in the same year, 1865, and in the same magazine. A few years later it happened that Meredith, being the reader for a publisher to whom, quite by chance, Hardy submitted his first novel, recommended that novel for publication to the firm by whom he was retained. Hardy has much the same mental bias, much the same ethical tendency as Meredith, and the two writers are allured by kindred problems. But how different their methods. Hardy gives us absolute simplicity in plot and diction: Meredith must be read again and again if we wish to get from his text his meaning. Meredith introduces his characters as aids to dialogue, and dialogue is the medium whereby he writes for us his criticisms on the comedy of life. Hardy's characters and situations are essentially the servants of his narrative; he makes his people absolutely live; whereas Meredith gives us symbols merely, delightful abstractions of the brain, only sufficiently vitalised for his purpose which is obviously equational and analytic. In common with Meredith, Hardy began his literary career as a writer of poems, and again in common with Meredith his poetry is of no mean order. In feeling it is no less pessimistic, probably it is more so, than his prose.

A few words in conclusion on Thomas Hardy as a man may not be out of place. He was born near the county town of Dorchester, 73 years ago and comes of an old Yeoman family, of which his great uncle Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend, was another distinguished member. Hardy in his novels is never tired of dwelling on the interesting results following upon a generous admixture of blood, both as regards class and race. This admixture is almost invariably discoverable in tracing the ancestry of great men. A so-called pure race tends to sterility of mind and body. He is, moreover, deeply interested in that curious fact, known to journalists, that the best blood of a country often flows in the veins of very humble families. I know from my own researches that the descent of Tess from a noble family has countless parallels in fact, and so far is not therefore to be put down as the mere device of the romancer: such instances as this abound all over the country, especially in Sussex and Wessex. For the rest

Hardy may be called the novelist of the mésalliance, for unequal marriages, unequal in the social sens, abound in his pages. doubt his own remote Norman descent and the admixture of the blood of his paternal ancestors with that of Briton, Saxon and Dane, explain his keenness to account for the characteristics of his puppets on hereditary grounds. His father was, I believe, engaged in some form of masonry, and he himself was articled to an architect and proved himself no mean practitioner in that profession. In early life he also concerned himself with the study of painting, and the fact is frequently attested in his novels. As becomes, or as I should say, as is essential to any great creator, Hardy has led a life of some seclusion, though that is not saving he has shut himself from his kind; he is in fact a magistrate for his county. In 1874 Mr. Hardy married Emma, the daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford and niece of Archdeacon Gifford. This lady died in 1912. As I conclude this brief monograph the announcement of the novelist's second marriage, the bride being his secretary, Florence Emily, daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, is made. He holds the coveted Order of Merit and is President of the Society of Authors, his predecessors in that distinction being Lord Tennyson and George Meredith.

Thomas Hardy is, in a word, no ordinary novelist, who spins yarns for the beguilement of idle hours; he is a great epic poet choosing prose as his medium. He has enriched the literature of his country, and leaves to it a priceless legacy, for he has preserved for posterity, as in an indestructible crystal, national records which but for his genius and industry would have been lost to our

children for ever.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

England.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER VII.

CHARGE OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS.

THE General was lying on the ground, full dressed as he was, trying to put in a few hours' sleep, when Palmer approached him.

"I'm sorry," apologised Palmer. "You must need rest; I ought to have waited but the Colonel said you wanted to see me."

"It doesn't matter. In the morning it certainly would have been more convenient. However, as you are here—the fact is I wanted to ask you if you would accept a commission in the army?"

Accept? Palmer was delighted.

"Thank you, Sir, of course I'll accept; but I must first go to Lefebre and tell him."

"Of course, and you can bring us in information, if any. You will probably be posted to one of the Indian regiments—the Gurkhas or Sikhs, but—I shall want you to do some—er—intelligence work. You understand, don't you?"

Palmer did. The term "spy" is not used in the British army. "Agents"—that's what the men are styled who risk their lives, creeping into the enemy's trenches to secure information.

"That's all," continued the General. "Get off to-morrow morning early."

While Palmer poured forth his gratitude as warmly as possible for the General's great kindness, a Staff Officer hurriedly approached.

"Telephone message from our right, Sir. Flashlights have disclosed enemy massing in great numbers; several army corps in fact."

Even as he finished speaking, there came the dull roar of artillery.

The General was on his feet in an instant. His orderly, anticipating something from the Staff Officer's hurried approach to the General, had already the General's horse saddled.

Away rode the General and the Staff.

Palmer went with them.

The German attack on the British position south of Ypres was only one of the attempts on the night of the 11th to capture that town. Two other attacks were delivered to the north and east. The mightiest onslaught of all was on the Allies' position, east, which was carried out by the 1st and 4th brigades of the Prussian Guards, the Kaiser's chosen soldiers, the corps d'elite of the German army.

The English position round Ypres was a semi-circle. It was one of the horns of the semi-circle that was now being attacked by massed

infantry, cavalry and artillery.

It is well to remember that the country round Ypres is covered with woods, and these woods had made the fighting and the British retention of Ypres most difficult. In the present instance, however, the wood behind the British position acted as a screen where reserves were called up and stationed, and turned, what looked like a rout, into a victory, as will be seen presently.

Flashlights discovered the Germans debouching from a wood. Instantly the French and English guns opened fire. The French held

the advance trenches.

The General despatched officers to call up reserves, and these, including the Life Guards, now fighting as infantrymen, occupied the wood.

"Busy Berthas," Krupp's 42 cm shells, poured round the Allies' positions. For half an hour there was an incessant hail of shells. Then—

"They are coming!"

Yes, fifteen battalions of the Prussian Guards, unutterably brave men, marching in a great grey column on the French trenches as steadily as on parade.

Shot and shell mowed them down, yet the ranks moved on unbroken. Shrapnel burst over them with deafening report; machine guns rained bullets viciously; and French and English rifle bullets carried death on front and flank.

But the Prussians came on steadily.

A Staff Officer galloped into the wood.
"Life Guards—this is the day of your lives—the General says
He knows you will do your duty."

A hearty cheer greeted the officer's words.

" Halt ! Halt ! "

SO.

The British regiments were already manifesting some impatience to get at the enemy.

Life Guards' day. Here was an opportunity to prove that it was

not only on parade that they made a brave show.

"There goes another Staff Officer. Lord, he's plucky," commented

a guardsman.

The "Staff Officer" was Palmer. He rode clear of the wood. Shot and shell pouring round him. His wounded arm gave him only a little pain, and it was noticed that he held the reins loosely. Palmer was careful to avoid a wrench as he would have to use his revolver presently.

He rode to an angle of the wood which flanked the British

position-and where was a machine gun.

"Lieutenant Whittle!"

He pulled up his horse and listened. There was no response.

"Where is Lieutenant Whittle?" he called again.

A head peeped round the gun shield.

"They're carrying him to the rear, Sir, badly wounded."

Palmer sprang from his horse.

"I'll take command in his absence," he said.

He was not sure if he were doing the right thing from the point of view of military etiquette; but the orders he had received were of great importance; and as the machine-gun officer was disabled, he decided to see those orders carried out personally.

The Prussians were steadily advancing to storm the trenches held

by the French. To the rear of the French were the British.

It was a wonderful march, and the men sang as they advanced-

" Fast stands and true the watch on the Rhine."

Shrapnel and rifle bullets cut lanes in their ranks; but they advanced, still singing and cheering.

Ha! They are closing their ranks. The moment for the final

headlong charge had arrived.

"Hock! Hock!"

in

in

fo

"Deutschland uber alles."

The German ranks shouted, and charged down on the French who were waiting for them. A hundred yards—fifty yards—the deadly hail of bullets did not stop the brave Prussian Guards. The Kaiser was watching them.

The French trenches were reached. Once on top of the trenches the attackers had all the advantage. But the French upheld the honour of their country.

They fought like men. They died like heroes.

Vive la France!

"Now comes our turn," cried a British officer. "Steady lads! Take the time from me."

They were quite steady.

Some of the Germans on the right pursued the French into the woods; and here they met British supports, and the fighting soon became single combats.

The mass of Germans, however, came from the captured trenches to attack the Life Guards in front of the wood. It was to the Life

Guards that the British officer had appealed.

The "mad minute" had arrived. The Germans called it by that name—and as soon as it started, the Germans fell in hundreds. The enemy could not understand how the Britishers were able to fire so steady a stream of bullets; and at first it was imagined by them that each British soldier carried a machine gun. Anyhow, it was true, that in one minute every British soldier could empty fifteen rounds of ammunition into the enemy.

The "mad minute" had started and behind it, the machine guns. Fifty yards—no nearer; and the Prussian Guards wavered.

Then-

" Life Guards-charge!"

They met—the Guards of England and the Guards of Prussia. But the British Life Guards are cavalry and were fighting now as infantry. That, however, made no difference to them—they used the bayonet quite as well as the sword-lance.

The German wave broke. The British drove the enemy back to the trenches they had captured from the French.

The fight in the wood, meanwhile, continued.

Palmer soon lost all his men. He was working, single-handed, the machine gun, showering a hail of bullets on the German flank.

A German officer cried to his men: "Stop that infernal machine." Three men heroically tried. The machine gun swept them aside. The Officer fired his revolver, but the gun's shield protected Palmer.

"Our only chance is hand grenades," shouted the officer.

The order was passed down—"Hand grenades to the front."
"They are coming,"—the information was passed back.

A great strapping Pioneer crept up. Palmer saw him. The man was soon a corpse. The officer picked up the grenade and with a mighty swing, flung it towards the gun.

Palmer saw it coming. The aim, he calculated, was true, the gun was doomed, so was he himself, unless he quitted his post, and that instantly.

He sprang away from the gun—a few yards, and then fell flat on the ground, his nose almost in the earth. Two seconds; then a

f

roar, and a thick black cloud of smoke. The gun was out of action.

Palmer had had a miraculous escape from the grenade; but the German officer was now near him. Palmer was unarmed.

"Surrender," cried the German.

Palmer gave himself up for lost. Some more Germans had come up and covered him with their rifles. Surrender, however, was out of the question.

"It's I who must ask you to surrender," he said, with a smile. "I have men in the trees who will shoot you the instant I hold up my hand."

There had been men in the trees; Palmer had not made it his business to find out if they were still there; therefore he was not lying. His calm smile carried conviction to the German officer who hesitated. This hesitation saved Palmer, for all firing in the wood suddenly ceased. The Germans in the wood, what were left of them, had surrendered.

The officer handed Palmer his sword; and some soldiers at that moment coming up to see what had become of the machine gun, took the German Guardsmen prisoners.

The fight was not yet over.

Between the trench and the woods lay about a thousand Germans, dead and dying—eloquent testimony to the desperate nature of the fighting.

The British, too, had lost heavily.

The Prussian Guards still held the captured French trenches, and these were now rushed by the Allies. The Prussians, smarting under their disgrace at being beaten and remembering that the Kaiser had watched them advance to "victory," fought desperately.

The first attack was repulsed with heavy loss.

"This is a matter for a few, not many men," said Palmer to a Staff Officer. "Give me half a dozen volunteers and we'll creep into a corner of the trenches and then, while we are making things hum, you can advance."

The General approved of the suggestion. A whole regiment volunteered, but Palmer wanted only a handful—men good at scouting.

"I'm the man for you," said Private Jenkins.

"So he is," said an officer. "At home Jenkins is a revivalist preacher; out here, one of the best stalkers we have."

At Jenkins' suggestion Palmer reduced the number to six.

"I know the trenches," said Jenkins. "You follow me, one behind the other and do as I do."

They crept cautiously on hands and knees. Jenkins led them to a corner of one of the trenches. So silently did they move in the dark that the Germans did not hear them. When only a few feet away

from the enemy, Jenkins whispered to Palmer:

"You and the others crawl away to the right, a good twenty yards or more. When I think you have gone a sufficient distance, I'll fire into the trenches, then spring aside. The enemy will blaze in the direction from which the shot had come, and you and your men just get into the trenches and I'll follow."

But he didn't follow.

After waiting long enough to allow Palmer to get into position, Jenkins fired. The Prussians, expecting an enemy, were quick in replying, and Jenkins fell mortally wounded.

Palmer, however, knew nothing of his fate. He and his men, without a shot being fired at them, dropped into one of the traverse

trenches unoccupied by the enemy.

"Follow me," said Palmer, and the men filed along the trench after him. Turning into the main trench, Palmer, and his men behind him, found the Germans waiting an assault from the front. With a loud hurrah, Palmer fell on the nearest of them.

It was sword and bayonet work; firing was impossible.

The Germans thinking they were attacked in force, were thrown into disorder and began scrambling out of the trench, when the Life Guards and the French charged down on them. The men in the trenches were killed, those who had scrambled out ran hard towards their lines.

"No, I lost no men. I'm the only one wounded, a mere scratch," said Palmer in answer to an officer's enquiry as he stepped out of the trench.

"A splendid piece of work," the officer said. "Your head is bleeding, see a doctor at once and then come on to the General. We've bagged quite a number of prisoners."

Find a doctor—the R.A.M.C. men were all over the field, attending

to the wounded.

The carnage was great. Palmer came across a British soldier badly wounded, his head pillowed on a dead German, and near him was a wounded Frenchman, shot through both legs and trying his best to get near the Britisher and hand him his flask. Palmer took the flask and gave the British Tommy a drink.

"By Jove! I feel better after that brandy," said the Tommy.

"Thanks Frenchy, you are a brick."

"And you," answered the Frenchman, "you fought like—what you call it—the devil, eh? You English got funny expressions."

He laughed at the thought in spite of his wounds.

"I'll direct the ambulance this way," Palmer told them.

"Thanks, no hurry," cried back the Tommy, and then sang: "It's a long way to Tipper-ary."

And as Palmer went on, he heard the Frenchman repeat: "You

English got funny expressions."

A little further a British Guardsman, propped up against a tree, was trying to roll a cigarette. The paper was bloody. Palmer found that the man had half of one hand cut off. He helped the man out of his difficulty.

To the right stood a small group of men. One was busy with

instruments.

"Ha, Palmer, you did it, eh?" It was Capt. Macpherson, R.A.M.C.

"Jenkins deserves all the credit," was Palmer's modest reply.

"Jenkins, poor beggar, he was riddled."

"I'm sorry, I feared-"

"Tut man. One must not think of getting into that mood, for how will you get out of it? Sorry? Lord! how many of our fine fellows have gone under."

The Doctor's jaws twitched, but he recovered himself instantly.

"You are wounded, let me-"

"After the others. There are some poor fellows down there—"

"Oh, they are everywhere. Our men are looking for them. But I must bind your wound, you deserve it after what you did this night. A bayonet scratch. There, you'll be all right in a day or two, and now I must see to these poor fellows."

Palmer went and enquired for the General. He was directed to

a farm house.

The General held out his hand when Palmer entered the room. "Thank you-England owes you thanks for the services rendered."

Palmer was about to reply when the General interrupted him.

"I have appointed you a Lieutenant in the-Punjabis, a famous regiment. You may have heard of them."

"I have heard of them, Sir; all giants."

"That's so-that's why they are popularly called Long Toms."

"I became acquainted with the men the day I joined the Tireurs."

"Ha! Is that so? Where did you meet them?"

Palmer told him.

"And the officials permitted you to travel by the same train?"

"Lefebre, the leader of the Tireurs, has been allowed-"

"So I've heard. And you want to return to him?"

"Yes, Sir; I'll be back again in a few days."

"As soon as you can. Of course, if it is possible for you to bring us some good information, don't hurry. Well, I'll bid you good-morning, Lieutenant Palmer. I'm tired and want a little rest."

So was Palmer, but he decided it would be safer for him to get across the German lines before it was daylight.

He was moving away when, suddenly he felt dizzy—sick—and fell to the floor.

Some minutes later, when he recovered consciouness, he found Captain Macpherson attending him.

"Well, my son," said the Doctor. "Why didn't you tell me that you had a second wound in the shoulder?"

"That's an old one."

"Old? It has been bleeding."

"And you've stopped it. Now I must get on, Doctor."

"Yes; to the hospital."

"By no mean. I have the General's permission..."

"And I've got the General to countermand previous orders. See here, you've got to remain quiet, or we'll have to bury you. A week—that's about it—you'll have to spend in hospital."

An hour later Palmer was taken off in a motor towards the hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

NINETTE'S TREACHERY.

Major Rosenberg occupied one of the best houses in Roulers. The Major was not in the great battle of Ypres, fought over a fortnight ago, but he and his men had been badly handled by the Belgians further west—trenches inundated by the opening of the dykes, and his men caught in the swamps and hundreds of them shot or drowned.

But Rosenberg was not brooding over these disasters. A check in a love affair was a bigger defeat to him than a repulse by the enemy. The latter involved national disgrace; the former was purely personal. In a defeat by the enemy, the whole nation shared the disgrace and no one could jeer at his neighbour. How few, however, of a Rosenberg's companions gave a thought to his private love affairs; it was the Major, himself, who imagined that his brother officers were laughing at him; and for the reason that he had boasted of never having been thwarted in a love affair.

It had never occurred to him that some day he might meet a woman that would refuse to accept his caresses. And now that he had received

a check, he was angry. It is true Joan had promised to marry him; but her consent was conditional. Unfortunately for him, the Englishman for whom Joan had been willing to make a big sacrifice escaped without his intervention.

Rosenberg had heard of Joan's escape from the ruined building; it was she, herself, had advised him of it, and in that same communication had let him clearly see that the contract was off. "You will not hear from me again," wrote Joan in her letter. "I'm going where you will never be able to trace me."

The Major believed she was still at Sancy. He had no time hitherto to make enquiries. He had not given up hopes of finding Joan and then—

Rosenberg had loved Joan. Now he hated her. The delight—yes, it would give him keen enjoyment to have her at his feet begging for mercy. He smiled as he conjured up such a scene—Joan's eyes streaming with tears; her face twitching with agony. He would make sport of her first, then cast her to his soldiers. He knew how to break the spirit of this proud English girl.

And Ninette had promised to help him.

Ninette, when she left Palmer, vowing vengeance, had gone to the German camp. It was she who had told the German commander that the British were coming out to meet him. That is why the British found no enemy where Palmer had said the enemy was posted. Ninette, by her treachery, had nearly succeeded in satisfying her revenge. Palmer, for a time, was suspected of being a spy, and would have been shot.

Ninette's information had greatly pleased the Germans. She was at once appointed a spy and was sent on to Roulers. She was an attractive little woman, and Rosenberg, before he set out west, took her under his charge. She lived in the same house with him.

Ninette had an object in pleasing Rosenberg. She had learnt that Rosenberg was in love with Joan. She hoped to create in him a feeling of jealousy. She soon discovered, however, that Rosenberg required no such incentive to destroy Joan.

One night, when Rosenberg had drunk deeply, he told Ninette of his desire to find Joan and to punish her. Ninette promised to discover her for him and on the day Rosenberg went west, Joan went east, to Sancy.

It was early morning, the Curé was saying mass. Joan was inher accustomed seat. A woman—a strange woman—knelt near her; and throughout the service the woman sobbed. Joan's heart went out to her; yet she cared not to interfere, to appear inquisitive, and the service went on and the woman sobbed.

The service was over; the congregation trooped out of the church. Joan hesitated. The woman made no signs of rising from her knees. Joan thought she might be of some assistance, and remained standing, waiting for the woman to get up from her knees.

The noise of retreating feet died away. There was silence in the church. The woman's sobbing ceased suddenly; she looked cautiously

around and saw Joan. She bent her head again, and sobbed.

Joan stooped and touched her on the shoulder.

"You seem to be in distress," said Joan. "Don't think me inquisitive; but I may be of some help-"

The woman stood up and brushed the tears from her eyes. She

was young and comely.

"Help me? How can you? No one can. I'm ruined."

"God can."

"Then why did He not at the right moment?"

"Did you ask Him? Or did you trust in your own strength? The woman hesitated; and then-

"I forget—I've forgotten most things, except—except—"

"Don't tell me."

"Why not? I am homeless; I want protection, and those offering to protect me must be told what I am."

"I'll protect you without asking any questions."

"You? You are a woman. I have not yet heard of a woman who would befriend one of her own sex-if fallen."

"I'll protect you."

The woman laughed-a mocking laugh.

"Hear me first," she cried. "My parents are dead-murdered by the Germans. I was reserved for a worse fate. Major Rosenberg-"

"Oh-the villain!"

The woman clutched Joan by the arm convulsively.

"You know him?"

Joan nodded. She was afraid to speak.

"Then I need tell you no more," and the woman laughed hysterically. Joan guessed the meaning of that laugh and the woman's words. She steadied her voice.

"You misunderstand me," she said. "Rosenberg has attempted

to make me a prisoner."

"I'm not asking you any questions," sneered the woman, and Joan was beginning to hate her when, remembering that the stranger was distraught with grief, she said, kindly:

"Come to my house. I'll make you comfortable."

"Even after what I've told you? Perhaps you are surprised that I've not taken my own life? That will come. First-revenge. The good God! I was happy once. I loved and was loved in return, by a good man, an Englishman, named Palmer—what ails you?"

"No-nothing. What is your name?"

"Ninette. And yours?"

" Joan."

Ninette had already guessed to whom she had been speaking—guessed it when she had mentioned the name of Rosenberg.

"Will you come to my house?"

"Thanks, good lady, you are kind; after what I've told you, too. But I'll only stay a few hours—a little rest—and then on. You must not ask me where."

Joan had no intention to; but she felt sure Ninette was going in search of Palmer.

Arrived at her house, Joan made Ninette sit down.

"I'll have tea ready presently. The kettle must be boiling. An old woman, whom I call my pensioner, sees to it while I'm in church. Sometimes Mr. Buck boils the kettle," Joan chatted on while laying the table. There was no sadness in her voice; but she was feeling a void in her heart.

"Who is Mr. Buck?"

"Oh—a friend of mine. By-the-way! he knows a Mr. Palmer I wonder—."

Joan held up a finger.

"Promise me not to say a word to him. I recognised the name at once. I have never seen Mr. Buck, nor he, me. Mr. Palmer purposely kept us from meeting; at least he did not want Mr. Buck to know me."

Joan had paused in her work and now stood looking at Ninette. "Why?" she asked.

Ninette hesitated. What excuse was she to give. In desperation she said—

"It—it is a secret. Oh, I should like to tell you; but I promised not to. If you demand it of me, however, I'll—"

"I demand nothing. I'll not question Mr. Buck."

And yet Joan, as she returned to the tea-table, wondered what was the mystery.

And Ninette?

She smiled softly; she knew she had played her cards well. For once she had found that over-sensitive people were of service, that people who made it a point of honour not to enquire into the affairs of others, were of some use.

Having satisfied herself that Joan would not question her relative to matters that would require answers difficult to frame, and that she would not tell Buck about the secret Palmer had held, or supposed to have held, from him she began to torment her rival.

"Ha!" she began, and sighing loudly. "You, who have not

been in love—are you in love?"

Joan did not answer. Did not turn her face towards Ninette. Ninette smiled.

"No." continued Ninette. "You are not in love and therefore cannot understand what the separation from my brave English boy means to me. All night I think of him, and I know he thinks of me. Only a fortnight ago we met-"

"Where was that?" asked Joan.

Ninette felt there would be no harm in telling her the truth.

"At Ypres," she answered. "Just before the big battle. He fought splendidly; but was wounded—"
"Seriously?" Joan asked, turning round with a jerk.

"Yes; how ill you look."

"No, I'm all right—a spasm—"

"Ha! Heart spasms are bad. Yes, seriously, but was doing well when I left."

"Then when—when did the murder of your family occur?"

Ninette drew in her breath with a hiss. In her anxiety to wound Joan, she had nearly blundered. Fortunately, Joan had asked the question before she had run on, telling more lies covering the days between the fortnight she had referred to, and now.

"Only two days ago," she answered. She was not obliged to say more; she knew Joan would not question her further; but was annoyed that Joan had almost caught her tripping and was about

to wound her still more viciously, when-

" Hello, Joan!"

Buck had called to Joan. His head was in the window. He turned and saw Ninette.

"Come in, tea is ready," invited Joan with a smile.

"Half a second," exclaimed Buck, and was gone.

Joan burst out laughing, in spite of her grief. She guessed why Buck had bounded away.

And she had guessed correctly. When Buck returned, he had cleaned his boots, brushed his peasant's clothes and scented his moustache.

"How are you?" he said to Joan, bowing.

"We've met before," laughed Joan. "Allow me to introduce you to Mademoiselle Ninette-"

"How are you?" said Buck. "Er-" he looked at Joan, and then turned to Ninette again-"My name is Buck."

"You didn't let me finish the introduction," Joan told him.

"Sorry—awfully. Let me—" and he took the tea tray from Joan's hands and offered Ninette a cup.

"Are you staying here any time?" he asked, in almost a

whisper.

"Leaving immediately," Ninette answered him.

"Can't I persuade you-?"

" No."

"Oh, you might let me try."

"Don't be silly Mr. Buck. Ninette has informed me why she must leave early."

Ninette looked at Joan and smiled.

"Then may I escort you?"

" No."

Ninette's monosyllabic replies disconcerted Buck—he nearly spilt a cup of tea on Ninette—apologised and went to Joan.

"Where did you pick up that thing?" he whispered.

"Such a waste of good cosmetic," laughed Joan.

"Now-Miss Carew. You know I always try to make myself look respectable when I visit you?"

"You are always respectable; but that cosmetic-"

"Please don't. Are you coming for a walk this morning. You promised, you know?"

"Did I? I'm sorry; I'm not feeling up to it. We'll see this

evening."

Buck was about to try what a little coaxing would do, when Ninette announced her intention of going. Joan tried to persuade her to rest awhile, but Ninette, with a smile, whispered, so that only Joan should hear: "I must go to my boy."

Joan said nothing.

"A surly creature that," remarked Buck, "where did she come from?"

Joan evaded the question. She could have truly said she did not know, but Buck would have asked her further questions.

"You seem to be very interested in this French girl."

"'Pon my soul, I'm not. You know, Joan, that there is only one girl in this world that I adore--"

Joan held up a warning finger.

"I beg your pardon," said Buck. "I promised not to broach the subject again. But, tell me, must I never refer to it—?"

Why shouldn't he? Buck was a good fellow at heart. Palmer—he loved another girl.

"I think you'd better not," she answered. She still loved Palmer

in spite of all that Ninette had told her. "Now, go away; yes, you can take me for a spin on the bicycle this evening. All my patients have left hospital, I'm free. I want to ask your opinion as to how I

can get to one of the hospitals in France."

Buck, as he went back to his own quarters in the Curé's house, only a short distance off, resolved to give Joan the best advice possible-marry him and return to England or go to his people in India. But when the afternoon came, Joan was still feeling very depressed.

"To-morrow morning," she pleaded.

Buck was wise. He knew it was to his advantage to surrender to Joan's wishes, that it was no good trying to persuade her to adopt his suggestions while she was in the present mood.

"Certainly," he replied cheerfully. "To-morrow we'll go for a

nice long ride."

To-morrow!

Little did either guess what the morrow was going to bring.

It was 6 a.m.

" Joan! Joan!"

Joan was in bed, but not asleep. She recognised the voice.

"Oh, go away," she cried. "It is quite dark yet-and too cold for a bike ride. You'll wake La Poupee if you make such a din."

But Buck hammered at the door.

"Let me in, Joan, quick. It is not the ride; something serious. Don't delay an instant."

Joan sprang from her bed, and hastily putting on a warm wrap,

opened the door and admitted Buck.

"The Germans," he said.

Joan's hands flew to her throat. She had not expected this startling news.

"Where?" she gasped.

"Outside the village. A man brought the Curé intelligence. Quite a lot of them; they are securing, first, all the avenues of escape, but there is time for you to get to the church and hide in the crypt."

"The crypt? Do you forget it was from there Rosenberg carried

me to his quarters? No-it must be in the vaults."

A groan escaped Buck.

"The masonry-you know a portion of the wall fell and covered the entrance? Well-Oh, God! I've been promising to clear it every day."

"Is it still there?"

Buck nodded. "And," he told her, "there is no time to remove it."

"Then I shall remain where I am. If Rosenberg is not with the German troops—"

"Take no risks."

"Well, suggest something."
"Disguise yourself as a man."

Buck had hesitated to make the suggestion; he was not sure how Joan would take it. To his great delight, Joan did not blush and say it was immodest. She was sensible and welcomed the suggestion.

There was no time to be lost. Buck rushed off to bring from his own quarters a peasant's suit of clothes. When he returned, he found Joan busy, burning hair; her own hair which she had cut off.

"Can you trim-?" she handed Buck the scissors.

Buck could, but his hand shook; it was an operation he did not quite relish. However, he did his work satisfactorily, and Joan hurried to her room and dressed.

When she returned, Buck hardly recognised her.

"You make a lovely boy," he said.

Joan ignored the compliment.

"What next?" she asked.
"To Father Pullet's rooms.

As they went along Joan said: "You have not asked about La Poupee. I've left her with the woman-servant. They are fond of one another, and Mary will not miss me for a few hours."

Joan thought the Germans would not make a long stay in the

village.

The church bells began to toll.

"Morning service," remarked Joan.

"The church is the best place for us," said Buck.

Joan agreed. As they went on, they heard shouts coming from a distant part of the city, also the trotting of horses.

They hurried. The church was already full. More people were coming, men and woman—the women with white faces, and trembling.

The Huns had come.

The Curé was at the altar. The bells had ceased to toll, and the opening sentences of the mass were being intoned, when there was an interruption.

Up the aisle, towards the altar, tramped some German officers, followed by soldiers.

The leader was Rosenberg.

At the altar rails Rosenberg and his officers halted.

"Silence!" roared Rosenberg.

But the Curé was not afraid of him. He turned and pointed his finger at the Major, and cried:

"Thou man of sin! Fear ye not God's vengeance?"

Rosenberg laughed as he pulled out his revolver.

"Here's evidence how much I fear the God you worship and Who is supposed to be my God also."

There was a report. The Curé, shot through the heart, pitched

headlong down the altar steps.

A cry of horror from the congregation—not prolonged—cut short by fear.

"Rosenberg!" cried Captain Gotshalk. "This is terrible."

The Major laughed a mocking laugh, but before replying, strode up to the altar, and, seating himself on the table, lit a cigarette. From the altar he spoke to Gotshalk. He spoke loudly for he wanted the people to hear.

"I fear no God. There is no God except what the imagination breeds. We, Germans, are of all religions, till the time come for us to teach the people one creed. That time has come for the Belgians. In other countries—in Turkey—we are Mahomedans; in India, we'll kiss the tail of the cow—till we become masters; then, the only God will be the German nation: that's what we are now to the Belgians."

An old man hobbled from a pew in front, and, pointing a withered

hand at Rosenberg, in a shaky voice exclaimed:

"Desecrators of churches, violaters of women and young girls, murderers—God's wrath will descend on you, even as it did on Sodom."

Rosenberg for a moment turned pale. Then he lifted his revolver, but before he could fire, Captain Gotshalk stood between him and the beggar.

Rosenberg lowered the revolver.

"I nearly shot you, Gotshalk," he said in a quiet voice. "What—you are not a Papist, eh? Well, let that fool go. As for me, this is how I fear the God that madman worships—"

He flung the sacred vessels off the altar, lifted the Cross and tossed it in the air with a mocking laugh. The Cross fell on the

dead Curate.

But Rosenberg drew no meaning from that. He commanded silence.

"Belgians—men and women," he cried. "The church door are guarded, you cannot escape, but, it is not my intention to keep you prisoners; you will be set free presently. First, I want you to give up a woman known to you as Joan—she is a spy. The Curé

there—" pointing with his finger—"was also a spy. He sent a message one night to the enemy's trenches, and the enemy's aeroplanes and an armoured motor-car answered that summons. As you all know, the handful of Germans whom the Curé had destined for slaughter, drove the enemy back to their trenches with heavy loss."

He paused and looked around him. He expected that someone might call him a liar, but none dared. Buck, however, nudged Joan and smiled, and then whispered: "I'm going to wriggle away from you. We had better separate—you'll escape detection, then,"

and he successfully wriggled to a pew in front.

"Now, Belgians," continued Rosenberg, "that girl Joan helped the priest. She must be given up. Then, another matter. I have heard that only recently a large sum of money was brought to this village from Antwerp; that also must be given up by 10 a.m."

He paused again. The people in the church whispered among

themselves, but no one came forward to betray Joan.

"Where is that woman, Joan?" cried Rosenberg, impatiently.

There was no reply.

Rosenberg signalled to a soldier, who went out and presently returned with a woman.

It was Ninette.

Both Buck and Joan realised, now, what a traitress they had befriended; and Buck was glad he had moved away from Joan.

"Find that woman, Joan," said Rosenberg.

Ninette went about her task gleefully; but her brow clouded when she failed to find the object of her search. Buck had put a muffler round his neck, partly concealing his features, and Ninette passed him twice; the third time, she recognised him.

"Here's a man who will tell us about Joan," she cried. "Besides,

he is an Englishman."

An Englishman! Capturing an Englishman, to hang or shoot, was, to the majority of the Germans, better sport than securing Joan.

But Rosenberg was not pleased. Buck, unresisting, was led to him.

"You're an Englishman," was the first question put him.

Buck, with a broad smile on his face, replied-"No."

" A Belgian?"

" No."

"You're not French or a German-"

"Quite right."

"Do you mind telling me what you are?"

"You would have saved time by asking me that question first. I'm Irish."

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

Rosenberg looked pleased.

"Irishmen hate the English."

"Some of them do. Some of them have given your soldiers a taste—"

"Do you hate the English?"

"I've some very good friends among them."

"Will you take service with us? You know it is our intention

to grant Ireland her freedom-"

"Glory be—I'd rather take service with the King of the Zulus—they are more civilised." Buck's face became flushed. His voice grew louder as he continued: "If this is culture—to kill God's ministers, to destroy churches, to outrage women—to hell with culture."

A German soldier hit him in the face with his fist. Buck's smile returned. He spoke to the soldier; "I bow to German kultur," he

said.

Rosenberg was growing impatient.

"Enough of theatricals" he ordered, addressing Buck. "You know where that woman Joan is. Your life will be spared if you deliver her to me."

Buck was an Irishman, and Rosenberg thought that both the Irish and Indians, subjects of England were little better than slaves, all manliness knocked out of them and ready to accept any bribe so that their persons be not injured.

"When St. Patrick went to Ireland," said Buck, speaking quietly, "he killed all the serpents. I would to God." he cried, "he had gone

to Germany."

Rosenberg was not dense: he caught Buck's meaning—puffed and panted unable to speak for a few seconds, and then—

"Off with that man. Shooting is too good for him. Hang him

head downwards from a tree-roast him."

Some soldiers eagerly stepped forward to do their officer's bidding when—

"I am Joan," rang through the church.

Joan advanced quickly and, throwing off her cap, stood in frontof Rosenberg. She looked beautiful in her defiant attitude, despite the clumsy clothes she wore. Rosenberg smiled mockingly at her; but Joan stared him full in the eyes.

"I am Joan," she repeated.

"I recognise you," Rosenberg told her. "I can't compliment you on your get up. The jacket is too tight-fitting and the trousers—"

"You Germans are mean—cowardly." Rosenberg's criticism had brought a blush to her cheeks, had broken her resolve to remain cool and collected. Rosenberg was delighted: he had discovered at least one instrument of torture.

402

EAST & WEST

"You are condemned to death," he said.

" I expect no mercy at the hands of brutes. Now let that man go."

"What-orders from you?"

The church echoed with Rosenberg's laugh. The soldiers also laughed, but not so loudly.

"No-not orders from me; but you swore to Mr. Buck that if I were delivered into your hands, his life would be spared. You promised-"

"Bah! We keep no promises made to an enemy. Soldiers-march both away to my quarters. Open the doors, let the people out. They know what they've got do do."

As they were being led away. Buck turned to Joan.

"You are a silly fool," he said, and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand

(To be Continued.)

Lucknow.

J. H. WILLMER.

VERSES.

(Concerning a friendly game of chess that never was played.)

The Man speaks:

My name is Rex And I rather guess, I'm pretty good At playing chess.

You challenged me And then withdrew Before I played A game with you.

The Lady replies:

Your name is Rex And I rather guess We meet you oft While playing chess.

You boast of fame,
You—a king,
A common king,
A paltry thing,
That's checked and mated
In every game.

You're always weak To the Queen's attack! When the sport is o'er They lay you back—

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

EAST & WEST

Back in your box At the end of play: You're only fun For an hour a day.

Remember still
That you're the king,
Merely a clumsy
Kind of a passive
Sort of a thing.

The Queen's the one
Of most accord—
For she's the one
Who sweeps the board;
Who is full of life;
Who bears, on the firing line,
In offense and defence,
The brunt of the strife.

When you stop to think Whose is the fame,—
She wins it all,
Queen of the game!

So, when you're starting
To take a fling
At her,—remember,
You're only a king,
Merely a clumsy,
Kind of a passive,
Sort of a thing,
A futile, paltry king.

New York City.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

THE MONTH.

THE chief interest of the progress of the war during the past month centred round naval operations. On land the British success at Neue Chapelle showed what The War. a sufficient supply of ammunition, added to the determined pluck of the soldiers, could achieve. The casualties among the Indian as well as the British troops that took part in this action were heavy. But the losses of the enemy were much heavier; indeed, the German Press is reported to have characterised the execution as murder rather than war, and the General who led the Germans is said to have been superseded. The victory at Neue Chapelle has been celebrated in parts of the British Empire, and the great lesson which Mr. Lloyd George has drawn therefrom and impressed upon the operatives is that the future developments of the war on land will depend to a large extent upon the quantities of ammunition manufactured. At an early stage of the war a military expert thought that the French had to retreat because their equipment was not adequate, and especially their supply of ammunition was insufficient. Germany had been preparing for the war for years, while the Allies realised their unpreparedness too late. Perhaps by this time France has come up to the level of the enemy in this respect; and the taking of several trenches at Champagne seems to indicate the improvement. Up till now General Joffre has adhered to the policy of "nibbling," and the author of the despatch of war news to H. E. the Viceroy explained some time ago that the French plan was to wear down the enemy. Recent opinion communicated to India is that the enemy will ere long have to retreat from Belgium or northern France and to reduce the length of the occupied front. In the East, Russia has appeared once 406

more on German soil and the fall of Przemysl was one of the most notable events of month.

It is generally expected that some new Powers will shortly join the war, and while the Allies have undertaken to provide financial assistance to friends, the object of the German naval policy is also believed to be to provoke such action on the part of the Allies as must be resented by the neutral Powers. Perhaps this object has been to a certain extent already gained. German submarines have not fulfilled the expectations reported to have been formed in Berlin, and indeed a considerable number of them appear to have come to grief. But they have destroyed a number of merchant ships, chiefly British and a few neutral, and compelled retaliation in the shape of a blockade. It is believed that the law of nations justifies the British action, which does not destroy neutral vessels, but prevents them from reaching enemy ports with forbidden merchandise. While the general principle of international law is admitted, some of the details of the plan followed appear to have displeased the United States, the Netherlands and other Powers, but it is not yet clear how the presentation of notes of protest will affect the situation. Of the few German cruisers abroad, the "Dresden" and "Karlsruhe" are no longer a menace to British shipping; there is still one which sank eight vessels last month and may do more mischief. say that the threat of a war on shipping by means of submarines and mines could cause only amusement is to overrate the capacity of a nation for amusement. But as yet the threat, which has been answered by another, has not produced any direct result upon the war. Mr. Asquith, while announcing his policy of retaliation, made it clear that the talk of peace was premature, and the Allies would not lay down their arms until their object was gained.

The bombardment of the Dardanelles was the outstanding feature of the operations against Turkey during the month. Several forts have been silenced and altogether the work of the warships has been pronounced to be brilliant. But the danger from mines has been greater than that from the guns and the loss of some of the warships of the Allies has compelled the assurance to the nations concerned that it was not too heavy a price for the results achieved. Yet it must have produced a deeper impression in England than similar disasters in the North Sea.

THE MONTH

INDIA was prepared for fresh taxation in consequence of the The public was taken by an agreeable surprise when the Hon. Sir William Meyer announced that Trade and the Government found no necessity for adding to Finance. the burdens of the people when trade was in a depressed condition and the rise in food prices was abnormal. Deficits for the current and coming years are inevitable; and while the railway programme and the outlay on Delhi, will be reduced, a full standard of expenditure on irrigation will be maintained. Nevertheless, the Government will be able to meet the deficits and other requirements by borrowing in England or in India. It is well known that our national debt is very small, as compared with that of most civilised countries. The policy followed by H. E. Lord Hardinge's Government is to avoid causing anything like alarm or irritation during war time. Though the non-official members of the Legislative Council have more than once assured the Government of the loyalty of the people and would have supported additional taxation, if necessary, it is undoubtedly prudent, in a country which is only too ready to believe in evil and in alarms, not to make it appear that the finances of the Government have been upset by the war. One of the earliest results of the outbreak of war was a rush upon the Post Office savings banks. In a couple of months the withdrawals were estimated at six crores; the drain has since slackened, and did not perhaps exceed ten crores by the end of the official year. The encashment of currency notes was another result of the panic. Though a note is encashable as a matter of right only at a currency centre, the Government, in order to obviate panics, issued instructions that as far as possible all demands for encashment should be promptly met from the district treasuries. Among the more complicated results, the first effect of the war was a threatened break in exchange. The Government promptly announced that it would support exchange by all means in its power, and that in pursuance of that object it would sell sterling bills on London to the maximum limit of a million a week. The gold standard reserve in India was strengthened, and the dissipation of gold was prevented by laying down that no gold should be issued to any one person or firm to a less extent than 10,000 pour ls sterling. It is believed that some people gained their object of obtaining gold by combination. But the panic soon subsided

fr

tl

and while Marwaris could charge six annas extra for each sovereign soon after the outbreak of the war, they cannot ordinarily get more than an anna or two now.

The effect of the war on trade and on economic conditions generally has necessarily been rather serious. The bank rate, which was 3 per cent. before the war, gradually rose to 6 per cent. Nearly 7 per cent. of the import trade of India was with Germany and more than 2 per cent. with Austria-Hungary; Germany received more than 10 per cent. of our exports and Austria-Hungary 4 per cent. All this trade has stopped, and so has the trade with Belgium and Turkey. The trade with France has also largely suffered, and the effects are felt not only by the mercantile community and the people, but also by the Government, whose customs revenue has proportionately declined. The prices of commodities which were being exported have in some cases declined, and the purchasing power of the cultivators being reduced, the demand for some of the imported and locally manufactured articles has diminished. On the other hand, the price of wheat having risen, measures had to be adopted to restrict its export. The position of the Presidency Banks has been strengthened by Government by maintaining its deposits at a high level, and thus every facility is granted to finance the trade. No one knows how long the war will last. Fortunately the last monsoon was good.

火火火火火火火

When a country is engaged in war, the executive Government finds it necessary by special measures to prevent the publication of information which is Public likely to be of use to the enemy, and of reports Safety. likely to cause alarm or disaffection. Disaffected persons may endanger the public peace and safety, and special powers may be necessary to deal with them. In England, as in every other country, the law gives such powers to the executive, and the Governor-General's Council here passed the necessary emergency legislation last month. Pending formal legislation the Governor-General has the power to pass ordinances which have the same force, and this power was used after the outbreak of the war for several purposes. It is not easy to foresee what measures may be found indispensable by the executive and hence the powers given are inevitably wide and comprehensive.

THE MONTH

Government may, for example, empower any civil or military authority, where such authority has grounds for suspecting that any person is acting in a manner prejudicial to the public safety, to direct that such person shall or shall not remain in a specified area, or that he shall conduct himself in such manner as the authority may direct. It is unfortunate that there should have been outbreaks of lawlessness in certain areas at the present time. They are, however, in no way connected with the war, and their coincidence with the war is accidental. In Bengal, the anarchists are once more active, and they have committed several murders and dacoities. Hitherto police officers were marked down for vengeance; among the latest victims is a schoolmaster, who is believed to have reported against some of the students of his school. When H. E. the Viceroy visited Calcutta, special precautions were taken to guard his person. It is well known that these anarchists have been active for some years, and notwithstanding optimistic reports, now and then spread about the effect of police action upon the vitality and resources of the secret movement, the recent outbreak seems to show that it is capable of reviving and is certainly not dead or on its last legs. In the Punjab the tribesmen of the frontier or beyond the frontier do not appear to have seen in the war a special opportunity to carry on their raids upon peaceful villagers. In times of peace they have sometimes given more trouble than they do now. But a new source of danger to the public peace appears to exist in some of the emigrants who returned disappointed from Canada. War or no war, they would have given practical proofs of their resentment: in war time their activity must necessarily cause more anxiety than under normal conditions. They are not able to shake the allegiance of the people at large; the Indian army is devoted, and recruiting is carried on successfully on a large scale. But the time is tempting to those who are bent upon mischief. Reports have reached India that the Canadian attitude towards Indian immigrants has changed since the outbreak of the war and the participation of Indian troops in the defence of the Empire. It is probable that all Colonies will relax their prejudice against the reception of Indians. But those who have returned disappointed have a personal grievance, the memory of which may not readily fade. In the south, Moplah fanatics have broken the public peace in a part of Malabar. Such

outbreak of fanaticism is chronic in certain portions of that district and there may be other reasons for the present recrudescence besides the absence of soldiers. The war may predispose people to exaggerate or mistake these sporadic instances of lawlessness which occur in normal years. While that tendency cannot be ignored, especially in a period of economic disturbance, the country as a whole enjoys profound peace and is as conscious of the blessing as of the Government's solicitude to protect it in the fullest measure. The proposal to take over all stocks of wheat from exporters and to keep it within the country is intended primarily to relieve the hardship to the poorer people. But indirectly it is a measure which ensures the public safety, for a scarcity of food may lead to discontent and crime. Indeed, the vigilance of Lord Hardinge's Government and its endeavours to check every hardship to the people that may be caused by the war are beyond all praise.

火火火火火

Educational Progress.

As Sir Harcourt Butler, the first Education Member of the Government of India, is to retire from that office after the expiry of the usual term and will be promoted to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Burma, every province will cast a glance back and note with satisfaction the progress that has been achieved

during the five years and the policy that has been chalked out for future guidance. Primary education has received, perhaps, the strongest impetus during his time, but all branches of education have received ample assistance, and the universities sometimes been bewildered by the generosity shown to them, not feeling quite certain how the funds placed at their disposal should be spent. At the last convocation of the Calcutta University, H. E. the Viceroy announced a rresh grant of ten lakhs for the building of hostels. This generous aid given to higher education, at a time when the railway programme and the Delhi programme have to be curtailed, affords the best proof of the prominent place which education finds in His Excellency's heart. The Hindu University Bill introduced in his Council last month will ever figure as a distinct landmark in the history of education in India. Much careful thought has been bestowed upon this novel project of recognising a private university, which the Government has undertaken to assist with money as well as advice.

Indeed, the prolonged deliberation, coupled with repeated discussions, was construed by impatient critics as a token of the Government's unwillingness to accept the scheme at all. No further room for doubt can exist after the introduction of the Bill. A few members of the Legislative Council expressed their regret that such a movement for education on denominational lines should have sprung up and received so much support when Indian publicists strive so hard to weld all communities into a united nation. But the Mahomedans have also committed themselves to a similar scheme; indeed, they ventilated their idea before the Hindus and will undoubtedly take it up again. As Hindu and Muslim schools and colleges have existed for a long time, a residential denominational university is not a radical innovation from the national standpoint. In the history of ducation, however, the birth of a private university marks an era. The oldest State universities saw the light in the throes of internal commotion: the first private university synchronises with a great war.

大大大大大

THE Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace appointed a Commission to inquire into the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars, and the report of the Commission was published last year. When the atrocities committed in those wars pained the conscience of the greater and more advanced nations, one might perhaps have imagined that south-eastern Europe was inhabited by barbarians of a class not found elsewhere in Europe. It is now acknowledged that a nation like Germany is also capable of shocking the enlightened conscience of the civilised world. The lesson of the two Balkan wars is said to be that " united, the peoples of the Balkan peninsula, oppressed for so long, worked miracles that a mighty but divided Europe couldul not conceive. Disunited, they were forced to come to a standstill and to exhaust themselves further in their effort to begin again-an effort indefinitely prolonged." One difference between the Balkan wars and the present war between the greater Powers is that in the former the worst atrocities were not committed by the regular soldiers; the little nations killed one another and hence the bloodshed. The German excesses are attributed to the soldiers. The pacifists do not condemn war in all circumstances. Their maxim is, war rather than slavery; arbitration rather than

war; conciliation rather than arbitration. The Commissioners seem to hold that the first war was justifiable, but not the second. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have repeatedly told the world that the Allies have drawn the sword in the cause of liberty of the smaller States.

文文文文文文

It appears that the Indian universities have been invited to condemn the barbarous conduct of the Germans towards hostile seats of learning. In Bengal, young educated Indians have formed an ambulance corps for service abroad during the war. The sacrifices made by young men at the universities in England have been gratefully acknowledged by the Prime Minister. The Oxford University has further published a series of pamphlets on the war. They are written by eminent authorities in a tone of academic dignity; they are full of information, and for Indian, they appear to be the cheapest and best booklets on the war yet published. They may be had from the Oxford University Press, which has branches in India.

Milestones in Gujrati Literature. By Krishnalal Mohanlal Jhaveri, M.A., LLB. Judge, Small Causes Court, Bombay. Price, Rs. 2.

THE indigenous literature of India has, until recently, been a closed book to western nations, and the literature of Gujrat has been no exception to the rule. Mr. Jhaveri has, therefore, rendered useful service by the publication of his little volume and we hope that with its wealth of detail, simplicity of language and apt quotations, the book will make, so far as foreigners are concerned, the study of Gujrati literature more inviting. The Gujrati-speaking people also owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jhaveri for supplying them with a connected and concise history of their literature.

Mr. Jhaveri has divided his work in two parts. With the inauguf ation of English education, Gujrat has passed through an intellectual crisis and its literature from the latter part of the 19th century onwards has taken a colour which is fundamentally different from the spirit of preceding centuries. Of these two phases, Mr. Jhaveri deals with the earlier one in the present volume, reserving the modern period for fuller treatment in the next.

Beginning with the 15th century, the author traces the history of Gujrati literature from Narsinh Mehta, the first poet of Gujrat,down to Dayaram, the last great man of this early period, winding up the volume with a chapter on the "Indigenous Literature of Kathiawad"—

erhaps the most valuable chapter in the whole book, which, by the by, appeared in these pages in July, 1913. Early Gujrati literature, like most early literatures, does not boast of any prose works. It is wholly clothed in verse, so much so, that even such abstruse subjects as the Vedanta philosophy have been conveyed in rhyme. In the early period of which Mr. Jhaveri treats in this volume, Gujrati poetry, though at times metaphysical, has not lost its characteristic simplicity and religious fervour, and one may make bold to say that in songs of bhakti (devotion) it can hold its own against any other of its kind in entire India. The "Garbees" of Dayaram, full of the deepest religious passion and of that music of which he was a master. the songs of Miran, those cameos of tender self-surrender and feminine purity, the "Padas" of Narsinh-these are gems of literature which in their beauty and lustre will be found hard to rival elsewhere. Not only in religion but in the region of fancy also early Gujrati poetry holds no mean rank. Premanand and Shamal have been authors of es which even now, after the lapse of three centuries, hold thousands rapt attention and are recited in every town and village-homethroughout Gujrat. The Bhagvat, the Ramayana, the Mahaonarata, the Purans, all were ransacked by Premanand to satisfy the literary craving of the people; and he and his school have left a rich legacy of literary treasures to Gujrat. Shamal, Premanand's great contemporary and rival, on the other hand, left the beaten track and busied himself with works of pure imagination. He is a master of the art of story-telling and his language is simple and forcible. It is pleasing to see Mr. Jhaveri's treatment of these great writers which is at once sympathetic and discriminating and also sufficiently full to give a clear conception of the persons dealt with and their poetry. With a short biography of each poet, the author adds an account of some of his principal works, giving most interesting quotations illustrating the charm and peculiar characteristics of each, and rounding up the whole with a short note by way of criticism. Nearly all the early poets of Gujrat (Hindus, Jains and Parsis) have been touched upon. and as such the book is most exhaustive. One word may be said her by way of mild criticism. While recognising the value of the work, was are afraid the author's chronological method of treating his s deprives it set times of some of its interest We hope he will the historio

CORRESPONDENCE

"CHRIST OR ANTI-CHRIST."

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—The article under the above title in the January number calls for comment on one or two heads. As it appears to be a résum of an address by the Rev. Mr. Hardy, no discourtesy is intended to lady, under whose name it is published, by what follows. It open questions which can only be dealt with adequately in a lengthy

The reverend gentleman commits himself to this general state ment: That owing to critical thought and its extension in Germany, faith in Christianity has been undermined and the ground cleared for acceptance of the particular doctrines of one writer, namely, Nietzsche. That such acceptance is the natural corollary of critical study of Christian tradition; and English civilisation is in danger from the same cause. That force is justifiable to preserve our civilisation from a similar "pagan" contamination.

Now, if the statement respecting the torrential spread of Nietzs chean tenets in Germany were correct; if the leaders of Germany from the Kaiser and the Chancellor down through the general staff, official heirarchy, professors, teachers, and ministers had proclaimed them selves disciples of "Anti-Christ," "Immoralists," etc., this would be a proposition, and a situation worthy of serious attention not only from believers of all persuasions, but also of non-believers. As foreigner I make no pretence to acquaintance with the extent to which petrines of Nietzsche may have won credence among German ing that he has a very meanable or things

n under Turk o regret having greece in a recent ence in a demand by Italy. Lying too much on German support has already seen realised. More countries are expected to join in the war, and this expectation has been raised not merely by unofficial prophets, but by responsible British statesmen who have openly spoken of assisting them with money. If Germany has promised pecuniary and other assistance to Turkey, the Allies, who are richer, would naturally be expected to help the Balkan States and possibly others. In South Africa the rebellion has practically been stamped out. One leader surrendered and is on his trial for treason; another lost his life; and a third was shot by the Germans for his treachery. A traitor to one friend will be a traitor to another. General Botha has shed undving lustre on the name of his countrymen by his steadfast loyalty to his word of honour and by the energy with which he has put down the rebellion.

火火火火

THANKS to the tactful sympathy and courage of H. E. the Viceroy, the grievances of Indians in South Africa Indians have been remedied to their satisfaction. In Abroad. Canada the controversy about the rights of our countrymen is not yet closed. The emigrants to that colony appear to be a different class of men; they are apt to take the law into their own hands and to resist the laws of the colony by means which can scarcely be described as passive. Some of Gurudit Singh's friends, who returned from Canada, have been charged with acts of violence in their own land. From other colonies it was reported that the lot of indentured labourers was so hard that suicides were too frequent among them. Acting on the information supplied, public meetings in this country have sometimes favoured the abolition of the indentured system

Tiew ...sung syste a express the c rantages. In the for the advantages are or o.

another. Under the existing system, by called, "poor but industrious Indians, whether land abourers or the sons of poor cultivating landowners, who are content to be trained and acclimatised under private employers in need of a steady supply of labour, are offered prospects much more favourable than they could hope to realise at home." It is doubtful whether the emigration will take place if the indenture system be abolished. We believe that the officers take this for granted, for they do not discuss any alternative to the present system. Perhaps the Government, too, would consider a scheme of emigration or colonisation under an altogether free system as impossible. The critics also seem to think that the landless labourers and sons of poor cultivators need not emigrate, and that the advantages of colonisation are in practice realised only by those who emigrate, and the fraction is so small that the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. This must ever remain a debateable question.

火火火火

THE frequency of suicides, especially in Fiji, is suggestive of a very unsatisfactory state of things. A suicide may be attributed partly to the temperament of the individual and partly to unhappiness. The emigrant Suggested is, perhaps, in most cases, of a different temperament Safeguards. from the stay-at-home Indian; and the unhappiness may be caused by domestic misfortunes as well as by the conditions of employment and the rigour with which penal provisions are enforced. Whatever may be the extent to which each of these causes operates, the authors of the report seem to think that a remedy may be found for each of them. The safeguards against deputed
aica, Fiji, anc
of the Indian in
that Messrs. McNei
al and reliable source
al and reliable source
alt question which the
They have not slurre
m; setting forth all thes
pinion that the advantag
pinion that the advantag
the case, compared to the case, compar

201

wo officers to visit atch Guiana, and li and Chimman Lal y had to study from the deference of the deference

cts in in cts in in cts in in its condition in cts in cts

perspective of his view according to the next volume and so enhance the interest which has volume to present form undoubtedly possesses. Mr. Jhaveri is to a cultiple the production of this work, and we thought a cordial reception from the public that incouraged to bring out his second volume dealeriod of Gujrati literature, at no distant date.

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar